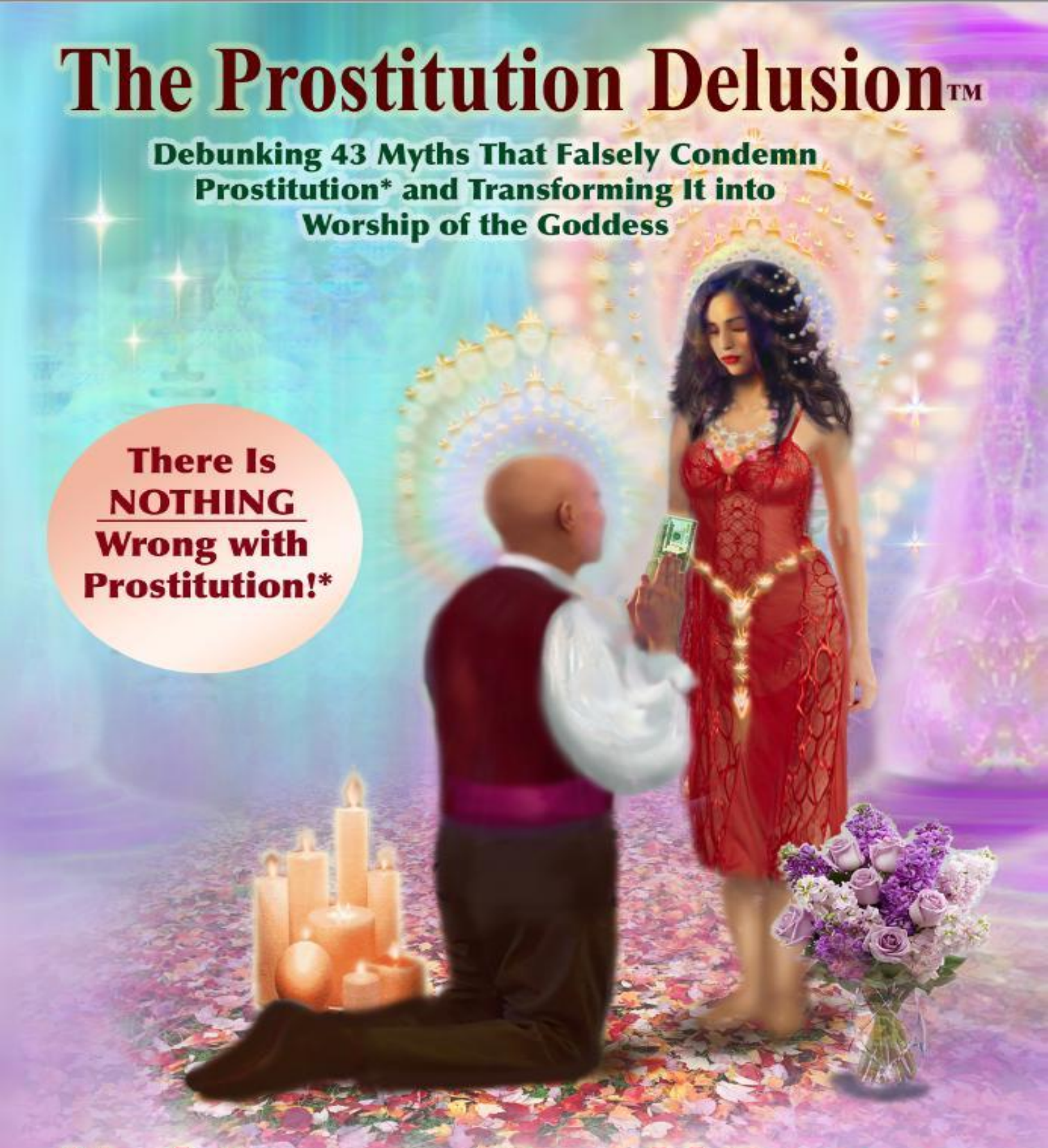
The Prostitution Delusion™

Debunking 43 Myths That Falsely Condemn Prostitution* and Transforming It into Worship of the Goddess



There Is NOTHING Wrong with Prostitution!*

Mark Laurence Donald Emerson

Book One

*As formally defined in this book, "prostitution" excludes forcible acts.

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Book One of Five

Debunking Myths #1–9 (of 43 Myths)
Sacred Sex with 18 Prostitutes

This Book Is for Adults Only.
By viewing this book, you certify that you are at least 18 years old.

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The Prostitution Delusion
Book One of a set of five books.

Book website: ThePROSTITUTIONDelusion.org

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This book contains explicit descriptions of adult sexual activity. If you are under 18 years of age or are easily offended by sex, please do not read this book.

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Some prostitutes use their real names, most do not. Either way, the names of all prostitutes have been changed to protect their identities. If other true facts might disclose their identities, such facts have been changed. The names of several people who are not prostitutes have been changed to shield them from the controversy this book may create. In all other respects, **the stories in this book are entirely true based on the author's records and recollections**. The author's name is unchanged, and the names of public figures and government officials are unchanged.

Dedicated with love and sacred blessings
To all prostitutes, past, present and future

Contents

Chapter 1
- Kristina
- My Own Limited Thinking

Chapter 2
- Female Prostitutes and Male Patrons
- How Shall We Define "Prostitution"?
- Two-Party Prostitution
- Three-Party Prostitution
- Formal Definition of Prostitution
- Two Kinds of Chapters in This Book
- Scarlet—My First Experience with a Prostitute

Chapter 3 Debunking Myth #1: Public Nuisance on the Streets
- Mistake in Reasoning #1: False Generalization
- Failure One
- Failure Two

Chapter 4
- My Spiritual Beliefs
- Serena

Chapter 5 Debunking Myth #2: Public Health Hazard
- Failure One
- Mistake in Reasoning #2: False Narrowing Of A Broad Problem
- Failure Two

Chapter 6
- Three Levels of Sexuality
- Andrea—My First Trip to Tijuana's Pussyland
- Jasmine

Chapter 7 Debunking Myth #3: Proximity to Drinking, Smoking, Drugs and Gambling
- Failure One
- Mistake in Reasoning #3: Guilt By Association
- Failure Two

Chapter 8

Male Tantra Mastery Step One: Semen Retention During Orgasm
Charlotte—My First Experience with a Street Girl
Danielle
Gwendolyn Part 1
Chapter 9 Debunking Myth #4: Women Resort to Prostitution to Pay for Dangerous Drugs
Failure One
Failure Two
Mistake in Reasoning #4: Condemning a Profession Based on How Money Earned in That Profession Gets Spent
Failure Three
Chapter 10
Celina
Margarita
The Vast Sexual Spectrum
Chapter 11 Debunking Myth #5: Pimps Push Dangerous Drugs on Women
Failure One
Failure Two
Chapter 12
Yolanda
Amanda
Jennifer
Chapter 13 Debunking Myth #6: Prostitutes Get Raped, Battered and Robbed by Male Pimps and by Male Patrons
Failure One
Mistake in Reasoning #5: Labeling Someone as the Victim of the Circumstances in Which a Crime Is Committed in Lieu of Labeling Him or Her a Victim of That Crime
Failure Two
Mistake in Reasoning #6: Inviting a Greater Evil
Failure Three
Chapter 14
Alexandra

Tricia
Chapter 15 Debunking Myth #7: Sex Slavery
Mistake in Reasoning #7: Ignoring a Crucial Fact
Failure One
Failure Two
Failure Three
Mistake in Reasoning #8: Blaming Something That Could Help to Solve a Problem as Being a Cause of that Problem
Failure Four
Chapter 16
Is Celibacy a Virtue?
Mary
Gwendolyn Part 2
Chapter 17 Debunking Myth #8: Trafficking in Women and Girls
Failure One
Failure Two
Failure Three
Chapter 18
Nicole
Ballroom Dancing
Sophia
Chapter 19 Debunking Myth #9: Child Prostitution
Failure One
Failure Two
Failure Three
Mistake in Reasoning #9: Condemning an Adult Act Because That Act Should Not Be Done by Children
Failure Four
Chapter 20
It Costs Most Men a Lot of Money to Get Laid Anyway. Why Not Pay the Woman Directly and Avoid All the Stress?
Tina
Chapter 21
Debunking 43 Myths That *Falsely* Condemn Prostitution

Transforming Prostitution into Sacred Sexual Worship of the Goddess
There Is *Nothing* Wrong with Prostitution!

Chapter 1

Society needs farmers, teachers, engineers, artists and doctors. Society also needs *prostitutes*. And the need for prostitution is *enormous*.

During the year from October 1996 through November 1997, I dated many attractive women. Although I treated them well, I got *nowhere* with any of them sexually. I'm an intensely passionate man with real feelings and real needs. The sexual frustration I experienced made me *miserable* and adversely impacted the health of my prostate. For men like me, involuntary celibacy *hurts*, and the pain deepens with the passing of each sexless day. The women I dated seemed oblivious to my pain. Worse, *society* seems oblivious to men's pain from lack of sex.

In exasperation, I decided to try prostitution. This turned out to be one of the wisest decisions I've ever made. It opened up a whole new and beautiful world for me. Prostitutes are *not* oblivious to men's pain. These wonderful ladies are aware of that pain and their work is to *reduce* it. My gratitude to them is deep. Like any doctor or therapist, prostitutes charge *money* for their healing work.

I saw three prostitutes in December 1997. Scarlet was first for $300. Serena was next for $350. Both were referred by agencies that ran ads in the Yellow Pages under "Escorts." Kristina was third.

Kristina

I was living in Los Angeles, California. It was New Year's Eve. I picked up a copy of a free "alternative" newspaper called *LA Weekly*. A tiny ad in the "Escorts" section said "Kristina" and gave a phone number, which I called.

"Hello," a woman's voice answered. "Hi. Are you Kristina?"

"Yes."

"I'm Mark. Do you do out-call or in-call?"

"I only do in-call. You will have to come to me. I don't have a car right now."

"And where are you located?"

"Near Robertson and National."

"Okay. How much do you charge for one hour?"

"$200 and you will be fully satisfied."

Only $200! *That* was a big improvement after paying $300 and $350. "What do you look like?"

"I'm a beautiful Latina, with a perfect figure, long black hair, and I'm 23. You *won't* be disappointed. I *promise*."

Good—she has black hair—I love black hair on women.

I am a deeply spiritual man. For me, sex is sacred. It doesn't matter to me whether I'm paying the woman. Sex is always sacred for me, with or without money. I said to Kristina, "I'm looking for a woman who is spiritual. Are you a spiritual woman?"

"Well, I'm Catholic, but I don't go to church much. I get turned off by the church, but I do believe in God. Why are you asking me about this?"

"I want what we do together to be sacred and spiritual."

"Oh. I like that. That sounds nice. Nobody ever asked for that before. When are you going to come and see me, baby?"

"So will you be okay with my doing a prayer before we start?"

"Of course. I need prayers. So, are you coming to see me? I really want you to come and see me tonight. I promise you will be fully satisfied. You won't be disappointed at all." She was *pressuring* me. Kristina wanted me to come and pay her for sex. And she was promising me the sex would be good.

I am utterly amazed by the extreme contrast in how women behave sexually depending on whether *money* is involved. Without money, most women will throw up huge obstacles to sex. They will make sex extremely difficult or impossible to attain for most men. (Accomplished male pickup artists excepted.) Women have a

million ways to say “no” to sex. But a mere $200 caused this young lady, who turned out to be quite beautiful, to say “yes.” Not only that, she *pressured* me to come and have sex with her ASAP! Indeed, were it not for the $200, Kristina would *never* have offered me sex! And yet, society condemns this. Society makes it a *crime* for a large population of men to get their basic needs met.

♥ ♥ ♥

At the time I was in great emotional pain. A few months earlier a woman named Dorothy, whom I love very deeply, had taken legal action against me. She was angry that I had sent her flowers, love letters and hundred dollar bills (which she kept). She was upset that I had expressed my vision and dreams to her in my letters. I never even got a date with Dorothy, much less sex!

♥ ♥ ♥

To get ready for Kristina, I took a shower, shaved, brushed my teeth and dressed sexy. In my bedroom I have an altar with pictures of several enlightened spiritual masters. It also has candles, incense and other spiritual items. I put a pair of one-hundred dollar bills on my altar. Bowing down at my altar, I said a prayer. Then I got up and put the money in my pocket. I studied the map to see where I was going (this was before online maps and GPS). With my hat on my balding head, I drove off to the address she provided.

It was a two-story townhouse—each unit had a front door on the outside, and a staircase inside. I knocked. A *lovely* young lady answered. After a blonde (Scarlet) and a redhead (Serena), this woman had *dark* hair! And she was more than 20 years younger than I was. I had never had sex with a woman anywhere near that much younger!

She greeted me warmly. “Hi! I’m Kristina. Come on in.”

“Thank you. I’m Mark. It’s nice to meet you. So is this where you live?”

“No. The guy who lives here lets me use a room upstairs.” She led me up the stairway into a bedroom that had a private bathroom. But the room was empty. There was no bed—she had laid sheets down on the carpeted floor. She closed and locked the door.

I took the $200 out of my pocket and offered it to her. “Here, this is for you.”

“Thank you.” She took the money and dropped it on the floor.

We both removed our clothes. She was very beautiful naked. I guided her to sit with me, face to face, with our legs wrapped around each other. I gently embraced her nakedness in my arms and said, “Okay, I’m going to pray now. Let’s close our eyes and take a couple of deep breaths together.” We breathed. My intention was to carry this prayer into sacred sex. I wanted the sex to magnify the power of my healing prayer. I know powerful magic is possible in this way. I began the prayer.

“God is all there is, and God is Love. The brilliant, powerful Love of God fills this room, and fills Kristina and me. I speak the word of God’s Love right now. I know it’s the Love of God that shines in my heart, for I am living the life of God. And what a beautiful Goddess of Love Kristina is. Kristina is filled overflowing with the radiant Love and Light of God. Her heart overflows with the Goodness of God. She is living the Life of God in feminine form. I know that she is blessed, and that all she wants and prays for is hers, right now. I pray that any pain or difficulty in her life is gently washed away in God. I pray that I am sexually healed and transformed into a man whom beautiful women cannot resist sexually. And I pray that there is healing in my relationship with Dorothy. I know that right where my relationship with Dorothy is, God is. Kristina and I will now move this prayer into sacred sex. We are allowing the Love of God to be magnified by the magic of our sex. I give thanks for this and lovingly let it be, knowing this prayer is answered. And so it is. Amen.”

“Amen,” Kristina said, “What a beautiful prayer. Thank you. I do have one request.”

“What?”

“I can’t kiss you. And please don’t touch my face. But you can touch any other part of me.” And so I did. Gently but passionately, I touched her back, her arms, and her breasts for a long time. She said, “You are so sweet. I’ve never had such a sweet lover.” She was surprised that a client could treat her so sweetly and lovingly.

“You are sweet too. You are a Goddess.”

We made love. She was sexually generous with me, which I greatly enjoyed. Kristina was the 12th woman I had had sex with. *But I was having a new sexual experience with her that I had not had before.* It would become the essence of my sexuality. I was finding much deeper pleasure giving sexually to her, than receiving from her. I found myself *worshipping* her. She was a Goddess, and I was worshipping her sexually. This is deeply sacred to me. In fact, it is the dearest thing in the world to me.

I had heard that prostitutes don’t have orgasms. Neither Scarlet nor Serena had an orgasm with me. And as I would later confirm through conversations with dozens of prostitutes, they rarely, if ever, have orgasms while they are working. However, when Kristina and I were doing 69, it felt and sounded to me like she had an orgasm. The small part of my mind—my ego—was, on some level, resisting what was happening. I wondered whether she might have been faking the orgasm. And yet, it was nothing blatant as it probably would have been if it were fake. (I later had an experience with a prostitute who obviously faked an orgasm. I will describe it in a later book in this series.)

Kristina and I made love for about 45 minutes. Then I followed her into the bathroom. She stepped into the bathtub and squatted in front of the faucets. Turning on the tub spout but not the shower, she used her hand to wash and rinse her pussy. I watched her. She was so beautiful. “Are you married?” She asked.

“No.”

“Who is Dorothy?”

“She’s a woman I love very deeply, but who doesn’t want to be with me.”

"Why doesn't she?"

"I don't know."

"Well, I don't know what's the matter with *her*. You sure satisfied *me*!"

Wow! I *did* give Kristina an orgasm, albeit only a clitoral orgasm during cunnilingus. This was the first time I gave an orgasm to a prostitute, but it was certainly not the last. However, I had a lot more to learn before I would be able to give *vaginal* orgasms to prostitutes. And to then deliver *multiple, explosive, full-body* orgasms to them during intercourse.

We walked out together. My last words with her were on the sidewalk, across the street from the townhouse. We chatted about New Years Eve, wished each other a Happy New Year, and then hugged goodbye.

My Own Limited Thinking

As a result of giving money to Kristina for sex, I received a *spiritual* benefit—a powerful spiritual blessing:

> *I discovered that the most sacred thing in the world to me is sexual worship. This discovery has transformed my life.*

If I had not given Kristina the money, then she would not have let me have sex with her. And I would not have received this blessing.

Similarly, millions of religious people report receiving spiritual benefits and blessings from giving money to their church or temple or mosque. Much of the money donated in that way goes to support the living expenses of the clergy. Is that really any different than my receiving a spiritual benefit and blessing by giving money to a Goddess named Kristina? I say no. My money helped to support the living expenses of a Goddess who blessed me!

Unfortunately, I did not realize at the time what a huge blessing I got from Kristina. My time with Kristina that night was a turning

point in my life. But I didn't understand it at the time. Why? Because my own limited thinking got in my way.

Kristina was my third experience with a prostitute. I was starting to feel bothered by society's attitudes about prostitution. Was prostitution a *bad* thing for me to do? I did not feel guilty, but I did feel unsure of myself. I made up a "reason" to stop seeing prostitutes. They would not kiss me, and sex is not as good without kissing. In retrospect, I know with certainty that what I was doing was *good*, not bad. Indeed, it was what God wanted me to be doing.

Kristina obviously liked me, but I didn't know what to do about it. What I *should* have done was to see her regularly. I think my path of spiritual growth would have been faster had I done so. I would have been happier. And based on what I now know, Kristina almost certainly *would* have started kissing me—passionately. Instead, I let society's attitudes get in my way.

I did not call her back. And two years later when I realized that I should have called her again, her number no longer worked. So, with this book, I send my love and gratitude to sweet, beautiful Kristina.

God bless you, Kristina!

Chapter 2

Social, legal, religious and academic institutions proclaim that prostitution is *harmful* and *evil*. This is an ancient belief that persists today worldwide. Indeed, after seeing Kristina, I started wondering myself if it were true.

But it's *not* true. It's *false*. The notion that prostitution is harmful or evil is an ancient but enduring *delusion*. I have made it the title of this series of five books:

The Prostitution Delusion:

Prostitution is harmful and evil.

To explain why the Prostitution Delusion is false, I'm going to turn things around. I'm going to and ask the following question for the sake of discussion. I will call it the "Sensible Question." It is phrased to give the benefit of the doubt to the millions who sincerely believe prostitution is *bad*. I call it the Sensible Question because it asks these people a fair, reasonable, intelligent, healthy, wise and, I think, *sane* question:

The Sensible Question:

WHY is prostitution harmful and/or evil?

I believe prostitution is a good thing and is neither harmful nor evil. This question is *for the sake of discussion*. It is phrased to give the benefit of the doubt to people who believe prostitution is bad.

People have many answers to this question. I am going to take a close look at all of them. That's a total of 43 different answers to

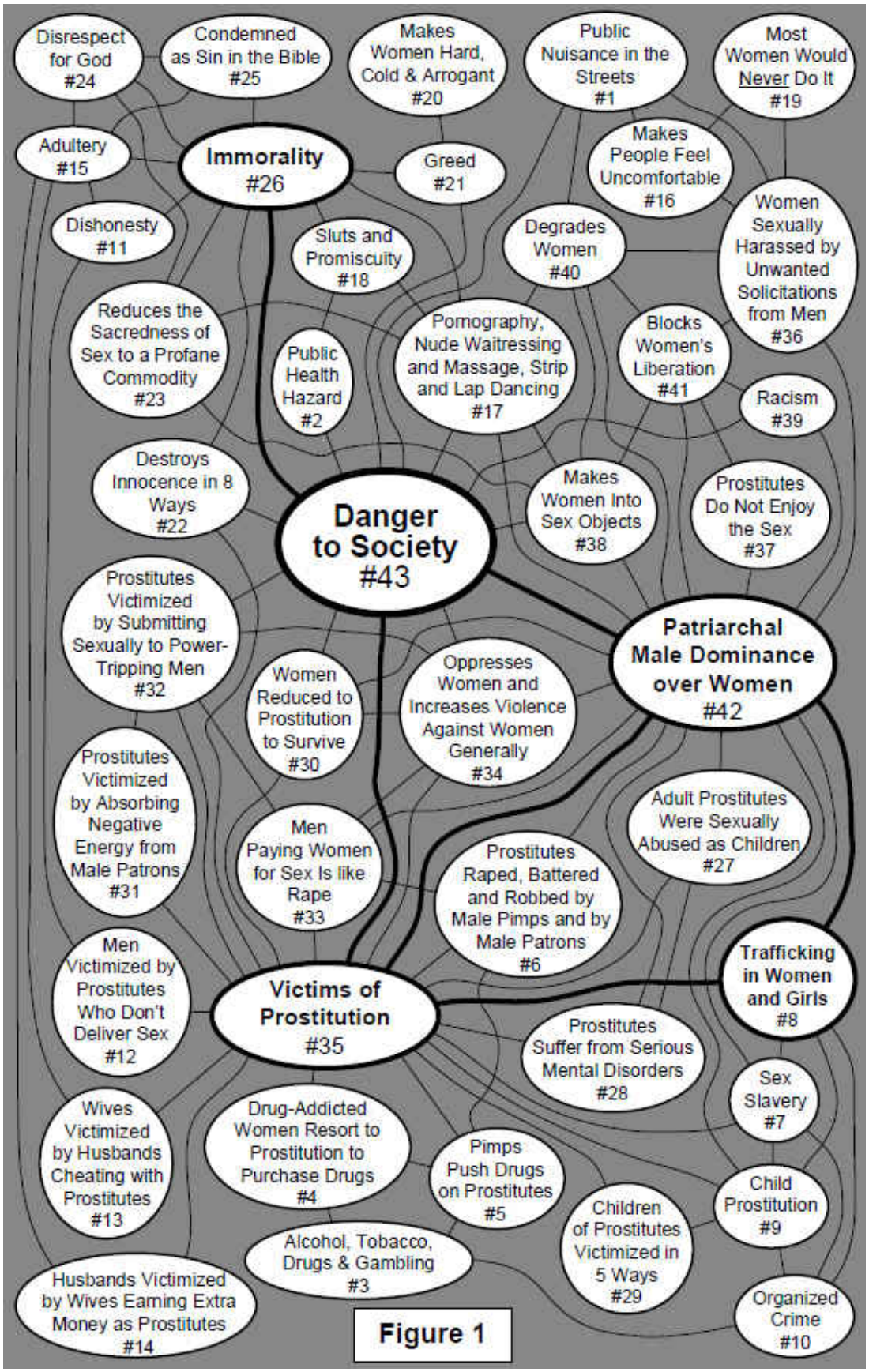
this Sensible Question. Actually, they are *purported* answers. Each purportedly explains why prostitution is harmful or evil.

The diagram in Figure 1 below presents all 43, stating each in just a few words. Related answers are interconnected by lines. Those encircled in bold are, in my opinion, the most widely believed as making prostitution harmful or evil. Please take a few minutes to study the diagram. Try to count and read all 43 myths in numerical sequence. (The diagrams in this book may also be viewed at ThePROSTITUTIONDelusion.org/Diagrams.)

I contend that the diagram presents *the entire case against prostitution*, in a compact format. Does anyone disagree? Did I get the whole enchilada? Or did I miss something? If I have missed anything, please let me know.

Unfortunately, the diagram is complicated. That's because the case against prostitution is complicated! Fortunately, the diagram reduces all this complexity down to a single page, giving a "bird's eye" view.

Many people honestly believe prostitution is harmful or evil based on at least some of Purported Answers #1 through #43. Readers of these books can see which ones they believe best explain why prostitution is harmful or evil. The diagram provides a veritable "grab bag" of answers to the Sensible Question. There is something here for everyone! People who are vehemently opposed to prostitution will likely agree with most of the 43 purported answers. Others will agree with some, and disagree with others. Indeed, many *prostitutes* will find something on the diagram that makes them feel ashamed!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Makes Women Hard, Cold & Arrogant #20
Public Nuisance in the Streets #1
Most Women Would Never Do It #19
Adultery #15
Immorality #26
Greed #21
Makes People Feel Uncomfortable #16
Dishonesty #11
Sluts and Promiscuity #18
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Public Health Hazard #2
Pornography, Nude Waitressing and Massage, Strip and Lap Dancing #17
Blocks Women's Liberation #41
Racism #39
Destroys Innocence in 8 Ways #22
Danger to Society #43
Makes Women Into Sex Objects #38
Prostitutes Do Not Enjoy the Sex #37
Prostitutes Victimized by Submitting Sexually to Power-Tripping Men #32
Patriarchal Male Dominance over Women #42
Women Reduced to Prostitution to Survive #30
Oppresses Women and Increases Violence Against Women Generally #34
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Men Paying Women for Sex Is like Rape #33
Prostitutes Raped, Battered and Robbed by Male Pimps and by Male Patrons #6
Men Victimized by Prostitutes Who Don't Deliver Sex #12
Victims of Prostitution #35
Trafficking in Women and Girls #8
Prostitutes Suffer from Serious Mental Disorders #28
Sex Slavery #7
Wives Victimized by Husbands Cheating with Prostitutes #13
Drug-Addicted Women Resort to Prostitution to Purchase Drugs #4
Pimps Push Drugs on Prostitutes #5
Child Prostitution #9
Children of Prostitutes Victimized in 5 Ways #29
Alcohol, Tobacco, Drugs & Gambling #3
Husbands Victimized by Wives Earning Extra Money as Prostitutes #14
Organized Crime #10

Figure 1

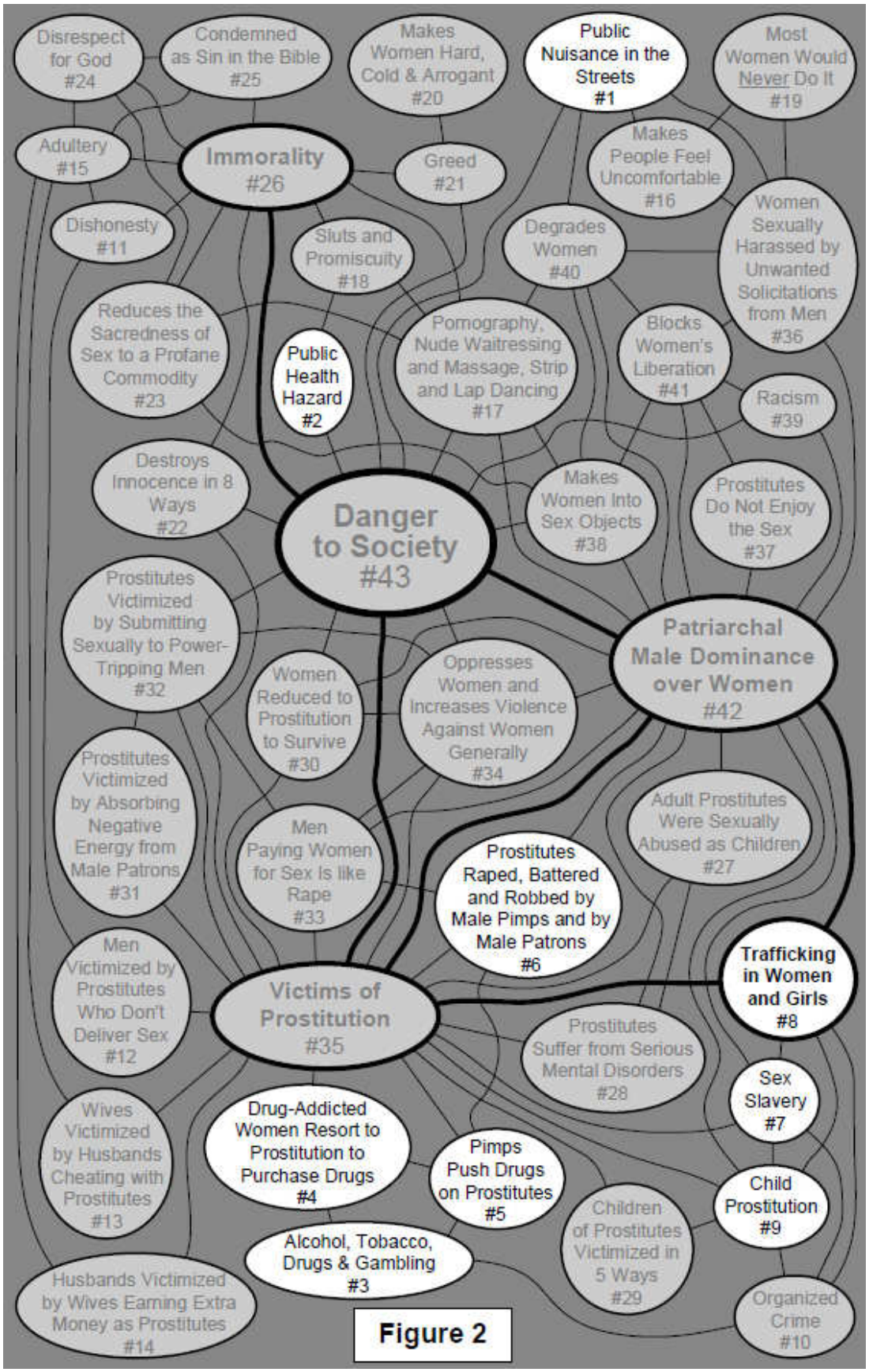
However, as I will show, each of these 43 purported answers is *nothing but a myth*—a myth that *falsely* condemns prostitution.

Accordingly, I will refer to the 43 items in three ways. First, I will call an item a "purported answer"—before I have analyzed it. Second, when I have shown it *fails* to answer the Sensible Question, I will call it a "false myth." And I will label it "DEBUNKED." Third, I will sometimes just call it a "myth" (before or after debunking), including at the tops of pages in some chapters.

This is Book One, in which I will debunk myths #1–9, shown in white in Figure 2 below. In Books Two through Five, I will debunk myths #10–43, which are gray in Figure 2. My *tentative* plan is as follows:

Book Two:	myths #10–18.
Book Three:	myths #19–26.
Book Four:	myths #27–35.
Book Five:	myths #36–43.

Just to be clear, by advocating prostitution, I am *not* advocating sex slavery. Nor am I advocating sexual activity involving children. Nor am I advocating any form of violence. I am only advocating *peaceful* prostitution between *mutually consenting adults*.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Alcohol, Tobacco, Drugs & Gambling #3
Husbands Victimized by Wives Earning Extra Money as Prostitutes #14
Organized Crime #10

Figure 2

Female Prostitutes and Male Patrons

The overwhelming majority of prostitutes have always been *female*. The overwhelming majority of the patrons of prostitution have always been *male*. These five books consistently refer to prostitutes as female, and their patrons as male. No prejudice of any kind is intended against male prostitutes, whether straight or gay, or against lesbian prostitutes. I have no experience with them. I am in no position to speak about them, and they are simply not the focus of these books.

However, the Formal Definition of Prostitution presented in the next section is gender neutral, and hence encompasses male and lesbian prostitutes.

How Shall We Define "Prostitution"?

We cannot have a rational discussion about prostitution without first defining it. There are many definitions for "prostitution." In this chapter, I will comment on several "Candidate Definitions." Then I will focus on one definition—a *formal* definition—which is the *only* definition used in these five books. Here is the first candidate:

Candidate Definition 1

Prostitution. Noun. Doing something for money that one dislikes doing or that is wrongful.

Candidate Definition 1 has two alternatives—"dislike" or "wrongful."

Suppose someone has a job she dislikes. But she continues doing the work just to get a paycheck. Like receiving telephone calls from angry customers all day, which she would not do except for the money. She is said to be "prostituting" herself. By this definition, a large portion of the population engages in "prostitution" laboring in unpleasant jobs worldwide.

The "wrongful" alternative is narrower. For example, a sales representative could sell products she knows are harmful to people. Like junk food, which sells easily but is bad for people's health. She is said to be "prostituting" her professional skills by doing something wrongful for the money.

The laws prohibiting "prostitution" are not based on Candidate Definition 1. Nor is this book.

Obviously, the more common meaning of the word "prostitution" is the selling of *sex* for money! I'll get to that in a moment.

But first I must address an academic and political movement called "third-wave feminism," which started in the early 1990s. It includes a small minority of women who, for whatever reason, seem to hate men. Some third-wave feminists vehemently oppose prostitution. They want to change things so that *men* who patronize prostitutes are deemed *more evil* (and are more severely punished) than the women who sell the sex (whom they view as victims). Some fanatical feminists have been trying to *expand* the definition of "prostitution" to include things *unrelated to sex*. Why? It appears to me that they simply want to find more ways to demonize and punish men![1]

Let's now look at a ridiculous definition that might please women who hate men and want to find any excuse possible to punish them:

Candidate Definition 2
Prostitution. Noun. Any act by a man that is harmful to a woman.

By this definition, a male boss firing a woman from her job would constitute "prostitution." Likewise, a traffic accident in which a woman is injured by a male driver would constitute "prostitution."

Some third-wave feminists might fantasize about using this definition to demonize and punish a lot of good men. But the overwhelming majority of women and virtually all men would oppose this. Clearly, Candidate Definition 2 is not useful for any rational discussion about prostitution.

So let's narrow down the definition, while still attempting to please the man-hating fanatics:

Candidate Definition 3
Prostitution. Noun. Any act that is degrading to women.

This definition is not a useful candidate for two different reasons. The first concerns things that most people today will readily *agree* are "degrading to women." Like denying women the right to vote. Thankfully, in the United States and in many other nations, suffrage is no longer denied on the basis of gender. Many heroic women of the past worked hard to achieve this noble goal, including Susan B. Anthony and Elizabeth Cady Stanton.[2] I have no doubt that if they were alive today, Ms. Anthony and Ms. Stanton would agree with me that denying women the vote *was* "degrading to women," but

was *not* "prostitution." And yet, according to Candidate Definition 3, denying women the vote *does* constitute "prostitution."

The second problem with Candidate Definition 3 occurs when there is strong *disagreement* on whether an act is "degrading to women." Consider the sale of pornographic magazines, such as *Playboy* that depict naked women, show close-up views of their breasts and genitalia, and show them engaging in sexual acts. Does the operator of a newsstand who sells *Playboy* engage in "prostitution"? According to Definition 3, that depends on whether selling *Playboy* is "degrading to women," and people (including feminists) are sharply divided on that question. I say no, but others say yes. This means that whether or not selling a copy of *Playboy* constitutes "prostitution" depends upon something on which people strongly disagree. This is not a useful way to make a definition.

In order to have a rational discussion about prostitution, we need to have a definition we can *agree* on. Candidate Definition 3 fails.

One more tangent before I get to the main point. There is a common belief among many people today that prostitution is somehow directly connected with sexual *slavery*. Let's try defining it that way:

Candidate Definition 4
Prostitution. Noun. Sexual slavery.

I will address sexual slavery at length in Chapter 15. However, to *define* prostitution in this way is absurd.

Candidate Definition 4 *fails* to include the commonplace sex-for-money transactions that happen by the thousands on a daily basis. It excludes my experience with Kristina. She made her own arrangements to use an empty room. She ran her own simple ad. When I called, she answered the phone herself and voluntarily chose to meet me for paid sex. I paid her, and she gave me sex. After about an hour, we parted company on the sidewalk. She went on

about her business, doing her work and pursuing her personal interests. Her interests are funded, in part, by her earnings from sex. Kristina is *not* a slave. Hence, her voluntarily selling sex does *not* constitute "sexual slavery," because she is entirely free. Thus, according to Candidate Definition 4, she is *not* a "prostitute"! And yet, we all know she *is* a prostitute! She is doing precisely the kind of "prostitution" that these books are all about.

Perhaps "third-wave" feminists would contend she *is* a slave. They might say she is a "slave" to her own "obsession" to engage in sex for money. However, I think most people will disagree with that position. Moreover, if such a position is considered, it makes Definition 4 even worse. This is because, like Candidate Definition 3, it becomes dependent upon something on which people strongly disagree.

Candidate Definition 4 is a terrible definition for prostitution.

Two-Party Prostitution

Let's now look at some *reasonable* definitions, beginning with two-party prostitution.

Candidate Definition 5
Prostitution. Noun. The exchange of a sex act for money.

With this definition, we are finally getting to the point. However, there are two problems with this definition.

What, precisely, is a "sex act"? Later in this series of books, I will present a Model Prostitution Law. It includes a detailed, formal definition of "sex act" that I believe describes exactly what most people think "sex act" means. It includes, without limitation, sexual intercourse, fellatio, cunnilingus, anal sex, and the masturbation of

one person by the other. For now, I think the term "sex act" is clear enough without that formal definition.

The main problem with Candidate Definition 5 is that the sex act might involve *force*. I am arguing that prostitution is a *good* thing. There is *nothing good* about forcing a person into doing something by violence or threat of violence.

Consider a brutal man who forcibly rapes a woman. He then forces her to take a dollar from his hand, telling her, "This money proves you are a whore." She might throw the dollar away in disgust. Nevertheless, she did initially take it. That means an "exchange of a sex act for money" occurred, which is "prostitution" by Candidate Definition 5.

Consequently, I am going to exclude from the definition of "prostitution" any exchanges that are obtained by force. One kind of force is actual violence. For example, suppose the man offers her money for sex, but she says "no." He then gets angry, punches her in the belly, slaps her face. He commands her to remove her panties and to spread her legs. She breaks down crying and "consents." Another kind of force is threatened violence. When she says "no" to sex for money, suppose the man says he will kill her unless she has sex with him. Again she "consents." In either case, her "consent" was forced—it was *not* freely given.

Candidate Definition 6

Prostitution. Noun. The exchange, by mutual, freely given consent, of a sex act for money.

Candidate Definition 6 eliminates force. Both the man and the woman must mutually and *freely* agree—i.e. without force or coercion—to exchange sex for money.

By eliminating force, I am drawing a bright line. It will undoubtedly offend third-wave feminists and others who are

vehemently opposed to women selling sex.[3] I am taking some of the "teeth" out of their opposition. In my view, those "teeth" *should* be extracted. Quite frankly, those "teeth" have no business "biting the penises" of good and peaceful men who want to get laid! Or "biting the clitorises" of good and honest women who love sex and want to make money selling it!

Worse, many third-wave feminists seek to *deny* women the right to determine for themselves whether they freely consent. Instead, these fanatics would impose *their* view that paying money for sex *automatically* constitutes "*force*." On this basis, they claim that prostitution is "like rape." This is Myth #33 (Men Paying Women for Sex Is like Rape), which I shall debunk in Book Four. In Book Five, I will discuss who is funding the third-wave feminists and why.

On the other hand, many who agree that women should have the right to sell sex will dislike my use of the word "prostitution." They will argue I should instead use the term "sex work." I say *no* for two reasons.

First, there is power in words. "Prostitution" and "prostitute" are extremely powerful words because they evoke strong emotions. Too often today, those emotions are strongly *negative* and include disrespect, disgust and hatred. My main purpose here is to transform society's view of paid sex so the words "prostitution" and "prostitute" evoke strong *positive* emotions, including respect, admiration and love. "Sex work" and "sex worker" lack emotional power—they were created to soften negative emotional reactions. My purpose here is not to soften but to transform those reactions from negative to positive, which can only be accomplished by facing, embracing and using the power words themselves—"prostitution" and "prostitute."

Second, the term "sex work" is too broad. It encompasses conduct where one person does *not* pay the other for sex. Consider pornography, which is considered "sex work." Rather than one partner paying the other for the sex, the producer pays both of them. And the producer does not engage in the sex. Nude massage

involving no sex act is often considered “sex work.” Otherwise there would be no reason for the woman doing the massage to be naked. She is naked so the man gets aroused from seeing her nakedness. But she never touches his genitals nor lets him touch her breasts or genitals. Sexual counseling can also be considered “sex work” even though it involves no sex act at all.

In any event, these five books provide powerful ammunition for winning the battle over the meanings of “prostitution” and “prostitute.” I believe the anti-prostitution fanatics will lose this battle. Widespread repeal of laws against prostitution will defeat them. As widespread *respect* develops for prostitutes, the terms “sex work” and “sex worker” will get used less. Preference will go to the power words “prostitution” and “prostitute.”

There still remains a problem with Candidate Definition 6. The prostitute might exchange sex for something other than money. Like a new computer. In contract law, the word “consideration” means any benefit given to the other person. Consideration can be money or anything else the other person wants.

So I will now add the words “or other consideration.” I’m also going to get a bit more formal by using the word “transaction.”

Candidate Definition 7

Prostitution. Noun. A transaction where, by mutual, freely given consent, one person provides a sex act to another person in exchange for money or other consideration.

Candidate Definition 7 is the winner for two-party prostitution involving just the prostitute and her male patron. The majority of the prostitution I have participated in has been two-party prostitution.

Three-Party Prostitution

Sometimes a third party gets involved, such as an agent, booker, madam or pimp. I will use the term "panderer" for this third party. This is *three-party prostitution*, where the three parties are the prostitute, the panderer and the patron.

The panderer provides some kind of support services that help the prostitute to do business with patrons:

- The panderer might do advertising and sales for the prostitute, by running an advertisement to which patrons respond. The panderer then sets up appointments for patrons to meet with the prostitute.
- If prostitution is illegal in the area, the panderer might do some kind of screening on the patron. This will (hopefully) identify police officers and deny them service before it's too late!
- If the prostitute is a foreigner who does not speak the local language, she cannot make appointments by telephone. A bilingual panderer answers the patron's call in his language and communicates with the prostitute in her language. There are hundreds of prostitutes in Los Angeles who don't speak much English. Ads on the Internet showing pictures of these prostitutes typically say, "Please call my booker to make an appointment."
- The panderer might provide the prostitute with a room where she can do "in-call" sex work.
- In a house of prostitution or brothel, the owner is the panderer, and madam is the owner's agent. She typically greets patrons when they arrive and helps them choose a prostitute.
- The panderer might teach a new prostitute how to conduct the business of prostitution. This includes, very importantly, how to avoid trouble from abusive clients or police.

The panderer might be female or male. What I have observed in my extensive experience with prostitutes is that most panderers are *female*. They are typically older, more experienced prostitutes who recruit and manage younger, less-experienced prostitutes.

The panderer might also be an organization, such as a corporation that owns and operates a legal brothel.

Three-party prostitution occurs in three steps. First, the panderer and the prostitute make an agreement. They agree on the services the panderer is going to provide. And they agree on how the money is going to be split between the prostitute and the panderer. Second, the patron visits the prostitute and has sex with her. He pays either her or the panderer. Third, after the patron has departed, the prostitute and panderer split the money as agreed.

A typical fee split involving referral only and no room is 25% for the panderer and 75% for the prostitute. I think that is fair and reasonable. In the legal houses of prostitution in Nevada, which provide both the patrons and rooms, the typical fee split is 50/50. I think that is also fair. Indeed, prostitutes commute by air from all over the United States to work in Nevada's brothels. They live at the brothel for a month or two at a time, and then fly home. They would not do this if the deal weren't fair!

However, if too much of the money goes to the panderer, then it can become unfair, unreasonable and even abusive. As I will discuss later in this book, significant abuses happen when the panderer is dishonest, greedy, malicious and/or violent.

Formal Definition of Prostitution

I will now put this all together by combining two-party and three-party prostitution. The result is a Formal Definition of "prostitution" that is used throughout these five books.

Formal Definition of Prostitution

Prostitution. Noun. A transaction of either of the following kinds:

(A) **Two-Party Prostitution**. A transaction involving two parties, the prostitute and the patron, where, by mutual, freely given consent, the prostitute provides a sex act to the patron in exchange for money or other consideration.

OR

(B) **Three-Party Prostitution**. A transaction involving three parties, the prostitute, the panderer, and the patron, where:

(1) the prostitute and the panderer make an agreement in advance, by mutual, freely given consent, as follows:

(a) the panderer will provide support services, which may include, without limitation, obtaining patrons and/or providing a place for sex, and

(b) the prostitute and the panderer will split the money or other consideration received from patrons in a way that fairly pays each of them;

(2) the prostitute meets with the patron, and, by mutual, freely given consent between the prostitute and the patron, provides a sex act to the patron in exchange for money or other consideration that the patron pays either to the prostitute or to the panderer; and
(3) thereafter, the prostitute and panderer fairly split the money or other consideration received from the patron as agreed in (B)(1)(b).

This definition is a part of my Model Prostitution Law. I believe it captures what most people consider "prostitution" to mean. The entire discussion of prostitution in this series of books is based on this definition. Moreover, for the purposes of these five books, *nothing else* is "prostitution."

This definition is generally consistent with typical criminal laws that prohibit prostitution and pandering. Suppose a woman were on trial on charges of "prostitution." The prosecutor proves that she did a transaction that is described in my Formal Definition of Prostitution. Judges and juries in most jurisdictions would typically convict her, even if local law described the forbidden transaction differently.

This means that, for the purposes of these books, the following do *not* constitute "prostitution":

- Raping a woman is not "prostitution." The woman does not freely give her consent under (A).
- Forcing a woman to have sex with someone else is not "prostitution." The woman does not freely give her consent either under (B)(1) as to the panderer, or under (B)(2) as to the patron.
- Manipulating a woman to have sex with a paying patron, where the panderer takes 99% of the money, is not "prostitution." Under (B)(3) and (B)(1)(b) the money is not fairly split.

Indeed, if a woman were on trial for "prostitution" and these kinds of facts were proven, judges and juries in most jurisdictions would

find her *not* guilty. Judges and jurors would have sympathy for the woman because she was forced and/or manipulated. Their anger would instead be directed at her perpetrators. Prosecutors know this, and would rarely press prostitution charges against such a woman, even if she technically violated the local law.

By agreeing on this Formal Definition of Prostitution, we can now have a rational discussion about prostitution.

Two Kinds of Chapters in This Book

In these five books, I will use logic to show that each of Purported Answers #1–43 is *invalid*. I am going to *debunk* each one. Each has its own separate chapter. But there are also chapters that do not focus on a purported answer. Thus, there are two kinds of chapters in these books:

- Debunking Chapters. Each of these chapters is devoted to debunking *one* Purported Answer as a False Myth. This Book One has nine debunking chapters for myths #1–9.
- Regular Chapters. These chapters present other things, including my personal experiences with many prostitutes. *This* chapter is a regular chapter, because it does not debunk any of the purported answers.

The chapters generally alternate.

I will debunk myth #1 in the next chapter, Chapter 3. But first, another story.

Scarlet—My First Experience with a Prostitute

As I already explained, my first three experiences with prostitutes happened in December 1997. I saw Scarlet, Serena and Kristina, in that order. I wrote about Kristina in Chapter 1. Now I'll write about Scarlet.

About a week before Christmas, I called an agency listed in the "Escort" section of the Yellow Pages. A man told me he would send a beautiful girl to my home. The price would be $300 cash. I gave him my phone number and the address of my home in Los Angeles.

About 30 minutes later, I received a phone call from Scarlet. "Is Mark there?"

"This is Mark."

"This is Scarlet." Her tone suddenly became harsh and negative. "Are you a *cop*?"

"No. I've never done this before."

"Are you a *cop*?" She repeated, more harshly.

"I said no." I did not learn until several years later that police routinely *lie* to prostitutes. Just because I said "no" in answer to Scarlet's question, was no guarantee of her safety. A vice squad officer would have denied being a cop.[4] Indeed, police will even have *sex* with a prostitute and then arrest her![5] That constitutes *rape*, because the woman would not have consented to sex had the officer told her the truth. It's better just to get arrested than to first get raped by the asshole cop and then get arrested by him. A law in Hawaii permitting police to have sex with prostitutes was recently criticized. Honolulu police defended the law claiming it helps them catch prostitutes in the act.[6] In other words, these horny cops need to commit *felony* rape to catch *misdemeanor* prostitution. This is outrageous. Moreover, police lie in court under oath, which is likewise a *felony* (it's called perjury). They think it's funny and jokingly call it "testilying."[7] I will talk about the police in greater depth in later books in this series. In any event, Scarlet was in no danger on account of me.

Changing the subject away from the police, I told Scarlet, "I'm looking for someone who is spiritual."

She lightened up slightly. "What do you mean?"

"Well, do you believe in God?"

"Yes, in my own way."

"Are you willing to pray with me before we start?"

"About what?"

"I want to pray for sexual healing. I'll pray for you too."

"Okay."

"Like I said, I've never done this before. So, how does it work?"

"It's $300 for out-call."

"What does out-call mean?"

"It means I come out to your place."

"How much time do I get for $300?"

"One hour. We'll start with a full body massage."

I was not really interested in getting a massage. I wanted *sex*. But I realized that on the phone she had to speak in terms that were *legal*. I assumed what she meant was that after the massage there would be sex. I asked, "What do you look like?"

"I'm blonde, 5-8, 36D-24-34."

"How long is your hair?"

"Shoulder length."

"Okay, when can you be here?" I asked.

"In about an hour." She confirmed my address and I gave her some directions.

I took a shower, shaved, brushed my teeth and put on just a bathrobe. I took three hundred-dollar bills and laid them on my altar. Then I bowed down before my altar and prayed for my experience with Scarlet to bring me sexual healing.

My doorbell rang. In walked Scarlet. She was tall, blonde, and attractive. She had a lovely figure and appeared to be in her early forties. She was wearing heels, tight black pants and an expensive white sweater over a blouse. And she was strictly business.

"Hi, I'm Mark."

"I'm Scarlet. Nice to meet you." We shook hands. I led her into my bedroom. "So this is your first time doing this?" she asked.

"Yes. I've had a deep problem all my life attracting sex. Women usually reject me sexually."

“Do you want to talk?” She asked, as if offering to be my therapist.

“No. I’ve talked it to death. I want to pray with you and then move the prayer into sex.”

“We need to take care of business first.”

I took the $300 from my altar and handed it to her. She seemed surprised that the money was on my altar. She put it into her purse.

Then I asked her to sit with me on the bed for the prayer. She removed her shoes and climbed onto the bed with me. I got her to sit very close to me, face-to-face, with our legs around each other. I put my arms around her and began my prayer:

“Let’s take a deep breath in…” She breathed in with me. “And out.” She breathed out with me. I continued, “I am knowing that God is all there is.” The rest of my prayer was similar to the prayer I quoted above with Kristina, ending with “Amen.”

“Are you done?” Scarlet asked.

“Yes. I’m done with the prayer.”

She immediately removed her sweater, and then pulled her legs away from me to take off her pants. However, she did not remove her blouse, bra or panties. I removed my robe to reveal my hardness.

I attempted to kiss her and be affectionate with her, but she coldly rejected my affection. “No kissing. Do you want me to touch your cock?”

“Okay.”

She took a bottle of oil from her purse, wet her hand with it and started manipulating my penis. She was very aggressive. I became confused—this was *not* very sensuous. It felt nice, but there was no love in it. She was not at all delicate. It seemed that when she took her pants off, she turned into a different person. It all seemed fake.

Nevertheless, I was very much looking forward to intercourse. It had been a year and a half since I had had sex—way, way, *way* too long. As she played with my penis, I felt some energy move up my spine. The energy is called Kundalini. It caused me to shake and

make a mild moaning sound. A preliminary sensation of pleasure. Early foreplay.

"Did you come?" she asked.

"Well, a little bit."

She abruptly let go of my penis and started putting on her pants.

"What's going on?" I demanded.

"You came. So we're all done."

I was incredulous. "What??? What are you talking about? I paid you for one hour."

She replied in a harsh tone of voice, "The rule is one hour or one orgasm, whichever comes first."

"I can't believe this. I wanted to have intercourse."

"Intercourse is $350. But if you call me directly, without going through the agency, then it's $250. You'll have to make an appointment." Then she walked out the door coldly, without saying goodbye.

I lay on my bed for a long time contemplating what had just happened. *I got ripped off!* We live and we learn, and I had a lot more to learn about prostitution. When I finally got up, I discovered that she left her expensive sweater behind. I donated it to a charity.

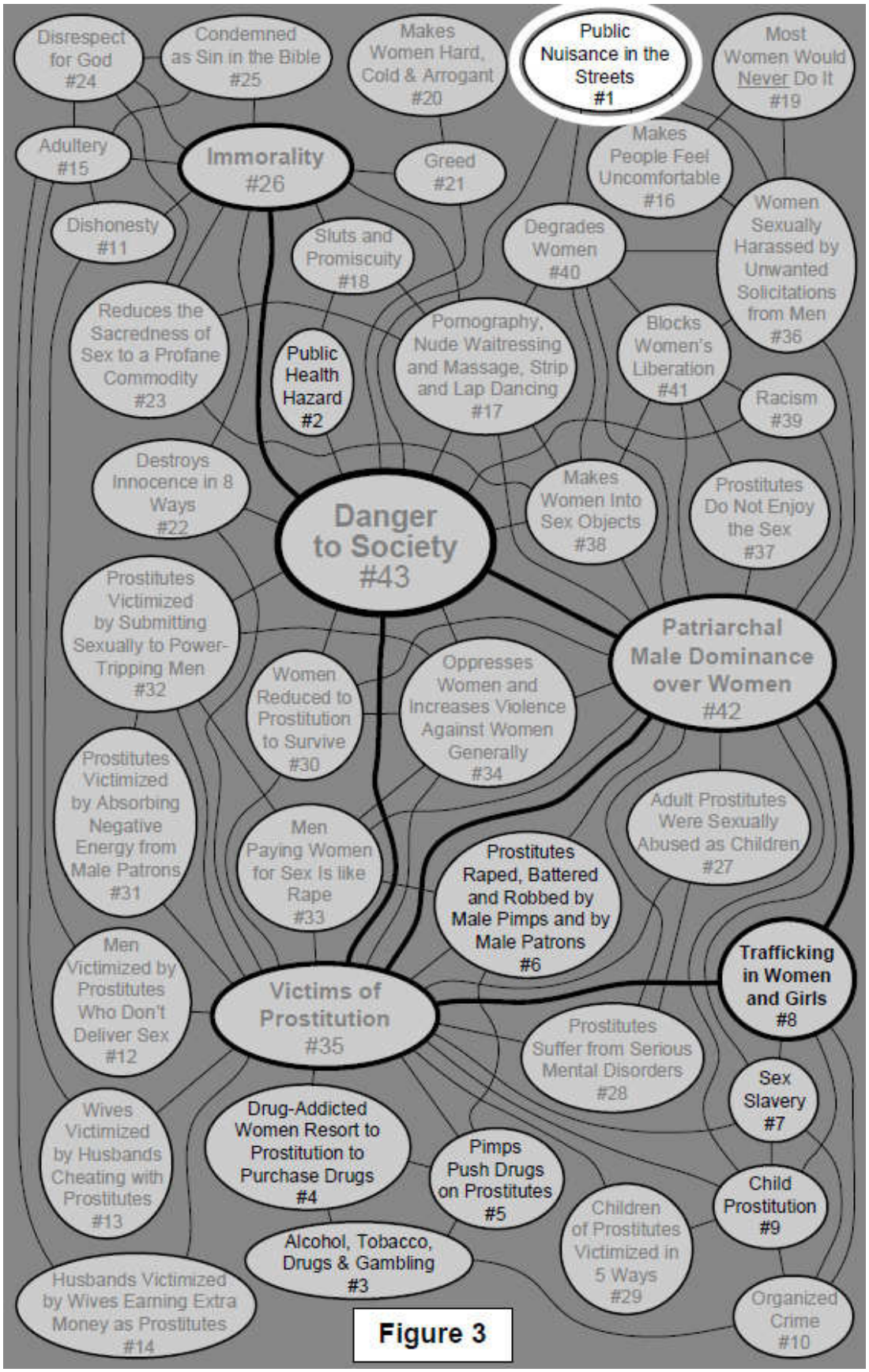

Disrespect for God #24
Condemned as Sin in the Bible #25
Makes Women Hard, Cold & Arrogant #20
Public Nuisance in the Streets #1
Most Women Would Never Do It #19
Adultery #15
Immorality #26
Greed #21
Makes People Feel Uncomfortable #16
Dishonesty #11
Sluts and Promiscuity #18
Degrades Women #40
Women Sexually Harassed by Unwanted Solicitations from Men #36
Reduces the Sacredness of Sex to a Profane Commodity #23
Public Health Hazard #2
Pornography, Nude Waitressing and Massage, Strip and Lap Dancing #17
Blocks Women's Liberation #41
Racism #39
Destroys Innocence in 8 Ways #22
Danger to Society #43
Makes Women Into Sex Objects #38
Prostitutes Do Not Enjoy the Sex #37
Prostitutes Victimized by Submitting Sexually to Power-Tripping Men #32
Patriarchal Male Dominance over Women #42
Women Reduced to Prostitution to Survive #30
Oppresses Women and Increases Violence Against Women Generally #34
Prostitutes Victimized by Absorbing Negative Energy from Male Patrons #31
Adult Prostitutes Were Sexually Abused as Children #27
Men Paying Women for Sex Is like Rape #33
Prostitutes Raped, Battered and Robbed by Male Pimps and by Male Patrons #6
Men Victimized by Prostitutes Who Don't Deliver Sex #12
Victims of Prostitution #35
Trafficking in Women and Girls #8
Prostitutes Suffer from Serious Mental Disorders #28
Sex Slavery #7
Wives Victimized by Husbands Cheating with Prostitutes #13
Drug-Addicted Women Resort to Prostitution to Purchase Drugs #4
Pimps Push Drugs on Prostitutes #5
Child Prostitution #9
Children of Prostitutes Victimized in 5 Ways #29
Alcohol, Tobacco, Drugs & Gambling #3
Husbands Victimized by Wives Earning Extra Money as Prostitutes #14
Organized Crime #10

Figure 3

Chapter 3

Debunking Myth #1: Public Nuisance on the Streets

WHY is prostitution harmful and/or evil?

Purported Answer #1:

Because prostitutes create a public nuisance on the streets.

This is the first Debunking Chapter, so it starts with a box (above) stating a Purported Answer to the Sensible Question. Figure 3 above highlights Purported Answer #1.

There is an age-old tradition that prostitutes advertise their services by standing on the street. These prostitutes are commonly called "streetwalkers."

People stand on the street for a variety of reasons. They wait for a bus. They window shop. They watch the cars go by. They enjoy the sunshine. How do prostitutes differentiate themselves from other people who stand on the street? How do these women let it be known that they are *prostitutes*? They certainly don't wear badges that say "prostitute" or carry signs that say "sex for sale".

I find it fascinating that the way street prostitutes let themselves be known is universal. It's my understanding that it's done the same way all over the world. Here is what they do:

- Street prostitutes pick a spot on the sidewalk and stand. Even though they are called streetwalkers, the fact is these prostitutes don't walk. They just stand. They usually stand on the building side of the sidewalk, facing the

street. When they get tired they often lean back against the building. Sometimes prostitutes stand on the street side of the sidewalk facing away from the street. Occasionally, they stand in parks and other public places. But they always just stand.

- Street prostitutes are groomed and dressed very sexy. Styles vary with the time, the place and the weather. But it's always sexy. Today, excessively tall, high-heeled platform shoes are in vogue for street prostitutes, regardless of weather.
- Street prostitutes have hot-looking bodies. Some are slightly plump—very few are fat.
- When a man comes by, a street prostitute makes direct eye contact with him. She holds the eye contact until he breaks it. If the man is driving a car and stops, she walks up to the car and talks with him.

Go anywhere in the world, and if a woman displays these characteristics, a man knows she is a prostitute.

Some people find street prostitutes offensive. Streetwalkers remind people of prostitution's existence. It makes some people uncomfortable to see women, who have chosen a "life of sin," working right out in public. Such people especially don't want to be forced to walk within a foot or two of a working whore!

Retail storeowners don't want streetwalkers standing on the sidewalk in the vicinity of their stores. This is because the prostitutes will repel potential store customers. Not only that, but some street prostitutes have bad manners and a bad attitude. Some are loud and disruptive. If the store has a public restroom, prostitutes will use the restroom, even though they are not store customers. Respectable people will not enter a store if streetwalkers are standing on the sidewalk outside.

Parents don't want their children exposed to street prostitutes. Kids will ask embarrassing questions like, "Mommy, why are those girls standing there like that?" What's a mother going to tell her 8-year-old daughter? Or her 12-year-old son? And what's going to

happen when her son gets a few years older? What if he walks down that same street all by himself with some money in his pocket?

Like me, when I was 17. However, my experience was not what many parents are worried about. I walked by some Black prostitutes who were standing on a busy sidewalk in Hollywood late at night. (This was before the "clean up" beginning in 1996, when California's "*Anti-Hot-Woman Law*" eliminated most street prostitution in the state.) One of the girls aggressively grabbed my jacket and ridiculed me. She was mean to me, and her negative energy turned me off. I pulled myself away. A few moments later, I discovered that she had dropped a chewed wad of gum into my jacket pocket. I was disgusted.

This is a public nuisance.

♥ ♥ ♥

Our Sensible Question asks:

WHY is prostitution harmful and/or evil?

Let's now examine how Purported Answer #1 attempts to answer it:

Because prostitutes create a public nuisance on the streets.

Does *this* answer the Sensible Question? Does this explain *why* prostitution is harmful and/or evil? I say no.

I submit that Purported Answer #1 *fails* to answer the Sensible Question *for two independent reasons*. I will call them Failure One and Failure Two. *Either one* of these Failures is sufficient to invalidate Purported Answer #1.

Failure One happens because Purported Answer #1 is a FALSE GENERALIZATION in a first way. Failure Two happens because Purported Answer #1 is a FALSE GENERALIZATION in a different way. Thus, I am going to debunk Purported Answer #1 twice. First with Failure One, then with Failure Two.

What is a FALSE GENERALIZATION? It is the first of several *Mistakes in Reasoning* that I present and utilize in these five books. I use a distinctive type font for the mistakes in reasoning. Each has an "MIR" number, which means "Mistake in Reasoning." FALSE GENERALIZATION is MIR #1.

I will now explain what a FALSE GENERALIZATION is and why it is logically invalid.

Mistake in Reasoning #1:
FALSE GENERALIZATION

Los Angeles County, California, contains dozens of incorporated cities, including Beverly Hills, Santa Monica, Redondo Beach, Claremont, Glendale and Pasadena. These cities are all interconnected by roads. People can drive cars from Claremont to Pasadena, or from Santa Monica to Glendale. In fact, there are almost a hundred cities within Los Angeles County that are all interconnected by roads.

Sometimes people take facts like this and generalize them, when it is not logical to do so. The result is called a FALSE GENERALIZATION. Like this:

> *All the cities in Los Angeles County are interconnected by roads.*

This statement might seem logical, but it has huge a problem. It's *false.*

The incorporated city Avalon *is* within Los Angeles County but is located on the offshore *island*, Santa Catalina. Approximately 25 miles of ocean separate it from the mainland. There is no bridge or

tunnel. Hence, you cannot drive from (say) Santa Monica to Avalon. To get a car to Avalon, it must ride on a ferry boat. Los Angeles County contains 88 incorporated cities, 87 of which are interconnected by roads. Avalon is the single exception.

FALSE GENERALIZATION happens as a result of observing a number of things and seeing a pattern in them. The mistake is generalizing that pattern to pertain to more things than it actually does. This is invalid reasoning. It yields conclusions that are *false*.

I will now *debunk* Purported Answer #1. First with Failure One, and then with Failure Two.

Failure One

False Generalization (MIR #1): Purported Answer #1 is invalid because it fails to identify any harm or evil caused by prostitutes who are *not* streetwalkers.

Purported Answer #1 presumes that *all* prostitutes advertise their services by standing on the street. This is a FALSE GENERALIZATION. In fact, most prostitutes do *not*. Instead of standing on the sidewalk, they promote themselves via print ads, Internet ads or referrals. Or they stand inside of bars or casinos. Or they work inside brothels, including legal brothels in Nevada. Today, there are thousands of prostitutes in Los Angeles. But almost *none* of them are streetwalkers because of California's *Anti-Hot-Women Law*.

Purported Answer #1 is grossly insufficient to answer the Sensible Question. To answer the question, we need to know why *prostitution itself* is harmful or evil. And yet, Purported Answer #1 merely addresses a small, publicly visible *subset* of prostitution. Purported Answer #1 makes no showing of anything harmful or evil when sex is exchanged for money in other ways. For example, a man could find a prostitute's Internet ad and contact her by telephone. He could then discreetly visit her at her private place of business.

Purported Answer #1 *falsely generalizes* the harm (as a public nuisance) purportedly caused by *streetwalkers*, into harm caused by

all forms of prostitution. I say this is a FALSE GENERALIZATION and is therefore logically invalid.

Purported Answer #1 fails to explain why prostitution itself is harmful or evil. It fails to identify any harm or evil caused by the majority of prostitutes who are *not* streetwalkers.

Failure Two

False Generalization (MIR #1): Purported Answer #1 is invalid because *places* exist where streetwalkers are *not* a public nuisance.

Purported Answer #1 presumes that streetwalkers *always* create a public nuisance. This is another FALSE GENERALIZATION.

Tijuana, Mexico has a population of 1.3 million people. Its land area is 246 square miles (637 square kilometers). Street prostitution is *legal* in a small district of Tijuana consisting of just a few blocks. It is popularly known as *Pussyland*. Using Google Maps, my estimate is that Pussyland is approximately 0.015% of the land area of Tijuana. A tiny part of an enormous, sprawling metropolitan area!

There are many cheap hotels in Pussyland that rely on the street prostitutes for their business. The hotels provide lockers for the streetwalkers. The girls arrive wearing casual clothes and sneakers, carrying their super-sexy working clothes in a bag or satchel. At the hotel, they change into their sexy working clothes and high platform heels and store their street clothes in the locker. Then they stand on the sidewalk outside the hotel. It's usually easy to guess which hotel a girl works out of based on where she is standing. Clearly, these hotel owners do *not* consider the streetwalkers a public nuisance. Street prostitutes generate most of their hotel business!

In addition to the prostitutes, there are a lot of other people who work in Pussyland. Many make their living based on the prostitution. They work in the hotels, bars, tiny restaurants and tiny markets. There are also street vendors. If streetwalking became illegal, many of these people would lose their jobs or go out of business. Clearly, these people do not consider the streetwalkers a public nuisance—it is the basis of their livelihood.

Some people live in Pussyland, mostly in its cheap hotels. These Pussyland residents are, for the most part, prostitutes and other people who also work in Pussyland. But the majority of the prostitutes live elsewhere in Tijuana and commute to work in Pussyland. In any event, Pussyland residents certainly don't consider streetwalkers a public nuisance.

Nor do the male customers who throng to Pussyland both from the United States and also from within Mexico. Obviously!

Not only that, right in the middle of Pussyland there is a *police station*. The cops patrol the streets and bars to protect the prostitutes! Good for them! Indeed, streetwalkers stand on the sidewalk right in front of the police station! I don't think these police officers consider the streetwalkers to be a public nuisance.[8]

However, some people who live in Tijuana's much larger 246 square miles are opposed to the street prostitution in Pussyland. In 2004, Tijuana's City Council considered making streetwalking illegal in Pussyland. The prostitutes fought back successfully. Hundreds of them marched from Pussyland across town and threatened to strip naked in front of City Hall! The Council backed down.[9] Good job, ladies!

Does the streetwalking in Pussyland really create a *public* nuisance?

First, we need to get clear about the meaning of "public nuisance." For an activity to be a "public nuisance," it must damage, annoy or inconvenience substantial numbers of people.

For example, loud noise is annoying to almost everybody. But is loud noise a public nuisance? That depends on where it occurs.

Airplanes make very loud noise, particularly at take-off when their engines are on full throttle. This is not considered a public nuisance because it is restricted to designated places—airports and their immediate vicinity. The public accepts and understands this. Property values are lower near the runways because of the noise.

Unfortunately, I don't speak or read Spanish, and the laws in Tijuana are all written in Spanish. But in California, the law defines "public nuisance" as follows:

> *Anything which is injurious to health, or is indecent, or offensive to the senses, or an obstruction to the free use of property, so as to interfere with the comfortable enjoyment of life or property by an entire community or neighborhood, or by any considerable number of persons, or unlawfully obstructs the free passage or use, in the customary manner, of any navigable lake, or river, bay, stream, canal, or basin, or any public park, square, street, or highway, is a public nuisance*.[10]

Clearly, the "considerable number of persons" who are offended must be local to the place where the purported nuisance occurs. And it must directly affect *their* "enjoyment of life or property." Otherwise, the following could occur. Consider Neighborhood A and Neighborhood B, which are 10 miles apart. Suppose a particular activity is going on in Neighborhood A, that does not go on in Neighborhood B. And suppose the people living or working in Neighborhood A are perfectly happy with that activity. What if the people in Neighborhood *B* are offended by it? Does *that* make the activity in Neighborhood *A* into a public nuisance? Certainly not. Public nuisance is a local matter. It is one thing if neighbors are bothered, but another thing entirely if outsiders are bothered.

And that is precisely how the prostitutes felt when they marched to Tijuana's City Hall and threatened to strip. Prostitution opponents who live and work *elsewhere* in Tijuana's 246 square

miles have *no* reason to visit the tiny neighborhood called Pussyland.

I submit that the streetwalking in Pussyland is *not* causing any nuisance to Tijuana's prostitution opponents. Most of them live, work and shop miles away from Pussyland, *and they intentionally stay away from Pussyland*. Street prostitution in Pussyland does not damage, annoy or inconvenience substantial numbers of people. Hence, streetwalking in Pussyland is *not* a public nuisance.

I have not yet visited other parts of the world where streetwalking is legal in isolated places. However, I have every reason to believe that a similar cultural situation exists in such places. This means street prostitution is not a public nuisance in those places.

Purported Answer #1 *falsely generalizes* the harm (as a public nuisance) caused by streetwalkers in *places* where it *would* create a public nuisance (e.g. next to an elementary school), into harm caused in *other* places where it is *not* a public nuisance (e.g. Pussyland). This is a FALSE GENERALIZATION and is therefore logically invalid.

Purported Answer #1 fails to explain why *prostitution itself* is harmful or evil. It fails to identify any harm or evil caused by streetwalkers in *places* where *almost none* of the local people are annoyed.

♥ ♥ ♥

A reasonable way to handle the public nuisance issue is with zoning laws. I think that certain zones should permit street prostitutes, while most zones prohibit them. This makes it easy for people who like prostitutes to find them and for others to avoid them.

A horrible way to handle the public nuisance issue is California's 1996 anti-streetwalking law. This harsh law lets police arrest a woman who stands on the street for "intent to commit prostitution," with *no* evidence of prostitution. The law is specifically targeted at *hot* women. I have dubbed it California's *Anti-Hot-Women Law*.[11]

This law is outrageous. A hot-looking woman standing on the sidewalk for a few minutes can be arrested, convicted and sentenced to jail. In my opinion, this law is unconstitutional because of how it *discriminates* against hot women.[12] It denies hot-looking women the right to use sidewalks in ways everyone else has the right to use sidewalks. Average-looking women, unattractive women, all men and all children are entitled to stand on the sidewalk without risk of arrest. But if a *hot* woman does this, she can be arrested *because she's hot*. Sadly, this unconstitutional law has worked. It has virtually eliminated streetwalking in California.

♥ ♥ ♥

Purported Answer #1 has failed in two ways—Failures One and Two. Each Failure independently shows that Purported Answer #1 *fails* to answer the Sensible Question.

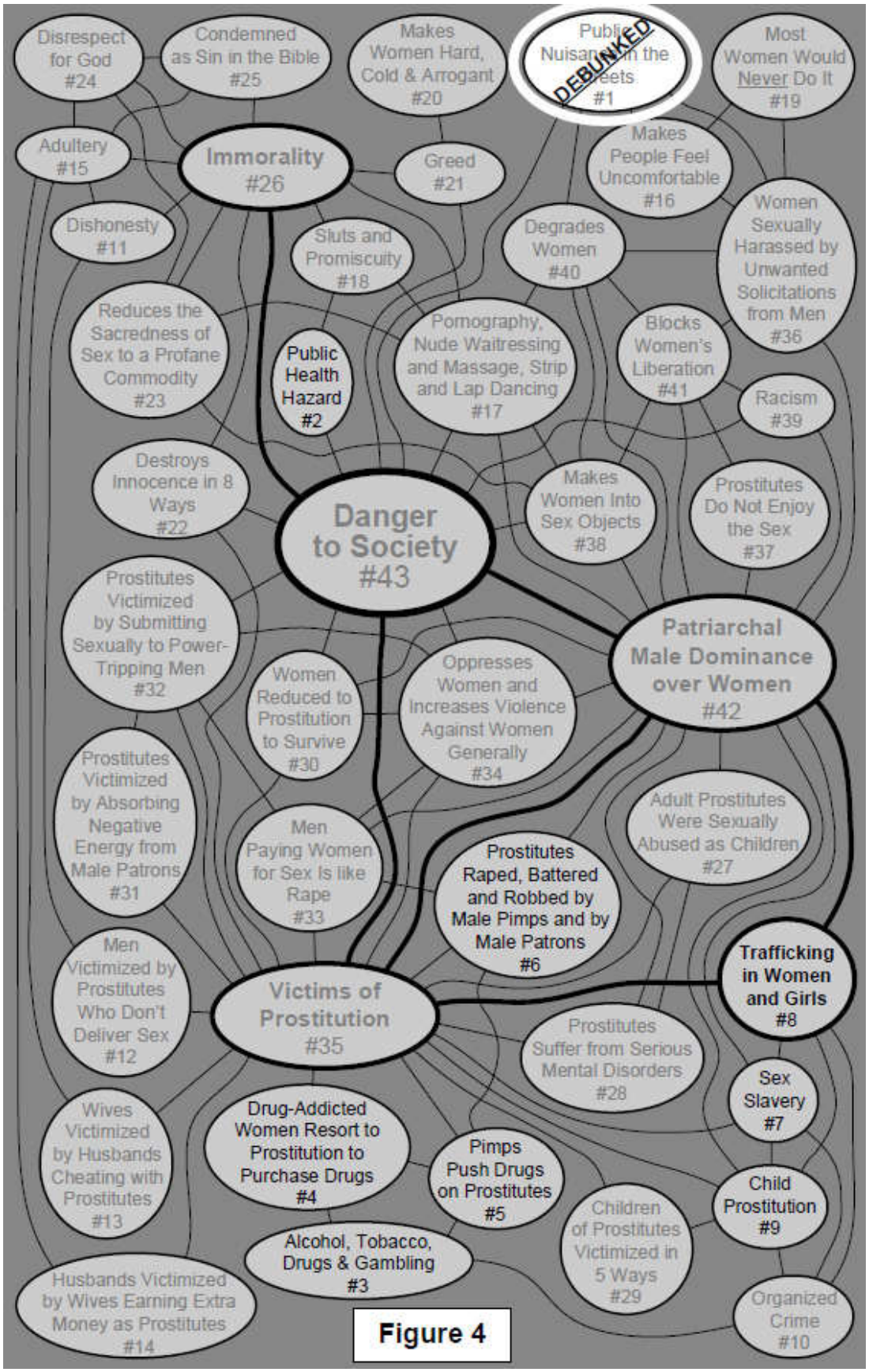
I only need one pin to pop the balloon, but I have used two pins.

Purported Answer #1 is an INVALID answer. The notion that Purported Answer #1 answers the Sensible Question is a myth. It's a *false* myth, which has now been debunked, as shown in the box and in Figure 4 below.

False Myth #1:

Prostitution is harmful and/or evil because prostitutes create a public nuisance on the streets.

This Myth Is Now Debunked!


Disrespect for God #24
Condemned as Sin in the Bible #25
Makes Women Hard, Cold & Arrogant #20
Public Nuisance in the Streets #1
DEBUNKED
Most Women Would Never Do It #19
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Trafficking in Women and Girls #8
Prostitutes Suffer from Serious Mental Disorders #28
Sex Slavery #7
Wives Victimized by Husbands Cheating with Prostitutes #13
Drug-Addicted Women Resort to Prostitution to Purchase Drugs #4
Pimps Push Drugs on Prostitutes #5
Child Prostitution #9
Children of Prostitutes Victimized in 5 Ways #29
Alcohol, Tobacco, Drugs & Gambling #3
Husbands Victimized by Wives Earning Extra Money as Prostitutes #14
Organized Crime #10

Figure 4

Chapter 4

My Spiritual Beliefs

I believe that a Supreme Being exists, and I'm going to use my favorite name for It—*God*.[13]

For me, sex is a *spiritual practice*. In contrast with most men who visit prostitutes, my experiences with prostitutes have been *sacred* events in my life.

I will now present a brief summary of my spiritual beliefs to help readers understand my experiences with prostitutes.

I believe that God is the infinitely intelligent, omniscient, omnipresent, omnipotent creator of the universe and everything in it. This includes me and everyone who reads this book. I believe evolution was created by God as an aspect of divine creation and that evolution is intelligently guided by God.

I believe God is good, that God loves each and every one of us and knows each of us intimately. I believe God hears and answers our prayers. But there are issues about seemingly unanswered prayer that are beyond the scope of these books.

I am a Christian by *love* rather than by salvation from sin. I use the definition Jesus himself gave at John 13:35. "By this all men will know that you are my disciples, if you have love for one another." I love everyone, and *that* makes me a disciple of Jesus, and hence a Christian.

I believe that God "incarnates" in human form, but I do not believe Jesus was the *only* such incarnation.[14] I believe we are *each* incarnations of God, i.e. "sons" and "daughters" of God.

I believe the mind is a subtle entity that is distinct from the brain or nervous system. I believe the mind and our conscious awareness continue to exist after the physical body dies.

I believe in reincarnation. This means that after we die, our conscious mind goes somewhere that those still alive cannot see.

Then, after some time we are born into a new human body. I also believe that after animals die, they get reborn, sometimes as humans. However, I do not remotely comprehend the mechanics of reincarnation. I see this as a vast frontier for future scientific research.[15]

I believe that upon birth into a new human body, we forget the details of our previous life. But we remember our character and talents. This helps to explain why people are so widely varied in their abilities and character traits.

I believe in the principle of karma. "What goes around comes around." This means our actions, good or bad, eventually come back to us. But they might not come back until a future lifetime. This helps to explain why people are born in such varied circumstances, from poverty to riches—*they are living out karma from past lives*.

I believe that God speaks to each of us personally and guides us lovingly on our journey through life. However, not everyone seems to hear what God is telling them. When God speaks to a person, I refer to God as "Spirit." By "Spirit" I mean the aspect of God that communicates directly with people.

I believe that evil exists, and that God both (a) tolerates evil and (b) ultimately saves us from it. This is a huge subject that is beyond the scope of these books.

I believe that a large population of subtle, disincarnate beings exists. This includes extremely good beings such as angels, and extremely malicious beings such as demons.

I believe we are capable of reaching spiritual enlightenment. This is a high state of awareness, empowerment, freedom and ecstasy. I believe that Jesus, Buddha and Krishna and many others were spiritually enlightened. I believe there are many spiritually enlightened people alive today.

I believe that as we move through cycles of life and death, reincarnating again and again, we progress toward spiritual enlightenment. Some of us move more quickly, others more slowly. Some move backwards for a while but eventually turn around.

I believe we can accelerate our journey with spiritual practices such as meditation, prayer, chanting, spiritual breathing techniques and yoga. I do these things daily.

I believe that negatives such as fear, anger, judgment, hate, grief and pain are temporary states that we must seek to release. I believe positives such as Peace, Love, Non-judgment, Joy, Wisdom, Health and Innocence are attributes of *God* and are permanent. Noun attributes of God such as Love are capitalized throughout these books.

I believe that the attributes of God within us, including Love, Peace and Joy, are what we *are*. They are our essence, because *God* is our essence. Attributes of God cannot be lost. However, they can be *obscured* by stress, negativity and false beliefs. The Love that a person *is* can be blocked by a temporary state of feeling hatred. A spiritually enlightened man whom I personally know says, "Hatred is Love tied into a knot."

I believe that the most effective way to remove stress and negativity is through regular spiritual practices, including deep meditation. This reveals the attributes of God that we are.

I believe that *sex* can be practiced as a meditation and a powerful way to connect with God. This speeds up our spiritual development. When sex is practiced this way, I call it *sacred* sex.

I believe that when we see others as incarnations of God it gives them a blessing and is good karma for us. God has both masculine and feminine attributes, which I call the Divine Masculine and the Divine Feminine. I use the word "Goddess" to mean the Divine Feminine incarnated in female human form.[16] When I say a woman, such as a prostitute, is a "Goddess," I am seeing the Divine Feminine in her. When I say I am worshipping the Goddess, I mean I am worshipping the Divine Feminine in the form of a woman. I believe sacred sex is a beautiful and powerful ritual for such worship.

Serena

On Christmas night in 1997, one week after my bad experience with Scarlet, I decided to try again. Scarlet had told me that intercourse was $350 through the agency, but $250 without the agency. That meant the agency would make $100. That was $100 I did not care to pay. But I was definitely *not* going to call Scarlet! I did not have the phone numbers of any other prostitutes. And I didn't discover until a week later the "Escort" ads in *LA Weekly* that led me to Kristina. So I returned to the Yellow Pages "Escorts" section, where all the ads are for agencies.

I called a different agency. A man answered. I was careful not to mention anything about sex. I explained that another agency had previously sent a woman who failed to deliver what I wanted. I made it clear that I didn't want that to happen again. He assured me that I would be "fully satisfied" with the girl he was going to send. The fee would be $350. That was the price Scarlet quoted for intercourse. He took my address and phone number.

About a half hour later, my telephone rang. "Hello," I said.

"Is Mark there?"

"This is Mark."

"Hi! I'm Serena. The timing of the referral was *perfect* for me!"

This was a refreshingly positive attitude! I replied, "Good. I'm looking for someone who is spiritual."

"Wonderful. I'm very spiritual. I like to hang out at the Lake Shrine in Pacific Palisades."

This was music to my ears. The Lake Shrine was founded by Paramahansa Yogananda, a great enlightened master from India who died in 1952. Yogananda brought spiritual wisdom to the United States. Although I do not follow that particular spiritual path, I respect it. "Very good," I replied, "I want to begin what we do together with a prayer. And I will also pray for you."

"That sounds great."

Clearly, she was not a cop. A police officer would not talk this way. So I went ahead and popped the forbidden question. "Do you

do full service?" I figured it was better to ask her at this point before it was too late. Her reply surprised me.

"Yes."

"How much does it cost and how much time do I get?" I wanted to confirm what the guy at the agency had told me.

"It's $350 cash, and you get one hour. I'll come to your place."

"I want to be very clear. I want full service *and* one hour. I don't want to stop just because something happens."

"That's fine. You will get a whole hour."

"What do you look like?"

"I'm a natural redhead. 5-6, 34C-32. And I'm beautiful."

"How long is your hair?" Long hair on a woman is extremely important to me. However, I must admit that I strongly prefer dark brown or black hair on women.

"Halfway down my back, and it's straight. Actually, it's more auburn in color."

Serena's energy was completely different from Scarlet. "I feel very comfortable with you," I said.

"I feel that way too, like maybe I knew you in a past life."

"Maybe so."

She confirmed my address and asked me for directions, which I gave. She said she would arrive in about an hour.

I got ready and put the $350 on my altar. And once again I bowed down and prayed. I prayed for my time with Serena to go well, and for me actually to get sexual intercourse.

At about the time I was expecting her to arrive, she telephoned again from her cell. She said she was parking outside my house. I said I would greet her at my door.

I opened my front door as she was approaching my porch. It was dark outside, but my porch light shined on her as she approached my door. Just as she had said, she had long, auburn hair and a nice figure. Her face was beautiful, but she looked deeply stressed. She looked like she was in her late thirties. As she smiled at me, I felt a

strange sense of recognition, like a *déjà vu*. I dismissed it. “Hi!” I said.

“Hi!” she replied with a smile.

We hugged.

I took her into my bedroom. She immediately connected with my altar. “Wow! I *love* this!” She looked at the pictures of the saints, identified several of them and asked me who the others were. Fortunately, I did have a picture of Paramahansa Yogananda on my altar.

Serena was much gentler and sweeter than Scarlet. She seemed reluctant about the money, “I wish I didn’t have to ask, but can you please pay me the money?”

“Of course.” I took the money from my altar and handed it to her.

She clutched the bills and held them to her heart, “Oh, thank you. I really appreciate this. I’m actually *desperate* for the money right now.”

“I’m glad I can help you.”

She put the money into her purse and took out a condom. *That* was good to see. Evidently, she was serious about having intercourse with me.

Looking into my eyes, she proceeded to remove *all* of her clothes, which was good. But I was not expecting what I saw, and she noticed this. Her breasts and belly were covered with tattoos! She could see my surprise.

“I’m sorry,” she said, “I did that many years ago and I’m planning to get them removed.”

Now I don’t mind a small tattoo or two, but this was a bit overwhelming, at least for me. Nevertheless, she was hot looking, and things were otherwise progressing well.

I removed my robe, and asked her to sit on the bed with me, as I had done with Scarlet. Except that Serena and I were both naked. My penis was fully erect. I asked her, “So you need a prayer for money?”

"Yes. *Please*!"

"Okay, close your eyes and take a deep breath with me."

She relaxed and closed her eyes. We breathed together. I began my prayer. "God is the perfection of all things. God is perfect Love, perfect Peace, perfect Prosperity, perfect Romance and perfect Sex. Right here in this beautiful connection of Serena and Mark, the perfection of God is radiant, whole and magnificent. I know that God is here in the form of me and also in the form of Serena. As I speak this word, I know that God is speaking through me. I know God is listening through Serena. I know that Serena's financial needs are met right now, and always. I also know that our sexual celebration tonight is beautiful and fulfilling for both of us. And I also know that Dorothy is healed and is completely free from anger and fear. I'm grateful to know all this truth and for this prayer being answered. Releasing this prayer to God, I simply let it be. And so it is. Amen."

"Amen. Thank you. That was a very beautiful prayer." She looked into my eyes softly. I touched her face with my hand. But she pulled my hand away, gently telling me, "You can touch any part of me, but not my face. And no kissing."

"Okay." This was another disappointment. Unfortunately, as I felt the disappointment, my penis softened. "I don't know what happened," I said apologetically.

"Don't worry. I'll take care of it. Why don't you lie back on the pillow?"

I did so. She opened the condom. Somehow, she managed to put the condom onto my softened penis *with her mouth*. She began sucking, and my penis responded by getting hard again.

Then, as if she didn't want to lose what she had just gained, she stopped sucking, lay down on her back. She spread her legs and said, "I want you to *fuck* me now."

Which I did.[17]

I had not yet learned how to create explosive vaginal orgasms in women. She did *not* have an orgasm. But she did seem to enjoy the

intercourse. *It seemed to wash the stress away from her face*. After we finished, she just lay there on my bed, as if she were in bliss. It was Christmas night, and it seemed like she did not want to leave.

After a while, we both sat up and started talking. We sat there naked and talked for about two hours. The conversation that took place blew my mind.

She began, "Up until a few years ago, I had all the money I wanted. Money just poured into my life. Now I can't pay my bills."

"That must be frustrating."

"Yes. I have a condominium in Laguna Beach, a house in Hollywood, an apartment in West Los Angeles, an apartment in Thousand Oaks, and a house in Encino. I have five cars, including my Jaguar. And I have eighteen phone lines."

I was incredulous. "That's a big financial load."

"I need to get rid of stuff. I have a huge amount of fine china and silver and artwork and fine furniture. It's all in storage. I think I'm going to give it away."

She wanted my advice on what to do with all the stuff in storage. She wanted my advice on other things as well, almost as if I were her mentor or teacher. As she talked, I could not help thinking that she must have grown up in a rich family but had a falling out with her parents. But she didn't say anything about that. She just kept talking and talking and talking about all kinds of things. Suddenly, she said, "This is very strange, because I never talk like this. I'm very private."

"Really?"

"Yes, but I feel very comfortable with you." She turned and faced me. Then she grabbed my face by my cheeks with both her hands. She looked deeply into my eyes, and said, "You know, you're *really* good looking."

"Thank you."

She kissed me on the lips. No tongues, but it was a nice kiss. I started touching her face, which was now okay with her. Indeed, she enjoyed it, and she wanted to cuddle with me. After cuddling for a

while, I sat up and I asked her, “Will you write down your phone number for me? I want to be your friend.”

“Okay.”

She sat up as I handed her a pen and paper. “Please write Serena on it.” As she took the pen and looked at the blank paper, the energy in her face suddenly changed. I was telling her to *write* on the paper. I was also telling her *what* to write. In that moment, she became completely *innocent*. Like a young teenager. She sheepishly revealed, “Well, you know, my name’s not really Serena.”

“What’s your real name?”

“It’s Jeanie.” As she said “Jeanie,” I somehow recognized the innocent expression on her face, but I dismissed it. She wrote “Jeanie” and her phone number on the paper and gave it to me.

By then it was getting pretty late. We both got dressed, and I walked her to my front door. She said, “This has been wonderful. Thank you.” She threw her arms around me and kissed me on the lips. We said goodbye, and off she went.

♥ ♥ ♥

I slept soundly. In the morning, the moment I woke up, I realized who she was. She was Jeanie Tomlin. Twenty years earlier, I had tutored her in algebra and geometry when she was in high school! I drove dozens of times to her parents’ large mansion in the Brentwood area of Los Angeles. I sat with her at the large desk in her ornate bedroom as I taught her to do mathematics. As a result of my tutoring, her grades improved significantly. I also tutored Jeanie’s little sister, Carla.

Jeanie’s grandfather was a real estate tycoon, who passed vast wealth to her parents. There is no question that it was Jeanie. Her lovely face precisely matched. Her long, straight auburn hair matched. Her voice matched. Her first name Jeanie matched. The extraordinary wealth of her family matched the incredible story she told me. The mutual feeling of rapport matched. The innocent

expression on her face when she told me her real name matched. And we both felt like we already knew each other.

She became innocent again when I handed her the pen and paper and told her what to write. I spent a hundred hours tutoring Jeanie, telling her what to write and getting paid for it. I was a positive, loving, caring influence in her life. Back then, I was very attracted to her, but certainly never did anything about it. And then twenty years later, as if by magic, the money flowed in the opposite direction and she had *sex* with me! Wow!

Later that day, I did something stupid. I didn't think things through as I should have. What I should have done was to wait a week and then make another appointment for sex with her. Instead, I made one of the dumbest phone calls of my life. I called her, and she picked up. "Hi. It's Mark. It was so wonderful to see you last night."

"You too. I had a really good time."

"Jeanie, you know the way we both said we felt like we knew each other?"

"Yes." She still sounded innocent.

"I figured it out. I used to tutor you and your sister, Carla."

Her energy suddenly changed. Her innocence evaporated. There was a long, tense pause. "I don't have a sister named Carla." She was lying.

"You're Jeanie Tomlin. I used to come to your parents' house and tutor you in math. Remember?"

"I don't know what you're talking about. This is all a mistake."

"That's where you got all that money. What happened, did you get cut out of your inheritance?"

"Mark, I was hoping we could be friends, but I'm not comfortable with you anymore. I need to go now. Please don't call me again. Goodbye."

"I'm so sorry. Goodbye."

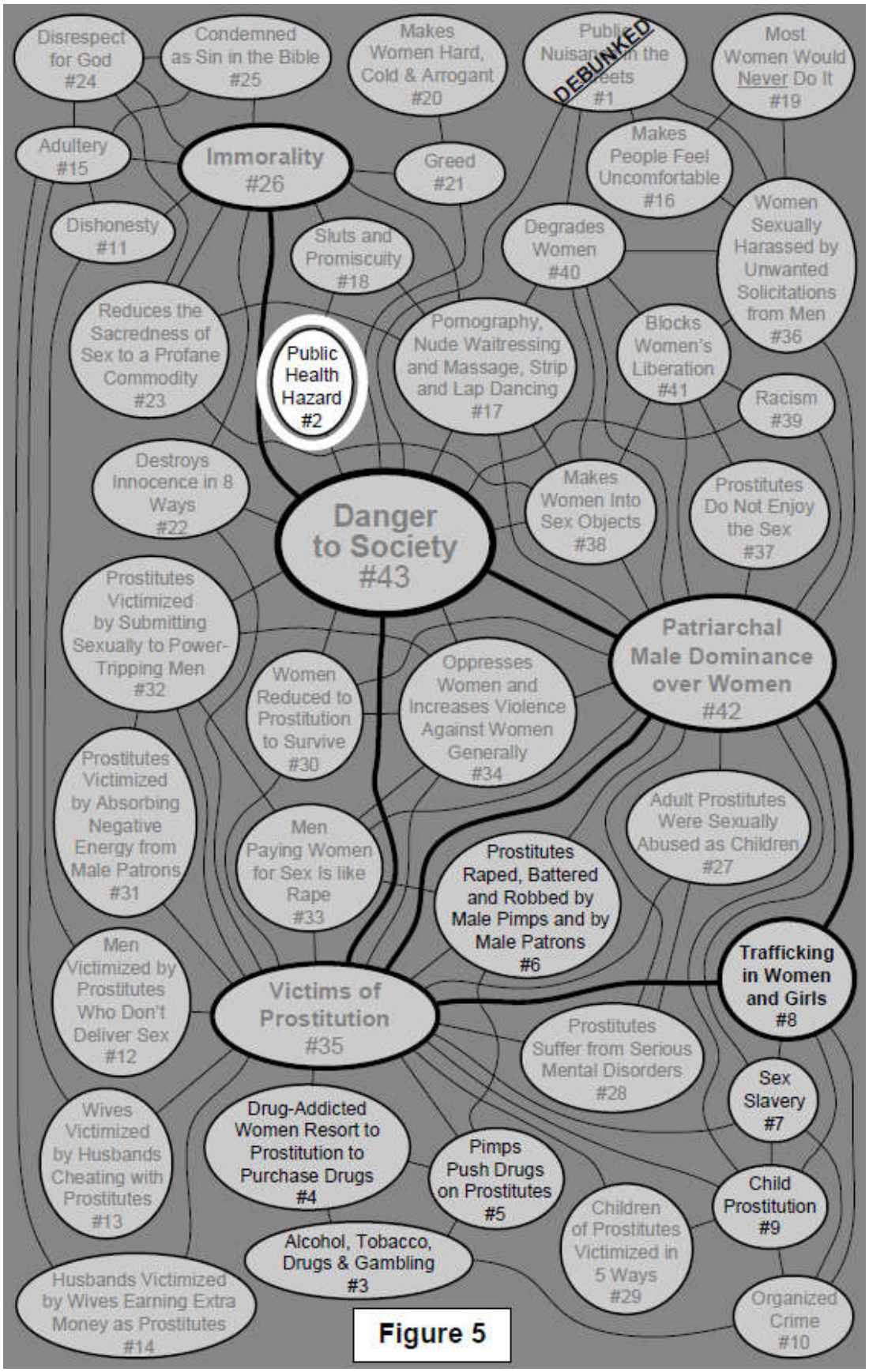
And that was the last time we spoke. I have not seen her since.

Obviously, the *last* thing she wanted was for me to tell her parents she was a prostitute! And yet, I would never have done that.

Jeanie, wherever you are, I'm *so* sorry for my stupid mistake. As you can see, I've changed numerous details to protect your identity and that of your well-known family. God bless you!

♥ ♥ ♥

After Scarlet, Serena and Kristina in December 1997, it was nearly two years before I saw another prostitute.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Prostitutes Suffer from Serious Mental Disorders #28
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Wives Victimized by Husbands Cheating with Prostitutes #13
Drug-Addicted Women Resort to Prostitution to Purchase Drugs #4
Pimps Push Drugs on Prostitutes #5
Child Prostitution #9
Children of Prostitutes Victimized in 5 Ways #29
Alcohol, Tobacco, Drugs & Gambling #3
Husbands Victimized by Wives Earning Extra Money as Prostitutes #14
Organized Crime #10

Figure 5

Chapter 5

Debunking Myth #2: Public Health Hazard

WHY is prostitution harmful and/or evil?

Purported Answer #2:

Because prostitution is a hazard to public health.

Many things are hazards to the public health. One is tainted food. The food we eat can become contaminated many different ways, and some of them, such as Salmonella, are deadly. Thousands of people die each year from food-borne illnesses.

Shall we prohibit food?

Obviously not. That would kill the entire population!

Instead, extensive precautions must be taken to reduce the likelihood of contaminated food being sold or consumed. These precautions take the form of laws, food-safety procedures, and educating the public.

Another hazard to public health is pets, including dogs and cats. Various animal-borne diseases can infect humans, the worst of which is rabies. A person bitten by a rabid animal will die if not treated, and the treatment is extremely painful.

However, keeping pets clean and healthy, together with pet-related sanitation, eliminates most of the health hazard.

What about prostitution?

Sexually transmitted diseases (STDs) can be passed during prostitution, especially when condoms are not used.

Does this create a public health hazard?

♥ ♥ ♥

We return to our Sensible Question:

WHY is prostitution harmful and/or evil?

Let's now examine how Purported Answer #2 attempts to answer it:

Because prostitution is a hazard to public health.

Does *this* answer the Sensible Question? Does this explain *why* prostitution is harmful and/or evil? I say no.

I submit that Purported Answer #2 *fails* to answer the Sensible Question for two independent reasons.

Failure One

False Generalization (MIR #1): Purported Answer #2 is invalid because it fails to identify any health hazard caused by the vast majority of prostitutes who always require condoms, use good hygiene, get regular medical checkups, and take good care of their health.

Purported Answer #2 presumes that *all* prostitutes are reckless about sexual safety. This is a FALSE GENERALIZATION. In fact, the overwhelming majority of prostitutes are extremely concerned about their own sexual safety. No prostitute wants to pick up an STD! Most prostitutes are adamant about hygiene and use of condoms. The same is true of the overwhelming majority of their male patrons, who are likewise concerned about sexual safety. No male patron wants to pick up an STD!

It is true that *a few* prostitutes are reckless about sexual safety. But sexual recklessness is not limited to prostitutes. Perhaps sexual recklessness indicates lack of caring for one's own health, as does

drug addiction. However, in order to answer our Sensible Question, we need to know how *prostitution itself* is harmful or evil. Purported Answer #2 fails to tell us this. Instead, Purported Answer #2 condemns the entire profession based on the reckless conduct of a small minority of its workers.

Moreover, in places where prostitution is legal, it is commonly regulated by health laws. In Tijuana, prostitutes are required to carry registration cards and get regular medical checkups. In Nevada, prostitutes are required to get weekly checkups. Nevada brothels have signs on the walls of the bedrooms that say "Condoms Required."

Purported Answer #2 *falsely generalizes* the harm (in the form of a health hazard) caused by a small minority of prostitutes who are reckless about sexual safety, into a hazard posed by *all* prostitutes. This is a FALSE GENERALIZATION and is therefore logically invalid.

Purported Answer #2 fails to explain why *prostitution itself* is harmful or evil. It doesn't explain why prostitutes who are careful about hygiene and sexual safety create any hazard to public health.

♥ ♥ ♥

I will now introduce another mistake in reasoning:

Mistake in Reasoning #2: FALSE NARROWING OF A BROAD PROBLEM

Traffic accidents are a problem. Suppose the state legislature attempts to solve this problem. A bill is introduced identifying the "cause" of the problem to be drivers under the age of 25. The bill's sponsors claim that accident victims are *victims of young drivers*. Shall this bill be enacted into law, thereby changing the minimum driving age as 25?

This is the FALSE NARROWING OF A BROAD PROBLEM.

In reality, the problem of traffic accidents is much broader than those caused by drivers under 25. In reality, young drivers are *not* the cause of the overall problem. Certainly, *some* young drivers cause accidents. But the vast majority of accidents are actually caused by older drivers because most drivers are over 25. Most accident victims are *not* the victims of drivers under 25.

The problem of accidents is *broad*—accidents are caused by drivers of all ages. Narrowing of this broad problem down to young drivers, and blaming them is logically *invalid*.

FALSE NARROWING OF A BROAD PROBLEM leads to a false understanding of what is going on. This is invalid reasoning. It yields conclusions that are *false*.

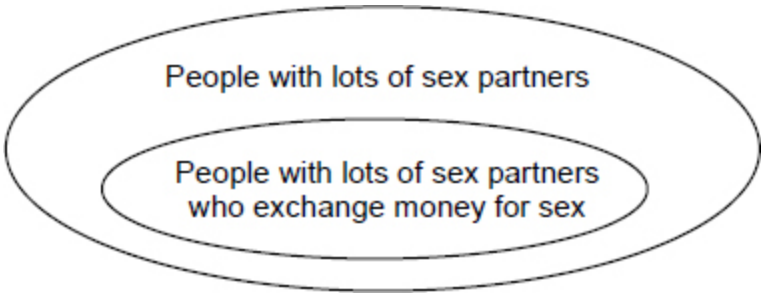
Failure Two

False narrowing of a broad problem (MIR #2): Purported Answer #2 is invalid because it fails to identify any health hazard caused by *prostitutes* that is not likewise posed by *other* sexually promiscuous people who do *not* exchange money for sex.

Some people enjoy having a lot of sex with different partners. This includes many prostitutes and many of the men like me who see them.

But there are also a lot of people who have sex with many partners when *no* prostitution is involved. I know people who have had sex with dozens, even hundreds of partners, but never exchanged money for sex.

We can diagram this as a larger set that contains a smaller subset:



The big ellipse contains everyone who has sex with many partners, regardless of whether money is exchanged. The small ellipse is the *subset* of those people who exchange money when doing so.

To a certain extent, increasing the number of sex partners tends to increase one's STD risk. This increased risk belongs to everyone in the *larger* set. It's a *broad* problem.

Purported Answer #2 *falsely narrows the broad problem* of increased STD risk in the larger set down to the smaller subset. This is the FALSE NARROWING OF A BROAD PROBLEM and is therefore logically invalid.

As every doctor will readily agree, *STDs are <u>not</u> transmitted by money*! STDs are transmitted by *sex*. The risk of STDs has nothing to do with whether money is paid for the sex!

Purported Answer #2 fails to explain why *prostitution itself* is harmful or evil. Purported Answer #2 does not explain why, among all promiscuous people, those who exchange *money* face a greater STD risk.

♥ ♥ ♥

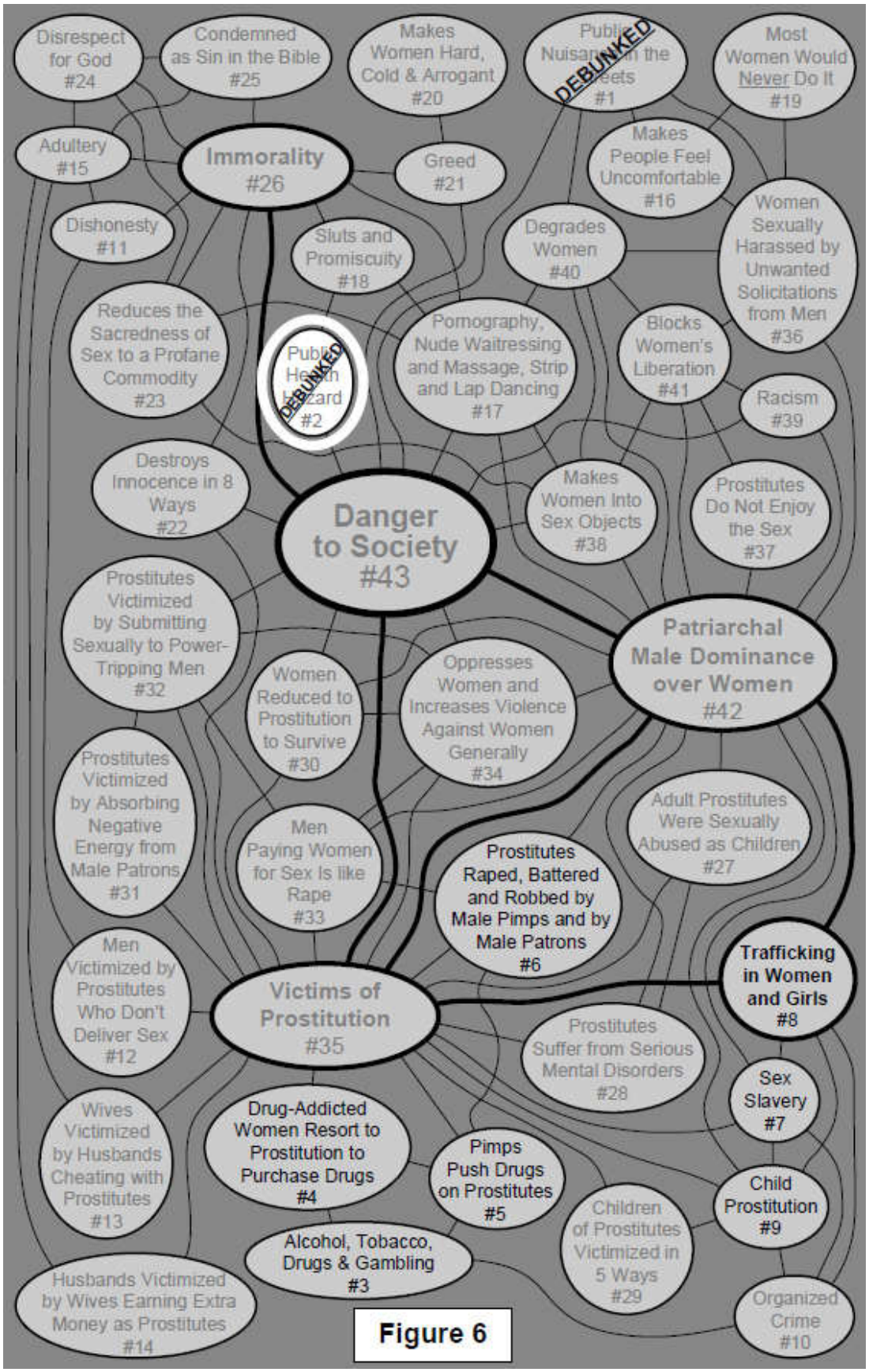
Purported Answer #2 *fails* to answer the Sensible Question. I popped the balloon with two pins: Failure One and Failure Two. But one pin was enough.

Purported Answer #2 is an INVALID answer. The notion that Purported Answer #2 answers the Sensible Question is a myth. It's a *false* myth, which has now been debunked, as shown in the box below and in Figure 6 below.

False Myth #2:

Prostitution is harmful and/or evil because it is a hazard to public health.

This Myth Is Now Debunked!


Disrespect for God #24
Condemned as Sin in the Bible #25
Makes Women Hard, Cold & Arrogant #20
Public Nuisance on the Streets #1
DEBUNKED
Most Women Would Never Do It #19
Adultery #15
Immorality #26
Greed #21
Makes People Feel Uncomfortable #16
Dishonesty #11
Sluts and Promiscuity #18
Degrades Women #40
Women Sexually Harassed by Unwanted Solicitations from Men #36
Reduces the Sacredness of Sex to a Profane Commodity #23
Public Health Hazard #2
DEBUNKED
Pornography, Nude Waitressing and Massage, Strip and Lap Dancing #17
Blocks Women's Liberation #41
Racism #39
Destroys Innocence in 8 Ways #22
Danger to Society #43
Makes Women Into Sex Objects #38
Prostitutes Do Not Enjoy the Sex #37
Prostitutes Victimized by Submitting Sexually to Power-Tripping Men #32
Patriarchal Male Dominance over Women #42
Women Reduced to Prostitution to Survive #30
Oppresses Women and Increases Violence Against Women Generally #34
Prostitutes Victimized by Absorbing Negative Energy from Male Patrons #31
Adult Prostitutes Were Sexually Abused as Children #27
Men Paying Women for Sex Is like Rape #33
Prostitutes Raped, Battered and Robbed by Male Pimps and by Male Patrons #6
Men Victimized by Prostitutes Who Don't Deliver Sex #12
Victims of Prostitution #35
Trafficking in Women and Girls #8
Prostitutes Suffer from Serious Mental Disorders #28
Sex Slavery #7
Wives Victimized by Husbands Cheating with Prostitutes #13
Drug-Addicted Women Resort to Prostitution to Purchase Drugs #4
Pimps Push Drugs on Prostitutes #5
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Organized Crime #10

Figure 6

Chapter 6

Three Levels of Sexuality

I have long believed there are three levels at which humans engage in sexuality, which I call:

- profane sex;
- erotic sex; and
- sacred sex.

Profane sex is motivated primarily by *lust*. It involves little or no love, and is characterized by some or all of the following:

- a weak or nonexistent relationship between the partners;
- little or no love between the partners;
- little or no foreplay or intimacy;
- short duration;
- brief, genital-centered orgasm;
- rapid ejaculation by the man, with subsequent loss of erection and loss of male energy;
- little concern on the man's part for the pleasure of the woman; and
- quick goodbyes.

This is what happens in porno films. In my opinion, the entire pornography industry has been created based on profane sex. Wham, bam, thank you ma'am!

I have no personal interest in profane sex. I can't even get aroused on that level—it turns me off. I might be unusual, but my penis does not respond to that energy. Porn doesn't turn me on.

In contrast, erotic sex is between partners who love each other.[18] Erotic sex expresses and celebrates that love and is characterized by some or all of the following:

- an ongoing love relationship between the partners;
- lust is a motivating factor but is secondary to love;
- significant foreplay and intimacy;
- giving pleasure to the woman; and

- ejaculation by the man, but hopefully not quite so soon as in profane sex.

Erotic sex is commonly shown in romantic films. A couple falls in love, and their passion gradually builds to a sex scene. I like films like that.

Erotic sex is usually preceded by building a relationship, which typically begins with dating. Unlike profane sex, which often happens immediately, erotic sex usually happens a little later—generally after several dates. However, sometimes erotic sex happens immediately. I know a happy, young couple who had erotic sex on the night they met. That night they conceived a child whom they are raising together today.

In millions of marriages, the husband and wife engage in erotic sex.

What about prostitutes?

Most prostitutes have had personal experiences of erotic sex. Many have been married, and a few work as prostitutes *while* they are married. But erotic sex is certainly not what they practice professionally. Erotic sex generally requires the building of a loving relationship, and prostitution involves immediate sex, typically with a stranger. As in the pornographic film industry, most prostitution involves profane sex.

Before moving on to the third level of sex, I must explain a little-known secret about men. Most people believe that male orgasm and male ejaculation *always* go together. This is a *myth*. It is simply not true.

Male ejaculation is one thing. Male orgasm is another thing entirely. It is possible for a man to have an orgasm *without* ejaculating. It is possible for a man to engage in vigorous sexual intercourse for 20 minutes, 30 minutes, or even an hour without ejaculating. (A limit is sometimes reached if the woman's vagina gets too tender, or from physical exhaustion.)

The third level of sex, sacred sex, is a *spiritual practice* and includes extended intercourse *without* male ejaculation. This opens

up an entirely new sexual landscape that simply cannot exist with profane sex or erotic sex. Sacred sex is characterized by some or all of the following:

- long duration of foreplay, oral sex and intercourse;
- multiple male orgasms or continuous male orgasm, without ejaculation and without the loss of male energy or loss of erection caused by ejaculation;
- extremely high states of female ecstasy, including multiple female orgasms or continuous female orgasm during extended intercourse;
- orgasms that extend through the entire body;
- the sex becomes a sacred ritual of the divine masculine in the man worshipping the divine feminine in the woman;
- the woman experiences herself as a Goddess and surrenders into the high ecstasy of the man's worship.

Rightly practiced, sacred sex speeds up one's spiritual evolution.

Sacred sex as I have defined it is sometimes called "tantra" or "tantric sex." However, tantra also has other meanings, including some that involve no sex at all. I prefer the term "sacred sex." But I do use the term "tantra master," which I will define in Chapter 8) as a *man* who is able to lift a woman into extreme and prolonged ecstasy during sacred sex.

People who are advanced on their spiritual paths experience *everyone* as the Presence of God. They see God in total strangers, and they sometimes have the feeling when first meeting people of "already knowing them." This is because, after all, they are just meeting God, whom they already know. This makes it possible for a couple to come together for sacred sex immediately. It is not necessary to first build an "earthly" relationship over several weeks or months, as typically happens with erotic sex. Prior to meeting, the partners have already invested years in meditation to gain awareness of their Oneness with everyone. *That* is the basis of the sexual relationship.

If only one partner is highly evolved spiritually, he or she can sometimes awaken sacred sex in the other. The more evolved

partner becomes a catalyst for a spiritual transformation in the other through the sexual process. I have done this with many women, including many prostitutes.

As with the population in general, extremely few prostitutes have any awareness of sacred sex. But lack of awareness does not indicate impossibility. People can wake up and become aware.

Andrea—My First Trip to Tijuana's Pussyland

After seeing Kristina on New Year's Eve in 1997, I made the mistake of not calling her back. I also made the mistake of not seeing any prostitute for nearly two years. There were several reasons for this. First, I was worried that perhaps I was doing something I shouldn't do. I was, on some subtle level, falling prey to the *false myth* that prostitution is harmful or evil. Second, money got tight. Third, I re-focused my attention on Dorothy. Although in 1999 Dorothy showed several strong signs that she might shift, she did not. Fourth, after having no sexual success during 1998, I did manage to have unpaid sex with several women in the first quarter of 1999.

By November 1999, my finances had improved, and I had come to realize that I *should* be seeing prostitutes. I tried to call Kristina, but her number no longer worked. Moreover, the ads in *LA Weekly* had changed. By calling many of the numbers in the "escort" ads, I quickly learned that they were almost all agencies. I could not find any ads for independent prostitutes.

I decided I needed to talk to some *men* who knew the ropes. But where would I find men like that? At adult book store? I found one in West Los Angeles near the intersection of Pico Boulevard and Centinela Avenue. When I walked in, I did not like the energy at all. It was very negative and was all about profane sex. I spoke to a Mexican man who worked there. "I'm having a hard time finding prostitutes. What would you suggest?"

He spoke in a thick accent, "There was a crackdown by the LA police, and right now it's hard. Your best bet is T.J."

As I learned many years later, that crackdown was done pursuant to California's *Anti-Hot-Women Law*. "Tijuana, Mexico?" I asked. Tijuana is a 2.5-hour drive south from the Westside of Los Angeles, where I was living.

"Yes. Tijuana."

"Is it legal there?"

"Yes," he replied.

"Well, if I go down to the border and cross into Tijuana, then where should I go?"

"Take a cab to the Adelita Bar. The cab driver will know."

"Adelita Bar? Let me write that down. How do you spell it?" I wrote it and he confirmed the spelling. This was an extremely valuable piece of information for which I am deeply grateful.

♥ ♥ ♥

The next day was a Saturday. I decided to make it a day trip and to drive home that night. It was late November, and it was getting a bit chilly. I packed a satchel with a jacket and a couple of liters of water. It took two and a half hours to drive to the Mexican border at San Ysidro, California. I parked in a large lot adjacent to the border and walked into Mexico. Getting into a taxi, I said the magic words, "Adelita Bar." Off we went.

Over the years since that day, I have come to love Tijuana. Yes, there is a lot of horrible poverty. The infrastructure is pretty dilapidated compared with most parts of the United States. But it is overflowing with humanity. I love these people. And, unlike in the United States, it is very easy to get sex in Tijuana! Thank God!

About eight minutes later, the taxi dropped me off in front of Adelita Bar. It was early afternoon. A large marquee sign above the entrance announces "Adelita Bar" in red letters on a white background. The sign is decorated with green cactus plants and a pair of women, at opposite ends. Below the marquee is a red-tile

wall, curving inward to the door. A pair of dark, velvet curtains hang in the door. I walked through them.

It took several seconds for my eyes to adjust from the bright sunshine outside to the dimly lit room. But it didn't take long for me to see that there were girls in there. *Lots of them*. The recorded Latin music was too loud. On my right was a long, curved bar where girls and men were seated. On my left a raised dance floor was surrounded by booths, where men were drinking with some of the girls. A few people were smoking, which irritated me. Several men were dancing on the dance floor with prostitutes. I would later see many strip shows on that dance floor.

Behind the dance floor was an aisle, and then another row of booths against the back wall. To the left of the dance floor, there was another bar which opened into another area with more booths. And beyond the bar on my right, there was yet another area filled with booths.

The place was about half full, and there were more girls than men. I was immediately approached by a male waiter who offered in broken English to get me a drink. I politely declined. I came here for sex, not alcohol. The reality of the situation suddenly hit me like a ton of bricks:

I could have sex with <u>any</u> girl in this room!

Unfortunately, I had to deal with all the negative energy from the drinking and smoking. And from the prevailing theme of profane sex. I came for *sacred* sex, for God's sake! What was I going to do?

I decided to just sit down somewhere and get accustomed to the energy of this place. I wanted to just take it all in, and contemplate what my strategy would be for selecting a girl. I walked over to the area beyond the bar on the right. It was less crowded there. I sat down in an empty booth, closed my eyes and started to meditate. One minute later I felt Andrea sit down next to me. When I opened my eyes, she waved for a waiter, and said to me in broken English, "Hey, baby, you buy me a drink?"

“Hi. I’m Mark. What’s your name?” She didn’t understand. I pointed at myself and said, “Mark,” then I pointed at her and raised my eyebrows.

“Andrea.”

The waiter quickly arrived, and I obliged by ordering her a drink and a soft drink for myself. I would later learn that the drinks served to the prostitutes are watered down so they don’t get drunk.

Andrea was okay looking, and she did have black hair. But she was definitely *not* among the best looking women there that day, and most of them had black hair! I had planned to select a girl myself. But Andrea had thrust herself upon me. I decided to just go with the flow that day. My mistake was sitting down.

Verbal communication was almost impossible. I didn’t speak any Spanish (I’ve since learned a tiny amount of Spanish). She only knew a few key English phrases for getting her work done. My attempts to communicate in words were futile.

But when the drinks arrived, the non-verbal communication became intense. After a few sips of her drink, Andrea’s hands were all over me. I felt my penis getting hard. *So did she* as she reached under the table to grab my crotch. I tried kissing her on the lips, and she resisted me at first. Then, perhaps because she thought she might lose me, she dropped her resistance and kissed back. I tried to French kiss her. Again, she resisted at first, but again she gave in, opened her mouth and our tongues met for a moment. Excellent! Even though I would not have picked Andrea, she *was* French kissing me.

I did not yet understand that the reason prostitutes don’t kiss is because kissing is too intimate. Kissing makes it harder for prostitutes to keep an emotional distance from their clients. For most prostitutes, *French kissing is more intimate than sexual intercourse.*

I assumed, since Andrea French kissed me there in that booth, that she would do so again during sex.

Soon she said, in broken but understandable English, “Let’s go to the room.”

“How much?” I asked.

“Half-hour, fifty dollars.”

Going with the flow and wondering where the rooms were, I said, “Okay.”

She took my hand and led me through the velvet curtains out onto the sidewalk, where a lot of men were standing around watching. Among them were several taxi drivers whose cabs were parked in front of Adelita. At this point, none of the cab drivers asked me if I needed a cab. They could see what was going on. Andrea guided me to the left on the sidewalk. We walked about fifteen feet. Then she guided me to the left again through a doorway to a staircase. I would later come to understand that this was the entrance to Hotel Coahuila, which is directly above Adelita Bar. The bar and hotel are under joint ownership. We walked up the stairs and arrived at a counter. A man sat behind it, and behind him, were numerous cubby holes with women’s purses in them. He took Andrea’s purse from a cubby and then said to me, “Eight dollars for half-hour.”

As I handed him the money, he handed Andrea her purse, along with a couple of white towels and a condom. She took my hand again and led me down the hall. We passed several closed doors. When she found an open door, we walked inside, closed the door and locked it. It was like a tiny motel room. There was a window, but it did not face outside. It faced into the hallway and was covered by an opaque curtain. A double bed filled most of the room. There was a small counter mounted against one wall, on which Andrea put her purse and the towels. There was a tiny bathroom with a toilet, sink and shower.

I handed her the fifty dollars. She opened her purse and put the money in it. Then I tried to kiss her. She refused me. She just kissed me in the bar to get me to go with her rather than with one of the prettier girls. Now that she had my money the kissing stopped. Oh well. I then sat with her and recited my usual prayer. She didn’t

understand what I said, but she understood that I was praying and she liked that.

Andrea did deliver oral sex both ways and intercourse, but I was unable to bring her to orgasm.

After sex, we tried to communicate for a few minutes. But we were rudely interrupted by a loud knock at the door by a male attendant to indicate the 30 minutes was over. When Andrea and I walked out, the guy asked me for a tip for cleaning the room. I did not like the rude knock, so he got no tip.

I was disappointed with Andrea. My experience with her was too rough around the edges. Next time, I would pick the girl myself. And so went my initiation into Pussyland.

When I walked back down the stairs, the cab drivers approached me. I accepted one solicitation and rode back to the border. I walked into the United States and returned to my car.

On the freeway, I had an erection for most of the long drive home. I should have stayed longer in Pussyland.

Jasmine

A week later I returned to Adelita Bar. This time I did not sit down, and I did not order any drink. Instead, I walked slowly around the room and looked carefully at all the girls. I took my time. Some of them grabbed me as I passed by and demanded, “Let’s go to the room.”

I would typically reply, “Hi! I’m Mark. What’s your name?” Some of the girls understood me and told me their names, others required gestures.

Finally, I picked Jasmine, a beautiful young lady who I thought was the best-looking girl in the room. And she spoke English. She was wearing a lovely dress, and her black hair ran half-way down her back.

We went upstairs and got a room. She told me she was taking English classes five days a week. She said she was living at Hotel Leyba, around the corner from Adelita. She seemed intelligent and very determined to master English. And she was gorgeous, especially when she got naked!

I prayed before we started. She seemed to understand what I was saying. She liked that I prayed for her and her family, and also for her to learn English.

I tried to kiss her, but she told me she never kisses. Other than the lack of kissing, the sex was great. She fully delivered. I am not sure whether I gave her an orgasm, but she was glowing afterwards.

Then she astonished me. Sitting there naked on the bed, she looked into my eyes with an expression of awe and remarked, "You look like Jesus."

How do you reply when a gorgeous, naked young lady gives you a compliment like that? I don't remember what I said. I just knew I would come back and see her again, and I told her I would. I believe that, on some level of her consciousness, Jasmine understood that she had just experienced *sacred* sex.

Then came the rude knock at the door. This is one of the things I hate about Hotel Coahuila and several other hotels in Pussyland. If you pay for 30 minutes, then after 31 minutes a male attendant will be knocking. And he wants a tip. I would gladly have paid more afterward for any overtime I spent in the room *without* the knock. But I don't tip when there's a knock.

When Jasmine and I descended the stairs, I ignored the solicitations from the cab drivers. I was not ready to go home yet. I said goodbye to Jasmine on the sidewalk, and she walked back into Adelita through the velvet curtains.

I joined the gathering of men on the sidewalk in front of Adelita. It was fun to watch the scantily clad girls in their high-heeled platform shoes leading men out from the velvet curtains. It was fun to see them walk along the sidewalk and then head up the stairs into the hotel. It was fascinating to see the expressions on the faces

of the men. Some were confident and relaxed. Others were more reserved, probably a bit scared. Some looked experienced at this; others like it might be their first time. It was anybody's guess. It was also fun to watch them come back down the stairs. Sometimes the girls were still with the men and said goodbye on the sidewalk, as I had with Jasmine. Other times, they came down separately. The men invariably looked happy!

Then, right before my eyes, Jasmine emerged from the velvet curtains with a man. She guided him up the stairs. He was her next client after me. He has good taste! I did not feel the slightest bit jealous. I'm grateful that *I* got to have sex with her.

♥ ♥ ♥

I decided to take a walk and see what else was in the neighborhood. I did not yet know it is called Pussyland. The street I was standing on is called Calle Coahuila, where Adelita Bar is located. I walked west on Calle Coahuila, passing a band of street musicians. Then I passed a small church. When I got to the end of the block, I turned left at Avenue B (Niños Heroes). I passed several street vendors who were selling tools and gardening equipment. Then I came upon a narrow, one-lane street, which opened to the left, but not to the right. It's called Primer Callejón Coahuila. When I turned left at this narrow street, my jaw dropped.

In the block before me, *the sidewalks on both sides of the street were lined with standing girls*.

The road and sidewalks were in terrible condition. Utility holes in the sidewalk were open, and one could inadvertently step into them. There were wide cracks and irregular steps. I walked slowly along the north sidewalk, carefully watching my step, but also carefully watching the girls. Most were dressed sexy. Most were good looking, and some were quite beautiful.

As I walked along, each girl without exception looked directly at me hoping to get my business. Some of them reached out and grabbed me. "Let's go to the room," they would typically say. I would

later have a lot of fun with this. However, on my first trip down this enchanting block, I pulled myself away and continued my slow walk. On the way, I passed several tiny markets, tiny restaurants and bars. I would later discover that these bars had still more girls inside.

At the end of the block, the little street makes a tee intersection with Avenida Constitucion.[19] When I arrived at Constitucion, my jaw dropped again as I looked to my right, and also to my left. The sidewalks on both the near and far sides of Constitucion were lined with standing girls.

When I say "lined with girls" I don't mean the girls are standing shoulder to shoulder. Sometimes they stand in small groups, close together. Then there will be a gap for five or ten feet, and then another girl or two, and a gap, and then more girls. Like that. As I later learned, the number of girls varies by the day and time. They come out in full force on Friday night and on Saturday afternoon and night. My timing was perfect, because it was a Saturday afternoon. I got to see this enchanting spectacle in broad daylight!

I turned left on Avenida Constitucion. Walking past another row of girls, as well as a couple of sidewalk taco stands, I arrived back at Calle Coahuila. Turning left, I walked toward Adelita Bar, having encircled the block. I decided I was not yet ready to go for one of the street girls. I took a cab back to the border, walked into the United States, and drove back home.

♥ ♥ ♥

In Los Angeles, I went to a spiritual bookstore and bought a couple of books for Jasmine. One was in English about meditation. The other was a Spanish translation of a book I have on sacred sex. I wrapped them each in beautiful paper and tied them each with ribbon and a bow.

A week later, I put the gifts into my satchel and headed for Pussyland. I found Jasmine in Adelita Bar and she seemed delighted to see me. When we got to the room, I presented her with the gifts.

She was incredulous. “I’ve never gotten such beautiful presents,” she said. She opened them meticulously, carefully peeling the tape, telling me, “I don’t want to rip the paper.”

However, when she discovered that one book was in Spanish, she was disappointed. “Why did you get this in Spanish? I need books in English.”

“I wanted you to learn about sacred sex, without having to also struggle with the English.”

“Well, thank you anyway.”

We made love again, and I enjoyed it. But I really missed kissing her. She absolutely would not kiss me. Moreover, this time, notwithstanding receiving the gifts, she seemed less open than before. She didn’t have that radiant glow she had had after the first time we had sex. We talked.

“Jasmine, I want you to know that the work you are doing as a prostitute is *good*. It is *God’s* work. I want you to *pray* for each man as you are having sex with him.”

This upset her. “No,” she replied. “The work I’m doing is *bad*.

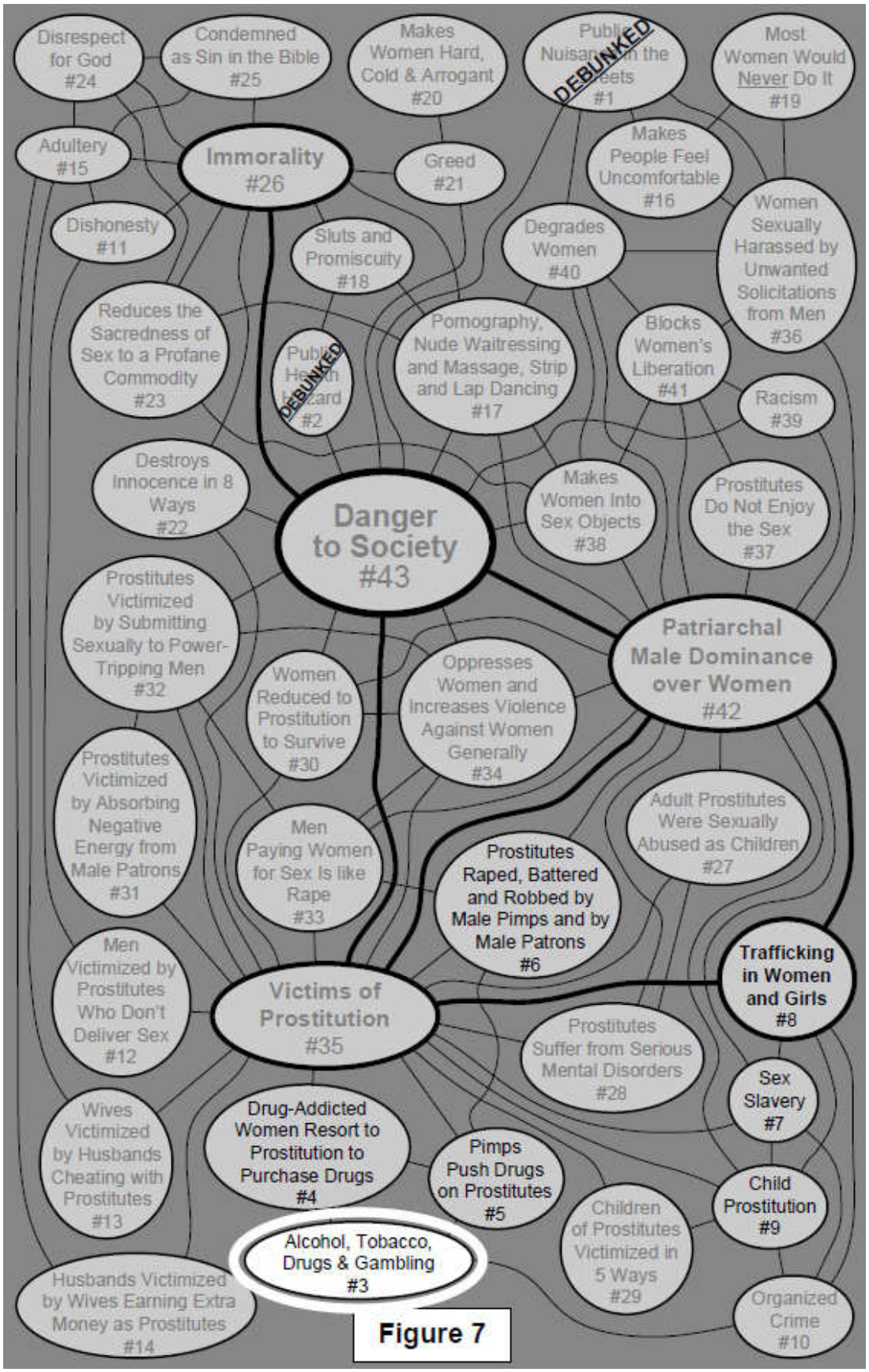
“Last time you told me I look like Jesus.”

“But you *paid* me for sex, and that is *bad*,” Jasmine repeated.

“No. It’s not bad. What you are doing is good.”

“I need to go now.” She walked out of the room. It freaked her out that a man, whom she thought looked like Jesus, had paid her for sex and then told her that her work is good.

Jasmine believes that what she is doing is bad. She accepts and lives with the shame associated with her work. Such is the enormous power of the Prostitution Delusion.


Disrespect for God #24
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Children of Prostitutes Victimized in 5 Ways #29
Alcohol, Tobacco, Drugs & Gambling #3
Husbands Victimized by Wives Earning Extra Money as Prostitutes #14
Organized Crime #10

Figure 7

Chapter 7

Debunking Myth #3: Proximity to Drinking, Smoking, Drugs and Gambling

WHY is prostitution harmful and/or evil?

Purported Answer #3:

Because prostitution is done in close proximity to drinking, smoking, drugs and gambling, all of which are harmful.

Drinking, smoking, drugs and gambling can cause harm. The first three can be forms of substance abuse. People most often abuse substances to get relief from stress and pain. An alcoholic drink or two enables a stressed person to relax. A nervous person finds a temporary feeling of peace from smoking a cigarette. A depressed person escapes his misery with crack cocaine. People also abuse substances for recreation. Marijuana, LSD, cocaine and even alcohol can temporarily open the mind up to expansive and joyful spaces.

The problem with *all* of these scenarios is that the "benefits" come at a costly expense. The underlying stress or pain does not get released from the body or consciousness. It does get blocked out *temporarily* by the sensations produced by the drug. But the problems usually resurface after the drug's effects subside. Mind-altering drugs can also cause physical damage to the nervous system. The ultimate result of all substance abuse is weakening of, or harm to, the physical body.

On the other hand, regular spiritual practices produce all of these desired benefits without any of the bad side effects. Such practices include deep meditation and spiritual breathing techniques. These benefits include elimination of pain, anxiety and depression. Spiritual practices open the mind to expansive and joyful spaces, on a long-term basis.

The unhealthy nature of gambling is a little different from substance abuse. Gambling is a form of entertainment that is based on the majority of participants losing their money. The losers include many who can't afford it, and some who will be economically devastated. A lucky minority wins that money, after a cut is taken by the casino or government agency running the game. The entertainment value of gambling arises in its entirety from this principle. Indeed, suppose the very same "game" were played using *play* money. Would the game not lose all of its attraction? Entertainment of this sort is based on a paradigm that potentially causes suffering to the losers. One way out of that paradigm is to prohibit people who can't afford to lose their money from participating. But that is almost never done.

People sometimes gamble not for entertainment but for the same reasons they turn to substance abuse. They seek to temporarily relieve stress, and especially stress about not having enough money. I think such people would be far better served by spiritual practices.

Everyone knows that drinking, smoking, drugs and gambling can be addictive. Countless people have gone down the path of such addictions, devastating marriages and families. Thankfully, some have been saved with the help of Twelve-Step programs, including Alcoholics Anonymous and Gamblers Anonymous.

Drinking, smoking, drugs and gambling have never held my interest. My avoidance of them is lifelong.[20]

Sex is another matter entirely. I do not believe sex can be compared with drinking, smoking, drugs or gambling. Animals engage in sex. But unless humans are somehow involved, animals will not drink alcohol, smoke, gamble or use drugs. (Animals might

ingest alcohol in the wild from eating fermented fruit.) Sex is not harmful to the bodies of animals or humans. Indeed our bodies are *built* for sex. Thank God for this. I *love* sex! Obviously!

And prostitution is all about sex.

It is true that prostitution is sometimes done in close *proximity* to drinking, smoking, drugs or gambling. On a busy night at Tijuana's Adelita Bar, I have seen a hundred prostitutes in a single room. And there is plenty of drinking and smoking going on.

At Adelita Bar, and also at the other bars in Tijuana's Pussyland, the prostitutes who work in the bars keep 100% of their sex money. The owners make their money on drinks and renting hotel rooms. For the right to work in the bar, the girls pay the owner in "drink tickets." They earn tickets by enticing men to buy drinks before going upstairs for sex. Additionally, the girls are required to use the hotel that's associated with the bar for their sex business.[21]

♥ ♥ ♥

Once again, please remember our Sensible Question:

WHY is prostitution harmful and/or evil?

Let's now examine what Purported Answer #3 actually says:

> *Because prostitution is done in close proximity to drinking, smoking, drugs and gambling, all of which are harmful.*

Does this answer the Sensible Question? Does this explain why prostitution is harmful and/or evil? Is *proximity* to drinking, smoking, drugs or gambling what makes *prostitution* harmful and evil? I say no.

I submit that Purported Answer #3 *fails* to answer the Sensible Question for two independent reasons.

Failure One

False Generalization (MIR #1): Purported Answer #3 is invalid because it fails to identify any harm or evil caused when prostitution is done *away from* drinking, smoking, drugs or gambling.

Purported Answer #3 presumes that *all* prostitutes work in close proximity to drinking, smoking, drugs and/or gambling. This is a FALSE GENERALIZATION. In fact, many prostitutes do *not*. Many work from their homes, or from rented rooms nowhere near bars or casinos, or by visiting client's homes. Both Scarlet and Serena came to my home. I have visited prostitutes in many places where I saw no evidence of drinking, smoking, drugs or gambling.

Approximately half of the prostitutes in Tijuana's Pussyland are streetwalkers. These street girls are not associated with any bar. One is my friend Gwendolyn—a gorgeous street prostitute who stands on Avenida Constitucion. She told me she had previously worked in a bar, but she doesn't smoke or drink, and she hates the drink tickets—she doesn't like getting men to order drinks! She is happier working on the street, away from the smoking and drinking.

Purported Answer #3 *falsely generalizes* the harm that may happen to prostitutes and their clients in bars and casinos, into harm happening to *other* prostitutes and their clients who are *not* involved in bars or casinos. This FALSE GENERALIZATION is logically invalid.

Purported Answer #3 fails to explain why *prostitution itself* is harmful or evil. It fails to explain the harm when the prostitution is done *away from* drinking, smoking, drugs and gambling.

♥ ♥ ♥

Mistake in Reasoning #3: GUILT BY ASSOCIATION

Suppose the police arrive while a bank robbery is in progress. A dozen customers are in the bank at the time of the robbery. The police not only arrest the robbers, but they also arrest the *customers*. The police reason that the customers are *associated* with the robbers because they were in the bank during the robbery. This is GUILT BY ASSOCIATION.

Being a *customer* in a bank is an entirely different kind of activity than *robbing* a bank. GUILT BY ASSOCIATION *projects the harm* caused by a bank robbery onto harmless legitimate business at the same bank. More broadly, GUILT BY ASSOCIATION *projects the harm* caused by an evil activity onto a harmless nearby activity. Quite obviously, this is invalid. GUILT BY ASSOCIATION leads to conclusions that are false.

Failure Two

Guilt by association (MIR #3) : Purported Answer #3 is invalid because, even if prostitutes connect with men in *proximity* to drinking, smoking, drugs or gambling, this Purported Answer fails to identify any harm or evil caused by the prostitution itself.

Prostitution is an entirely different kind of activity from drinking, smoking, drugs and gambling. Prostitution involves *sex*. Drinking, smoking, drugs and gambling *don't*.

Purported Answer #3 is based on some prostitutes connecting with their male clients in bars or casinos. The reasoning goes that because drinking, smoking, drugs and gambling are harmful, prostitution must also be harmful. This is GUILT BY ASSOCIATION. It projects the harm caused by one set of activities (drinking, smoking, drugs and gambling) onto another completely different kind of activity (prostitution). But it fails to provide any mechanism by which this "transfer of harm" actually takes place.

What about *laughing*? Many people laugh when they are drinking, smoking, abusing drugs or gambling. Does this make laughing harmful? No—that would be GUILT BY ASSOCIATION. Laughing is an entirely different kind of activity from drinking, smoking, drugs or gambling. There is no conceivable mechanism for transfer of harm from those activities to infect the harmless activity of laughing.

Moreover, *some* prostitutes who work in bars and casinos do *not* smoke, drink, gamble or use drugs. And *some* male patrons who frequent such places do so exclusively to hook up with the girls.

Like me! I want *nothing* to do with smoking or drinking or gambling or drugs. The *only* reason I go into the bars in Pussyland is *to have sex with the girls*. Ever since buying drinks for Andrea and me, I have politely said "No, gracias" to the male waiters. Once I select a girl, if she tries to get me to buy a drink, I tell her "No, gracias." I then take her hand and lead her upstairs to the hotel. When I got smooth at this, I discovered that the girls *love* my 100% sober, take-charge attitude. *It turns them on*.

Some Tijuana prostitutes smoke, but many don't. It's easy for me to tell if a woman smokes, because I can smell it on her breath.

Illegal drug abuse does exist in Tijuana. It also exists in homes and businesses and government offices all over the world. But I have seen very little evidence of it in Pussyland. I think drug abuse is unlikely in Pussyland bars. Police come into the bars regularly. Bar owners would risk getting shut down if illegal drugs were tolerated on their premises.

Gambling casinos operate legally in some parts of Tijuana, but there are no casinos within Pussyland. Likewise, gambling and prostitution are both legal in Nevada, but two cannot be done in the same place.[22] However, in other parts of the world that I have not yet visited, prostitutes do work legally inside casinos.

Furthermore, many *other* kinds of people who are *not* prostitutes work near smoking, drinking, drugs and/or gambling:

- cooks, servers, bussers and other employees who work in restaurants where alcohol is served to adults;
- musicians who play in bars and night clubs where alcohol flows freely;
- hotel maids who clean rooms where smoking is permitted;
- anyone who attends a business lunch or dinner where alcohol is served or smoking is permitted.

Are these activities infected by the harm caused by smoking, drinking, drugs and/or gambling? No.

Purported Answer #3 fails to explain why *prostitution itself* is harmful or evil. Drinking, smoking, drugs and gambling are separate and distinct from exchanging sex for money. They are unnecessary either for sex or for prostitution. Purported Answer #3 does not explain how the harm caused by these other activities gets transferred into a sex-for-money transaction. Nor does it explain how anyone is harmed when the prostitution is done by people who might be *near* drinking, smoking, drugs or gambling, but *do not engage* in those activities.

Purported Answer #3 *projects the harm* caused by drinking, smoking, drugs and/or gambling onto prostitution that happens nearby. This is GUILT BY ASSOCIATION, which is logically invalid.

♥ ♥ ♥

As for smoking, drinking and gambling, how many government officials are free from these activities as I am? Many people who enact laws prohibiting prostitution are themselves smokers, drinkers and/or gamblers. The same is true of many who enforce and adjudicate those laws. I don't care if their drinking is "just a glass of wine with dinner" or their gambling is "just a few lottery tickets each week." These officials would put a person who "just has occasional paid sex" in *jail*. These smoking, drinking and gambling officials include:

- members of state legislatures who have enacted, or have refused to repeal, laws that prohibit prostitution;

- state governors who have signed those laws into effect;
- police vice-squad officers who trap and arrest prostitutes, their clients and their panderers for violating such laws;
- prosecutors who press criminal charges in court against those arrested for violating prostitution laws;
- jurors who vote "guilty" against them; and
- judges in black robes who oversee criminal prostitution cases and sentence these defendants to jail upon conviction.

As of this writing, the Speaker of the United States House of Representatives is John Boehner. He started working in his family's Ohio *bar* when he was just eight years old. *What was an eight-year-old doing in a bar*? The bar was started by his grandfather in 1938. In addition to all the drinking, until recently enacted smoking bans, there was undoubtedly plenty of smoking in that bar. Prostitution has been illegal in Ohio for most or all the time since 1938. Nevertheless, I am certain that prostitutes have hung out in the Boehner family's bar and discreetly hooked up with men there. It would not surprise me if prostitutes are meeting clients in the Boehner family bar *today*!

Does the harm caused by the drinking in the Boehner family's bar make the *prostitution* that happens there harmful? No!

♥ ♥ ♥

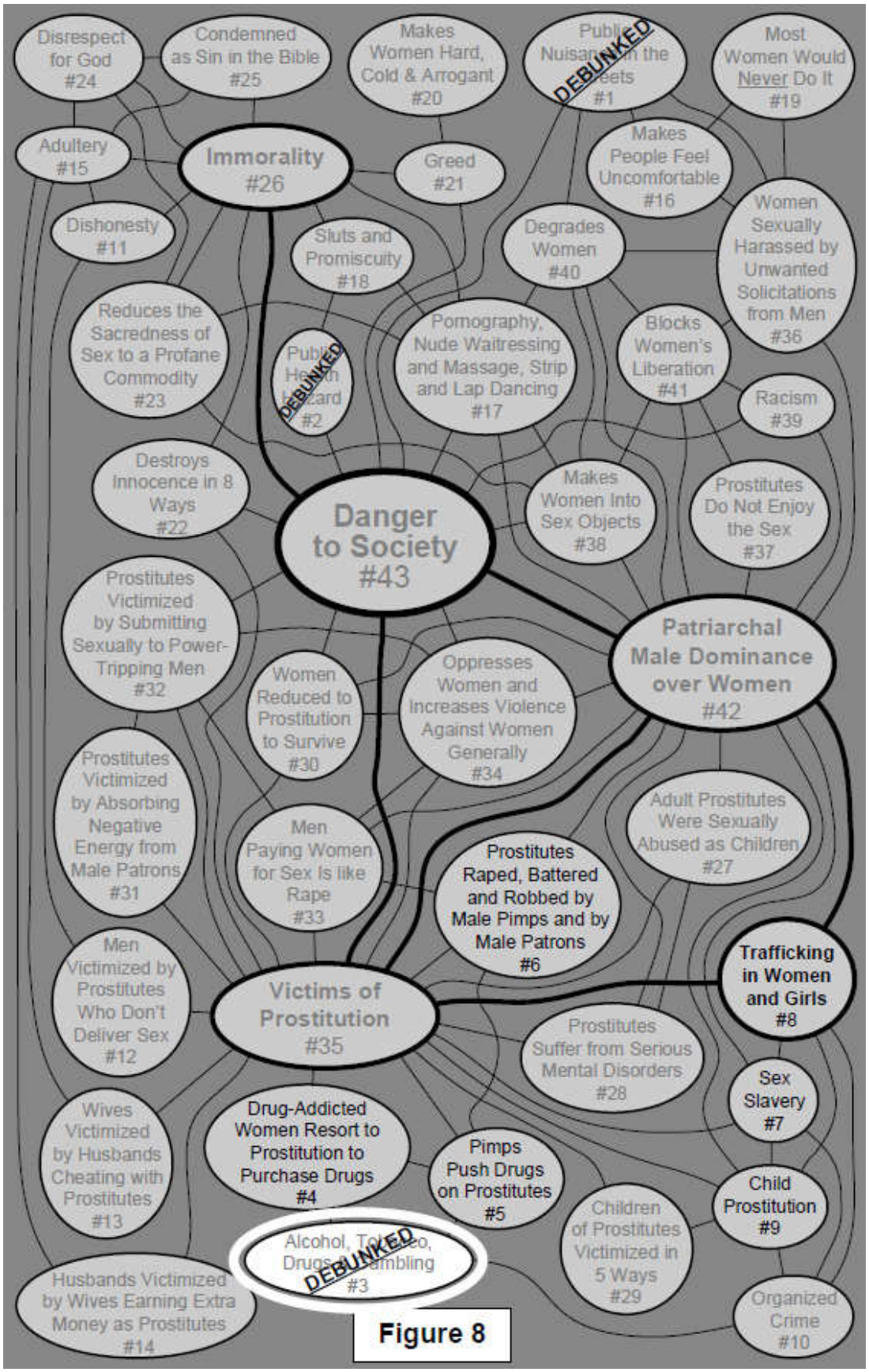
Purported Answer #3 *fails* to answer the Sensible Question. Two pins popped one balloon. The notion that Purported Answer #3 answers the Sensible Question is a myth. It's a *false* myth, which has now been debunked, as shown in the box below and in Figure 8 below.

False Myth #3:

Prostitution is harmful and/or evil <u>because</u> it is done in close proximity to

drinking, smoking, drugs and gambling, all of which are harmful.

This Myth Is Now Debunked!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Drug-Addicted Women Resort to Prostitution to Purchase Drugs #4
Pimps Push Drugs on Prostitutes #5
Child Prostitution #9
Alcohol, Tobacco, Drugs & Gambling #3 DEBUNKED
Children of Prostitutes Victimized in 5 Ways #29
Husbands Victimized by Wives Earning Extra Money as Prostitutes #14
Organized Crime #10

Figure 8

Chapter 8

Male Tantra Mastery Step One: Semen Retention During Orgasm

I use the term "tantra master" to mean a *man* who has mastered both of the following:

Male Tantra Mastery Step One. He can maintain an erect penis for extended periods of fellatio and sexual intercourse. He can also experience orgasm without ejaculation.

Male Tantra Mastery Step Two. He can deliver explosive, extended, multiple *vaginal* orgasms to a woman during sexual intercourse. He causes her orgasms to radiate from her pussy throughout her entire body. He elevates her into an ecstatic experience of her full radiance as a Goddess.

The obvious benefits of the man not ejaculating are that sex can last far longer. And he can have multiple orgasms. Less obvious are reported health benefits, including increased mental clarity and physical strength. It is also claimed that semen retention helps a man's spiritual evolution.

I achieved Male Tantra Mastery Step One back in 1993, shortly after my divorce. That was more than four years before my first sexual experience with a prostitute. However, as of December 1999, I had not yet achieved Male Tantra Mastery Step Two. None of the prostitutes I had seen by then had had vaginal orgasms with me.

Although some male readers may be disappointed, this is *not* a how-to book on achieving Male Tantra Mastery. What I will do in this book is to give men some tips. I'll talk about Male Tantra Mastery Step One in this chapter. In a later book in this series I will talk about Male Tantra Mastery Step Two.

♥ ♥ ♥

I first learned about the possibility of male semen retention in 1985 when I read the *Kama Sutra*. I immediately determined that I wanted to master this as a spiritual practice. But how? I was married at the time.

I think the most important thing I had going for me was my determination. I decided to make prayer my primary strategy. It was a wise decision. I simply started praying to God to bless me with the ability to retain my semen during orgasm. I've been praying about it daily for three decades.

My prayer got answered occasionally. A few times during my marriage, I experienced orgasm without ejaculating. I had the internal ecstasy of orgasm, but without the ejaculation.

Thus, I knew it was possible to achieve orgasm without ejaculation. But I couldn't do it consistently. It happened infrequently—perhaps twice a year from 1985 until my divorce in 1993.

On my birthday in June 1990, I had a private meeting with my spiritual teacher. He is an enlightened master from India.[23] I told Him, "I want to develop the ability to retain my semen during orgasm."

He replied, "You do the locks, okay? That will help you develop this ability."

The "locks" are one of the ancient yogic techniques He teaches. From that day forward, I practiced them religiously every day, and still do so today.

There was no significant result during the remaining three years of my marriage. But five months after my divorce, when I had my first post-marriage sex in July 1993, everything changed. After about 30 minutes of sexual intercourse, the woman looked at me in delighted astonishment. She asked, "How can you *last* so long?"

And that is how it has been ever since. Hence, I somehow managed to achieve Male Tantra Mastery Step One.

I didn't really do anything other than to pray consistently for it and ask my spiritual teacher for his blessing. I followed his advice by doing the "locks" every day. My mastery of Tantra is a miraculous gift from God in answer to my longstanding prayers. I don't have to think about it at all during sex—semen retention just happens. My entire focus of attention during sex is elevating the *woman* to ecstasy. And it works. So long as she is open to receiving my super sexy energy, my cock stays hard.

My experience stands in sharp contrast to what I subsequently learned is taught in tantra workshops. Men do all kinds of things to try to retain their semen. One method is having the woman press hard on the spot below the man's testicles. This can be a difficult reach for her. The awkward reach might distract her from getting lifted into ecstasy.

Another method is slowing down or stopping during intercourse when ejaculation is imminent. A third method is to do mental gymnastics in an effort to prevent the ejaculatory reflex. That all sounds pretty difficult to me! It can be extremely frustrating to a woman on the verge of vaginal orgasm when he suddenly stops to prevent ejaculation! Indeed, when men focus their minds on avoiding ejaculation, they are *not* focusing on creating ecstasy in the woman.

For me, avoiding ejaculation requires no effort at all. No mental effort. No physical effort. I can go as long as I want, and I simply don't ejaculate. I have orgasms without ejaculating. Except on rare occasions—I admit that every once in a while, I do ejaculate during intercourse.

Charlotte—My First Experience with a Street Girl

On my first three trips to Tijuana's Pussyland, I had sex with girls I found at Adelita Bar. I saw Andrea on my first trip, and Jasmine on my second and third trips. On my next trip, I decided I would see a

street girl. It was a Saturday afternoon. My cab driver dropped me off in front of Adelita Bar. I went inside just to check out the girls. I always enjoy walking slowly through that wonderful place, making contact with all the girls. I did not see Jasmine.

As a man, I find it empowering to walk through a room full of hot women knowing that I can have sex with *any* of them. It is an awesome feeling that I believe is quite healthy for one's manhood.

But on that day I was just visiting inside Adelita. Feeling empowered by my walk-through, I walked out the curtains into the bright afternoon sunshine. I turned right on the sidewalk. When I got to the intersection with Avenida Constitucion, I turned right again. And there they were. What a beautiful sight—prostitutes lining both sides of the street! I would choose carefully.

I walked slowly and looked at each girl I passed. Some were interesting to me, others not so much. Some were cute. Some were pretty. Some were quite beautiful. Some were skinny. Some had awesome hourglass figures. Some needed to lose a few pounds. All of them had long hair, at least to their shoulders. Most had black or dark brown hair, which I love. A few had medium brown or blonde hair. All of them were dressed sexy.

I asked God for some help. Which girl shall I pick? Spirit told me to keep walking and to interact with the girls. But that was tricky, because very few of them spoke any English, and I don't speak Spanish. However, they all knew how to say the few English words necessary to engage a male customer like me.

I passed by about 15 girls. Then I turned right onto the north side of the narrow street, Primer Callejón Coahuila. I walked carefully so as not to trip in a hole or a crack in the bizarre pavement. (By the way, in the mid-2000s, Tijuana renovated that block. It now has smooth new pavement, including a nice new sidewalk. The former hazards have thankfully been removed.)

This was still new for me. There was still a bit of shyness in me about doing this, but I forced myself to overcome it. I would later learn that I'm not the only man who has felt shy about this. It can be intimidating to walk down a block lined with lovely young

women. *All* of them look you straight in the eye. *All* of them want to get you into bed! One reason men go into the bars and drink is to reduce their fear around the girls.

As I walked along, I stopped and talked to a few of the girls—usually the ones who grabbed me. I like sexually aggressive women. It turns me on when a girl grabs my jacket or shirt or my hand as I'm walking by.[24] Very effective sales technique, at least for me. Here is a typical conversation:

"Hi," I would say looking into her eyes with a big smile.

"Hola," she would reply smiling back at me, which means "Hi" in Spanish. I would point at myself and say, "Mark." Then, pointing at her, I would say, "What's your name?"

She would reply with her name, and then say, "'et's go t'the room." Most of the girls seem to drop the "L" from "Lets" and drop the "o" from "to the."

Out on the street, there's no fiddling around with drinks and drink tickets. Thank God! It's all about getting directly to sex!

"How much?" I would ask.

"Twenty dollar. Sucky fucky." Most of the girls say "sucky fucky."

At this point I would look real closely at the girl. Do I want to have sex with *this* girl, when I can have any sex with *any* girl here? Usually, I would decide to look a little further.

"No, thank you." I would say, shaking my head with a smile.

"Si!" She would insist, tightening her grip on my hand or jacket, or perhaps grabbing my penis through my pants. "Sucky fucky. Let's go to the room."

I just *love* this kind of sales pressure! I would reconsider—shall I have sex with this girl—but again decide to move on, telling her, "No."

Sometimes it would be necessary to pull myself away from the girl's grip.

I made my way slowly to the end of the narrow block. Then I crossed to the sidewalk on the South side. I walked slowly back

toward Avenida Constitucion. The second or third girl I came to was gorgeous. She had a lovely, slender figure with nice breasts. Her straight black hair flowed half way down her back. Her big brown eyes gazed directly into mine. Yum! She was medium height. Before even talking with her, I decided she would be the one. She was obviously pleased with my decision.

"Hi."

"Hola."

"Mark."

"Charlotte." She was smiling brightly.

"How much?"

"Twenty dollar. Fifteen minutes."

"I want thirty minutes."

"Forty dollar. Good fucky sucky."

"Okay."

Charlotte took my hand, led me into a dilapidated courtyard between two dilapidated buildings. On the right was the hotel where she worked. Doors to the rooms faced directly onto the courtyard. There was a balcony above with doors to rooms on the second floor. She took me to a counter that faced directly onto the courtyard. This was the office.

Charlotte spoke in Spanish to the attendant, indicating that I wanted thirty minutes. Then she told me,

"Six dollars for the room."

I handed six dollars to the attendant, who then handed Charlotte her purse, a towel and a condom. Charlotte led me to an open door on the courtyard level, and we went inside.

The room was dumpy. As I now know, the hotels used by the street girls are inferior to the hotels connected with the bars. There was a tiny bathroom, a double bed, and a small night stand. The floor was linoleum. A window that opened onto the courtyard was covered with an opaque curtain. I was not here for a luxurious room —I was here to have sex with a beautiful young woman.

Charlotte seemed to like me. I'm probably more classy than most of her male customers, and I sensed a bit of classiness in her. Actually, I could see she was a Goddess. But I was not yet advanced enough in my path with prostitutes to inspire the Goddess to awaken and express from within her.

I handed her $40, which she put into her purse. We took off our clothes. I said my usual prayer for my own sexual healing and for healing with Dorothy. Then we began a wonderful time together. She let me kiss her on the cheek, and she kissed me back on the cheek. I will never forget how beautiful she was.

I gently laid her down on her back and spread her legs apart. Then I lay between her legs on my belly and started licking her pussy. This position is popularly known as "DATY" (Dining At The Y). After a long time, she had an orgasm. She was beaming. Then she sucked my hard cock for a while. Finally, I took her into my arms, laid her down on her back, mounted her and slid myself inside her. She obviously enjoyed having intercourse with me, but unfortunately she did not have an orgasm during intercourse. How could I learn to deliver vaginal orgasms to prostitutes during intercourse? Or to any woman, for that matter? Hmm.

Afterwards, we got dressed and hugged goodbye. She quickly kissed me on the lips and then walked away.

Sadly, in my dozens of walks over many years along Pussyland's enchanted narrow street, I never saw Charlotte again. She was an angel who initiated me to the world of the street girls.

God bless you, sweet Charlotte!

Danielle

One week later, I returned to Pussyland. I made my usual tour through the darkened Adelita Bar to check out the girls. Shall I go with a bar girl here, or go for a street girl again?

My walk through Adelita was more difficult because it was Saturday night and it was extremely crowded. There must have been

about 150 girls in there, and about the same number of men. It wasn't so easy to walk around. I found myself squeezing between girls to get from point A to point B.

As I squeezed my way past one girl, I felt her grab my cock with her right hand. She grabbed my shoulder with her left hand. I stopped and looked into her eyes. She smiled at me. She moved her left hand to my cheek and rubbed my cock with her right hand. We both felt me getting hard. I think this is a *wonderful* way to meet a woman for the first time!

Danielle was pretty, but short. And, of course, she had the long black hair that I so dearly love. There really wasn't much to say. I just put my arms around her and embraced her, as she continued to make me harder and harder. Then I took her hand off my crotch, grasped that hand firmly in mine, and led her out through the crowd. I took her through the curtains and up the stairs to the hotel. She loved this!

Prostitutes love to be treated as *ladies*. They love it when a man is a *gentleman*. They want a man to be gentle and loving, but also strong and clear in his masculine intention. It turns women on when a man knows exactly what he's doing.

As with Kristina and Charlotte, I delivered a beautiful orgasm to Danielle—orally. But I failed to deliver a vaginal orgasm to her. She is a sweetheart. But verbal communication was nearly impossible due to the language barrier.

Unfortunately, I never saw her again in Adelita.

God bless you, Danielle!

Gwendolyn Part 1

Gwendolyn is a street girl in Pussyland. We met on the afternoon of December 31, 1999, the very last day of the millennium. She was wearing a knee-length, ruby red, velour dress. Barely 19 years old and standing about 5-4, her long black hair ran well below her shoulders. Her big brown eyes gazed into mine, confident that I

would be her next customer. She was (and still is) model gorgeous from head to toe. She spoke a limited amount of English.

I found her standing on the east side of Avenida Constitucion, directly across from the narrow street, Primer Callejón Coahuila. But she never stands for long because she is so beautiful. The other girls are jealous because she turns business like no other prostitute I've ever known. Several American men I have spoken with in Pussyland told me that they too had had sex with Gwendolyn.

On that day, neither she nor I realized we would later become friends. We didn't know we would have sex many times over the next ten years. This was the one and only occasion on which I got treated by Gwendolyn as a "regular customer."

After agreeing to 30 minutes for $40, she led me south along Constitucion past the police station. She took me up a slight hill, and then left through the door to her hotel. Just inside the door is a tiled stairway to the second floor, which we ascended together. At the top was a dingy lobby area and the office counter. I paid for the room, and she led me to a tiny space with a window overlooking Constitucion. She locked the door.

At that point in my life, Gwendolyn was, without question, the best looking woman I ever had sex with. I must confess that I was intimidated by her incredible looks.

And yet, Gwendolyn was not the least bit arrogant. In fact, she was sweet. But she was also all business. She wanted to get the job done quickly and to my satisfaction. Then she wanted to get back down to the street to pick up her next customer. She also wanted to see if she could get me to pay her more than $40!

The combination of my intimidation from her looks and her business savvy caused me to lose control of the situation. I forgot to do a prayer with her. Instead, I found myself doing whatever she asked, rather than my gently leading her. And that is *not* the way to get most women sexually aroused. Indeed, as I would later learn, Gwendolyn had never had an orgasm while working, even clitorally.

Looking straight into my eyes, she seductively removed her dress. Then she removed her bra, revealing her gorgeous natural breasts. She was wearing nylon pantyhose and no underwear. She put her hand out and said, “Please, can I have the money?”

“Yes,” I replied, and handed her two twenty dollar bills.

As I was removing my clothes, she removed her pantyhose from her left leg, but not from her right leg. As I looked at her pubic hair and pussy, she tucked the $40 into the hose on her right leg. She smiled brightly at me and said, “If you give me another $20, I’ll suck you really, really good.”

In my weakened state, I handed her another $20. She tucked it into her pantyhose with the original $40.

I tried to kiss her, but she refused me, “No kissing.”

Then she told me to lie on my back. What I should have done was to say, “No. *You* lie down on *your* back.” Then I should have dived into her pussy for DATY. Had I done so, I would have delivered an orgasm that made her feel like a Goddess. I did not, and that would not happen between Gwendolyn and me until a year and a half later. Instead, I became a wimp and did what she told me to do.

She put a condom on me and began sucking. I enjoyed it, but my connection with Gwendolyn was suffering because she was doing too much leading.

As I will elaborate later in these five books, in my opinion the best sex happens when the *man* leads. But he must use his lead for the *sole* purpose of elevating the *woman* into a high state of ecstasy. I believe that is what almost every heterosexual woman secretly wants. However, in today’s climate it might be “politically incorrect” for her to admit this, much less surrender to his lead. However, from a spiritual perspective, it is her *surrender* that opens the way for her highest ecstasy.

After sucking me for a long time, Gwendolyn stopped and said, “Why you not come?”

“I’m a tantra master,” I replied, “You can’t make me ejaculate.”

She lay down on her back and spread her legs. Speaking in a sweet but businesslike manner, she asked, "You want to *fuck* me?"

Without answering her question, I mounted her and fucked her. But she had no orgasm. She did not experience being a Goddess. When I finally pulled my hard cock out of Gwendolyn's vagina, she saw no semen in the condom. "Why you not come?" She asked.

"I did have an orgasm. I just didn't ejaculate."

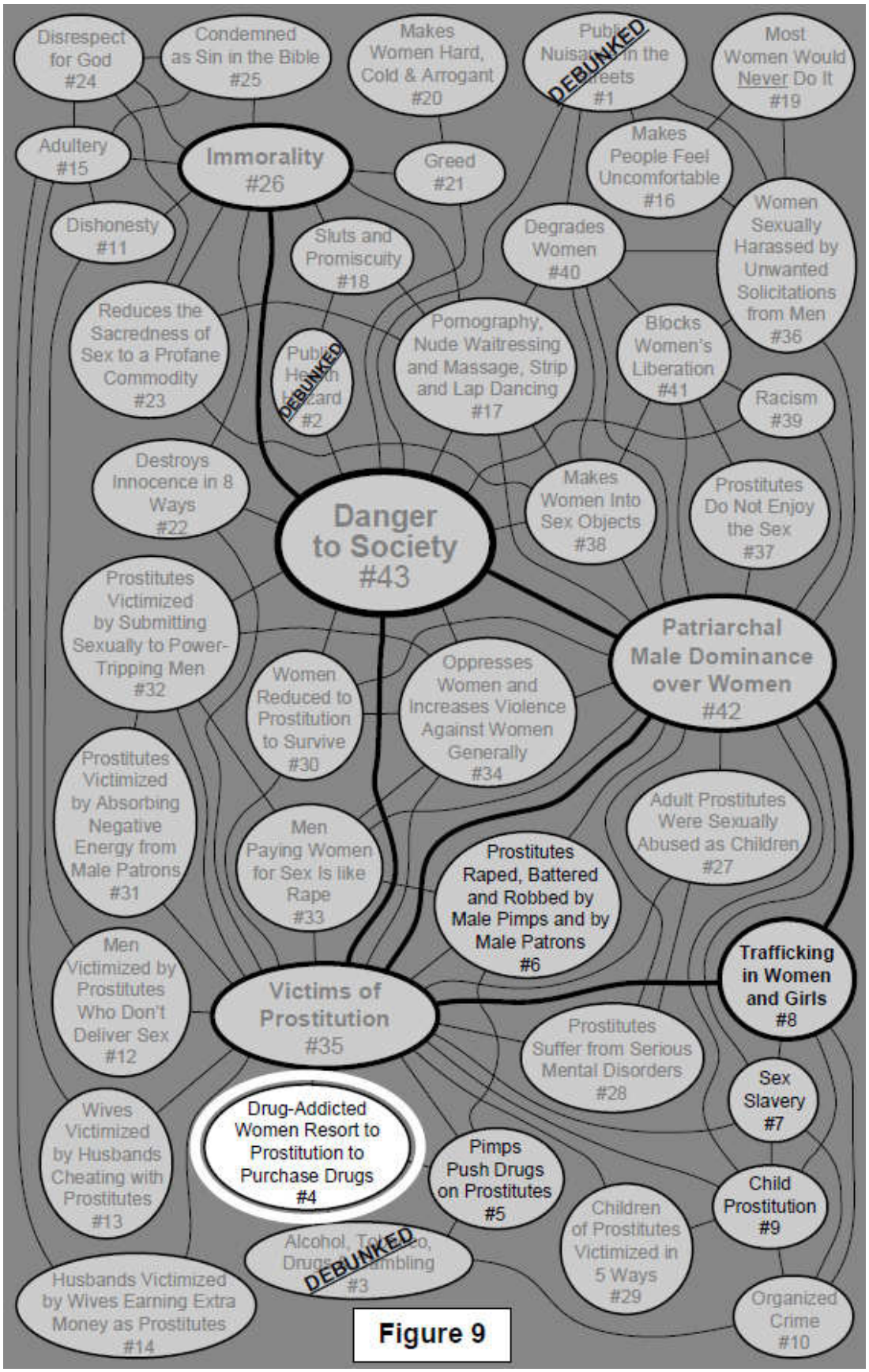
Gwendolyn did not understand me. "But we're not finished 'til you come," she insisted.

She was determined to make me ejaculate. She's an honest woman. For her, this was a matter of *ethics*. I had paid her for sex. She perceived that her obligation was to make me ejaculate, which she had failed to do. I would later teach her that, with me, her obligation was instead to let me elevate *her* into high ecstasy!

She removed the condom, put some massage oil on her hand, and began masturbating me. While I am able to retain my semen during fellatio and during intercourse, I can seldom do so masturbating. Gwendolyn got what she wanted—my semen in her hand, and wherever else it shot. She seemed happy that she had done her job.

I was disappointed that she would not let me kiss her. But on a deeper level, I was disappointed that I became a wimp. I had failed to lift this gorgeous young lady into Goddess ecstasy. The next time, I would definitely not wimp out.

Gwendolyn is from Guadalajara, Mexico. She flies home annually to visit her family. Her parents do not know she is a prostitute! Unfortunately, during my next several visits to Pussyland I could not find her. This was because she got pregnant and had a daughter, whom she is presently raising as a single mother. She told me the name of the father, who is a man she likes in Guadalajara. But she's extremely independent and doesn't want to get married. She stayed with her parents while she was pregnant, which is why I couldn't find her. As I explain later in this book, I found her again in the summer of 2001.


Disrespect for God #24
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Pimps Push Drugs on Prostitutes #5
Child Prostitution #9
Children of Prostitutes Victimized in 5 Ways #29
Alcohol, Tobacco, Drugs, Gambling #3
DEBUNKED
Husbands Victimized by Wives Earning Extra Money as Prostitutes #14
Organized Crime #10

Figure 9

Chapter 9

Debunking Myth #4: Women Resort to Prostitution to Pay for Dangerous Drugs

WHY is prostitution harmful and/or evil?

Purported Answer #4:

Because drug-addicted women resort to prostitution to pay for dangerous drugs. These women are victims of prostitution.

The tragedy of substance addiction impacts the lives of millions. Most of them suffer from emotional or physical problems. They turn to drugs for relief, including illegal drugs like cocaine and heroin, and legal drugs like tobacco, alcohol and many prescription drugs. Unfortunately, the drugs (whether illegal or legal) often become the problem rather than the solution.

In Chapter 7, I explained in detail why I am opposed to substance abuse. It is unhealthy, dangerous, and it interferes with spiritual growth.[25] In striking contrast, sex is *healthy*. And when sex is practiced sacredly, it *enhances* spiritual growth.

It is widely believed that most prostitutes are drug addicts who resort to prostitution to support their addictions.

♥ ♥ ♥

Our Sensible Question says:

Why is prostitution harmful and/or evil?

Let's now examine how Purported Answer #4 attempts to answer it:

> *Because drug-addicted women resort to prostitution to pay for dangerous drugs. These women are victims of prostitution.*

Does *this* answer the Sensible Question? Does this explain *why* prostitution is harmful and/or evil? I say no. It *fails* to answer the Sensible Question for three independent reasons.

Failure One

False Generalization (MIR #1): Purported Answer #4 is invalid because most prostitutes are *not* addicted to dangerous drugs.

If a prostitute smokes or drinks alcohol, I can usually smell it in her breath. Tobacco and alcohol are drugs that are *legal* for adults to consume in most nations.

I have had sex with about 70 different prostitutes. However, I am aware of *only three* who habitually used drugs. Nicole used marijuana to control pain. Norma and Sherry, whom I will discuss in later books in this series, were addicted to more dangerous drugs.

I saw no indication whatsoever of drug addiction in any other prostitute. Gwendolyn and several other prostitutes told me that they want nothing to do with the drug culture. I know a few of these prostitutes well enough to be confident they are telling me the truth. I can see they lead healthy lifestyles.

In a later book I will talk about Barbara, a middle-aged elementary school teacher. She's divorced and has a lovely, well appointed house in an expensive suburban neighborhood. And she loves sex. So she supplements her teaching income with prostitution, discreetly seeing men in her home. To avoid trouble with police, she doesn't advertise and only accepts clients referred

by other prostitutes. That is how I got to see her. She even asked me to park around the corner to make it less likely that her neighbors would notice! There was not the slightest indication that this lovely woman had any kind of drug problem.

In contrast, Nicole, Norma and Sherry had obviously unhealthy lifestyles. There were indications *in addition to the drugs* that these three women had serious problems.

In my personal experience, most prostitutes are *not* addicted to dangerous drugs.

Purported Answer #4 *falsely generalizes* the fact that *some* prostitutes are addicted to dangerous drugs into *all* prostitutes being addicts. This FALSE GENERALIZATION is logically invalid.

Purported Answer #4 fails to explain why *prostitution itself* is harmful or evil. It does not explain how prostitution harms healthy prostitutes who do not use dangerous drugs.

Failure Two

False narrowing of a broad problem (MIR #2): Purported Answer #4 is invalid because it fails to explain why a drug-addicted woman who turns to prostitution to pay for her drugs is the victim of *prostitution*, rather than the victim of drug addiction.

Drug addiction is a *broad* problem in our society. It affects both women and men. Drug addicts exist within virtually every profession, religion, race, nationality, social group and economic class. This is because the underlying emotional and physical problems that drive people to drugs exist in all walks of life.

Purported Answer #4 falsely narrows the *broad* problem of drug addiction to the *subset* of drug addicts who pay for their drugs by prostitution. Purported Answer #4 then falsely labels them as victims of prostitution. This is the FALSE NARROWING OF A BROAD PROBLEM and is therefore logically invalid.

Purported Answer #4 fails to explain why *prostitution itself* is harmful or evil. It does not explain how paying for drugs with money earned by providing sex makes a woman the victim of prostitution, rather than a victim of drug addiction.

♥ ♥ ♥

Here is another Mistake in Reasoning:

Mistake in Reasoning #4: CONDEMNING A PROFESSION BASED ON HOW MONEY EARNED IN THAT PROFESSION GETS SPENT

Identity and credit card theft is a big problem today. Criminal profits can be made from hacking into corporate computer systems to obtain this information.

Suppose Tom is an electrician with an evil streak. In his spare time, he figures out how to capture identity and credit card information from a large company. He then spends money from his job earnings as an electrician to purchase specialized equipment and software. He uses it to steal identities and card numbers of several thousand people. A criminal gang buys these identities from him, bringing him a profit. Therefore, the electrician profession should be condemned.

Nonsense. The evil here is the identity theft, not the electrical trade by which Tom financed his crime. Blaming the electrical trade is CONDEMNING A PROFESSION BASED ON HOW MONEY EARNED IN THAT PROFESSION GETS SPENT. It leads to conclusions that are false

Failure Three

Condemning a Profession Based on How Money Earned in That Profession Gets Spent (MIR #4): Purported Answer #4 is invalid because, even if a woman does prostitution for the sole purpose of paying for dangerous drugs, this Purported Answer fails to identify any harm or evil caused by prostitution *as a profession*.

By our Formal Definition, prostitution involves the exchange of sex for money or other consideration. The definition is based on the man spending *his* money for sex. It does not depend in any way on how the *woman* subsequently spends that money.

Consider a violinist in a symphony orchestra. To what extent does her music making depend upon how she spends her paycheck? Not much. Her job does dictate how she spends *some* of her earnings. She has to pay for a car or other transportation to get to rehearsals and concerts. She must have the clothing required by the orchestra for performances. Periodically, she must pay a technician to keep her violin in good condition. But what she does with the *rest* of her earnings is her own private business.

Suppose this violinist spends her money owning and maintaining a horse, which she rides on her days off. Is this woman "resorting to violin playing" to pay for her horse? No! She *enjoys* playing the violin. She worked hard from childhood to get good enough to land her dream job in the symphony. With her job, she can afford the horse, which she also enjoys. Unfortunately, one day she falls off the horse and breaks her rib. Does this mean she's the *victim of violin playing*? No!

Blaming a woman's profession for something caused by how she spends her earnings from that profession is ridiculous.

Most people have to work for a living. They have to earn money to pay their living expenses, and to raise their children. *This* is why women do prostitution. It's a job that pays better than other jobs. They spend their money on rent, food, transportation, child care, education and everything else ordinary people spend money on.

If a person gets addicted to drugs, then he or she needs money to pay for the drugs.[26] Different addicts obtain this money in different ways. Attorneys who are addicted to drugs generally practice law to pay for drugs. Is a drug-addicted attorney a *victim* of practicing law? No! Grocery clerks who are drug addicts keep working at their grocery store to pay for drugs. Are they *victims* of grocery work? No!

And yet when an attractive female drug addict uses prostitution to pay for drugs, society condemns her profession!

What about an *ugly* female drug addict who is grossly overweight, but who happens to be an engineer? Her looks would make it difficult for her to earn drug money by prostitution. So she would instead do engineering to pay for drugs. But society would not condemn engineering! This is an unfair double standard.

Unlike the violinist, many people hate their jobs or suffer from abusive supervisors, coworkers, vendors or customers. This contributes to anxiety and other emotional problems. However, it seems to me that few drug addicts are driven to drugs primarily by their jobs. There are far more prevalent factors leading to drug addiction:

- Relationship problems (including heartbreak)
- Trauma from physical or sexual violence
- Dissatisfaction with life in general
- Regret about the past
- Fear about the future
- Grief from the suffering or loss of loved ones
- Physical disease
- Physical pain

These factors have nothing to do with the professions in which people work. And even when job stress is a factor leading to drug addiction, it is generally not the *profession* that's the problem. For example, if someone is stressed working in apparel sales or computer repair, *that* is rarely the problem. Rather, it is the stressful *circumstances* of the person's job in that profession, such as an abusive boss or coworker. Or inadequate pay.

Drug abuse is not limited to just a few professions. Most professions include some drug addicts. This means that people suffering from substance abuse earn money to buy drugs in a wide variety of ways. Most of them are *not* prostitutes.

If a plumber smokes and uses part of his paycheck to purchase cigarettes, is he "resorting to plumbing" to pay for tobacco? Is he a *victim* of plumbing? If a nurse drinks wine with dinner every night, is she "resorting to nursing" to buy liquor? Is she a *victim* of nursing? No, no, no and no!

Radio talk show host Rush Limbaugh suffers from severe back pain. He publicized his addiction to a prescription pain killer. Is he a victim of talk show hosting? I had a dear friend who was a college professor. She loved teaching but got depressed about her personal life, which led to her addiction to cocaine, eventually leading to her untimely death. Was she a victim of teaching college? When I was a kid, I got introduced to actor Dick van Dyke, who later admitted his alcoholism. Was he a victim of acting? No!

Purported Answer #4 is CONDEMNING A PROFESSION BASED ON HOW MONEY EARNED IN THAT PROFESSION GETS SPENT. It is therefore logically invalid. Prostitution is not the problem—the problem is drug abuse.

Purported Answer #4 fails to explain why *prostitution itself* is harmful or evil. It does not explain why using prostitution earnings to pay for drugs differs from using earnings from other professions to pay for drugs.

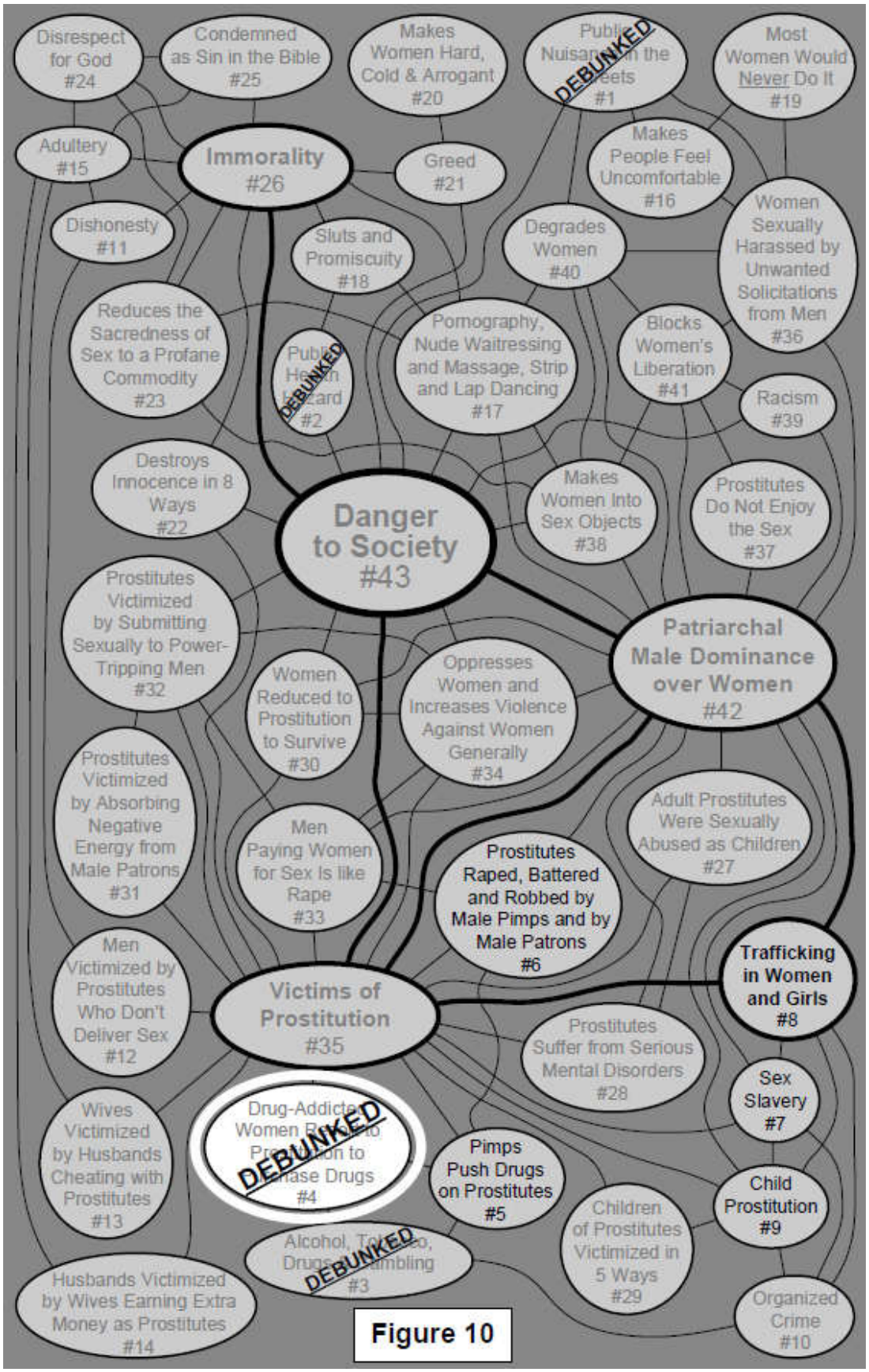
♥ ♥ ♥

Purported Answer #4 *fails* to answer the Sensible Question. Failures One, Two and Three are three pins that popped the balloon. Only one pin was needed. The notion that Purported Answer #4 answers the Sensible Question is a myth. It's a *false* myth, which has now been debunked, as shown in the box below and in Figure 10 below.

False Myth #4:

Prostitution is harmful and/or evil because drug-addicted women resort to prostitution to pay for dangerous drugs. These women are victims of prostitution.

This Myth Is Now Debunked!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Child Prostitution #9
Children of Prostitutes Victimized in 5 Ways #29
Alcohol, Tobacco, Drugs, Gambling #3 DEBUNKED
Husbands Victimized by Wives Earning Extra Money as Prostitutes #14
Organized Crime #10

Figure 10

Chapter 10

Celina

I returned to Tijuana's Pussyland in June 2000. After my usual tour of Adelita Bar, I decided I would go with a street girl. It was mid-afternoon.

I like to get a good look at a woman before I have sex with her. This works in favor of the street girls. In the daytime, I can see them clearly. It's harder to see the bar girls.

I found Celina standing on the sidewalk on the east side of Avenida Constitucion, at the corner of Calle Coahuila. She had a pretty face, a lovely figure, and black hair down to her shoulders.

But her personality seemed a bit stiff. This was a clue I should have paid attention to. I wondered if she might open up if I had sex with her. She did not.

It was not a bad experience for me. Celina definitely delivered sexual intercourse, as do *all* the girls in Pussyland. Every single one I have paid has delivered intercourse. But Celina was unremarkable.

She led me to a dingy, second-floor hotel room located directly above the street corner. The room had windows on two perpendicular walls, overlooking both streets. We left the curtains open. Since we were on the second floor, it was unlikely that anyone would see us.

I paid her, and she gave me sex. I tried to bring her to orgasm by licking her pussy in DATY position, but was unsuccessful. Was she too closed down emotionally? Had she ever had an orgasm? I simply don't know.

I saw her standing on the street a few more times. She tried to get me to go with her again, but I declined. God bless you, Celina.

Margarita

Margarita is a Pussyland street girl who stands on the north side of the enchanting narrow street, Primer Callejón Coahuila. She has long blonde hair, which I'm pretty sure she bleaches. She is tall, slender and beautiful, with small breasts. She speaks broken English. And she is *on fire*.

Margarita was my first experience with a prostitute who is intensely passionate. She is *wild* in bed! Boiling hot. But alas, she is not well adjusted emotionally. It was July 2000.

She led me from the sidewalk into a courtyard between two buildings. We walked to the back end of the courtyard where the hotel office is located. After I paid the clerk, Margarita led me up a stairway to a room directly above the office. It was a large room and contained two double beds. I have no idea why this happened, as I did not pay anything extra. Perhaps all the smaller rooms were occupied.

As she closed and locked the door, the energy became intense. She took the money from my hand and quickly stuffed it into her purse. Then she took off her clothes as fast as she could. I sat on the bed watching her. She seemed desperately horny. She hastily removed my pants, pulled off my underwear, opened her mouth and lunged down toward my hard cock. But I stopped her. This frustrated her. It also seemed to increase her desire. We would *pray* first.

I do not know how I managed to turn Margarita on so quickly and so intensely. Was it I? Was it she? Or was it the sexual chemistry between us? Actually, I think it was all three.

I removed my shirt and then guided her to sit facing me on the bed. I pulled her legs over mine. We were both naked with our legs wrapped around each other for the prayer. As I prayed, I felt her heart chakra light up. Her whole body began vibrating. My cock was especially hard. Her energy was powerful, radiant and full of Light. I awakened the Goddess in Margarita. As she sat there naked in my arms, her heart was on fire. Her pussy was dripping. She was experiencing being a Goddess.

Unfortunately, she refused to kiss me. But when I finally let her go down on me, she went wild. She wanted no condom in her mouth, just my hard cock. Thank God I'm a tantra master. Otherwise I would have ejaculated into her mouth and that would have been the end of it. I lay on my back, tucked my hands behind my head, and felt myself dissolve into full-body orgasm. Her whole body vibrated and shimmered as she continued to suck on me. She moaned as she sucked, even though I was *not* touching her pussy or breasts.

Then she stopped and looked at me with astonishment and said, "I came from sucking you!"

"Good!" I replied.

She wanted more, and returned to sucking my cock. But this time, I made her climb on top of me and lower her pussy onto my mouth for 69. She immediately exploded in full body Goddess orgasm. The combination of clitoral orgasm I was delivering and the orgasm she was having from having my penis in her mouth elevated her high. Her whole body moved rhythmically in waves. Her pussy danced on my face, as I held her pelvis firmly in my arms. Margarita was having a Goddess experience of ecstasy beyond anything she had previously experienced.

And then it was time for intercourse. Oh my God! As my cock plunged into her pussy, she exploded and exploded. It was incredibly awesome! Finally, I delivered a vaginal orgasm to a prostitute! Yay!

However, when we were finally done and she came back down to earth again, she freaked out emotionally. It was *too much* for her. She ran into the bathroom to pee while I sat on the bed. She left the bathroom door open and stared at me as she was peeing. I will never forget the look on her face as she sat on the toilet. It was a combination of shock, awe and fear. Unfortunately, the fear seemed to win out.

Margarita was not spiritually grounded enough to accept and receive the gift I gave to her. I worshipped her as a Goddess. I

caused her to experience being a Goddess. She tasted it, felt it and experienced it. She *loved* it. And then she got *scared*.

We are all incarnations of God. But most people don't understand this. When we have powerful experiences of our divine nature, as Margarita did, it takes us out of our "comfort zone." And that can be scary.

I hugged her goodbye. She returned my hug passionately. And then she ran out of the room.

Margarita had an orgasm from sucking my cock, even though I was not touching her pussy or breasts. And I brought her to vaginal orgasm during intercourse. But I did not yet understand *how* I did these things. My goal was to be able to *reliably* deliver powerful vaginal orgasms to *any* woman I have sex with. With Margarita, it just happened, probably because she was so on fire. And yet, there was something in *my* energy that triggered her explosive orgasms. Her reaction indicated she had never had an experience like that before. I was getting closer to my goal.

♥ ♥ ♥

Over the years, I have seen Margarita on the street many times. But whenever she sees me, she turns away from me and rudely refuses to acknowledge my presence. It seems to me that she is in *denial* of what happened the day she made love with me. It was too good to be true. So she's not going to let it happen again!

I have never had sex with Dorothy, whom I know to be even more explosively passionate than Margarita. But Dorothy is likewise in denial of her Goddess nature. She's scared of the truth of who she really is. She's scared of the high ecstasy she will experience if she ever dares to be with me. Instead, she has been harsh, mean and rude to me, like Margarita.

The Vast Sexual Spectrum

Sexual interest and sexual need vary across a *vast spectrum*, both in men and in women. At one extreme are people who are perfectly happy being lifetime celibates. At the other extreme are people who want sex every day for an hour or more. But 99% or more of the population lies in the vast middle ground between these two extremes. Some people want sex about once a month, and having sex as often as weekly is too much. Others want sex about once a week, and having sex as often as daily is too much.

Consider the difference between Celina and Margarita. Celina had only a mild interest in the sex she was having with me—if any interest at all. Celina was just doing her job to earn money. Margarita, on the other hand, went ballistic in bed with me. Obviously, Margarita had a far stronger sexual appetite than Celina.

The vast spectrum of sexual interest parallels the spectra seen in other areas of life. Here are two examples having nothing to do with sex.

Example 1—Sports. At one extreme of this spectrum, people have virtually no interest in sports, and this includes me. At the other extreme, athletes and other sports professionals devote eight hours or more per day to sports. A vast middle ground lies in between. It includes people who go to the gym twice a week and get out for a sporting activity on weekends. However, for the weekend tennis player, eight hours every day on the court would be way too much tennis.

Example 2—Mathematics. At one extreme of this spectrum are people who hate math. At the other extreme of this spectrum are math professionals who devote their careers to the subject. A vast middle ground exists. It includes engineers who use math from time to time in their work. However, for the engineer, full-time mathematical work would be way too much math.

Thank God people are different! It is normal and natural for these vast spectra to exist—including the sexual spectrum.

I believe sexual incompatibility in couples is widespread. For example, a common belief exists among women who prefer a smaller amount of sex that men want *too much* sex. These women

are in the *lower* portion of the sex spectrum. The humorous cliché goes, "Men have two brains, but only think with one at a time." Many married women have this belief about their own husbands. Such couples are sexually incompatible.

And it goes both ways. Millions of *women* in the higher portion of the sex spectrum are married to husbands in the lower portion. I have seen desperately horny wives weep as they told me their husbands would not touch them in bed. One intensely sexual woman complained that her boyfriend "kept his best asset zipped up in his pants all day." I have also heard *men* complain that their wives were excessively sexual, and even insatiable. One man told me he had to be careful what he did in the bedroom, to avoid triggering his wife's sexual lust.

I have had considerable experience with professional match makers and match making web sites. But I have never seen sexual compatibility adequately addressed by them. People who want lots of sex should be matched with others who also want lots of sex. People who want a moderate amount of sex should be matched with others who also want moderate sex. And people who want a "sex-lite" relationship should be matched with those who also want it sex-lite. Incompatibility in this regard is potentially disastrous to a relationship or marriage.

Three simple, objective match making questions would go a long way toward resolving this problem. These three questions provide a frame of reference to see where a person stands within the sexual spectrum.

Question 1: Suppose you are in a sexual relationship with someone you love. How often would you want to have sex with that person?

A. less than once a year
B. 1-12 times per year
C. 2-4 times per month
D. 1-6 times per week

E. one or more times every day

Question 2: Suppose you are not in a sexual relationship with someone you love. How long could you go without sex before you would make considerable efforts to either (a) get into a sexual relationship or (b) have casual sex with no strings attached?

A. 10 years or more
B. 1 to 9 years
C. 1 to 11 months
D. 1 to 3 weeks
E. less then one week

Question 3: On any day that you have sex, how much time would you want to spend having sex?

A. 15 minutes or less
B. about 30 minutes
C. about 1 hour
D. about 90 minutes
E. 2 hours or more

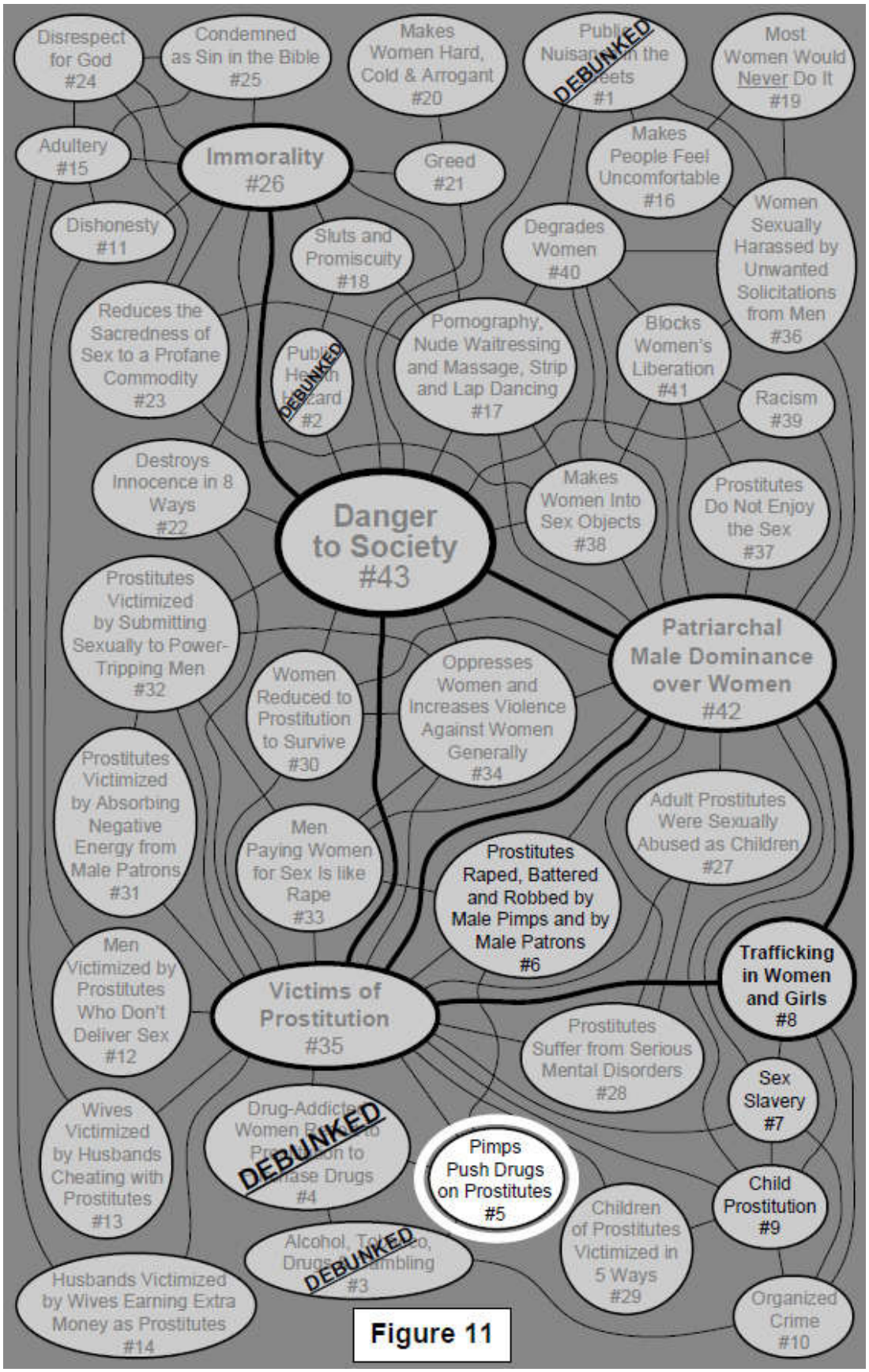
No matter how compatible a couple is in every other respect, if one answers B/B/C, but the other answers D/C/E, they are sexually *incompatible*. This is going to create a huge strain on the relationship and bring *misery* to one or both of them.

A person like me who has little-to-no interest in sports should not choose a sports-related career. I would be miserable as a sports writer. Nor should a person who hates math choose a career in mathematics research. Likewise, a woman with only a mild interest in sex should not be a prostitute. Such a woman would be miserable having sex all the time on the job. Professional sports is a job choice for people at the high end of the sports spectrum. Being a mathematics professor is a job choice for people at the high end of

the math spectrum. Likewise, prostitution is a job choice for women at the high end of the sexual spectrum.

This same principle applies to making laws. Suppose that I and others at the *low* end of the sports spectrum manage to enact a new law. The law makes paid sports into a crime. This would wipe out professional sports. Such a law would not impact me, because I'm not interested in sports. But sports professionals and their millions of fans would see this law as arrogant and outrageous. They would see it as *none of my business* to interfere in what they do.

It appears to me that this is precisely what's happening with laws that criminalize paid sex. These laws are primarily supported by people in the middle and lower portions of the sexual spectrum. In my observation, most highly sexual people see no need for these laws. I'm a man at the high end of the sexual spectrum. I find it arrogant and outrageous that people with much less interest in sex are interfering in *my* sex life. They have no business interfering in my sex life, by making it a *crime* for me to pay a woman for sex.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Drug-Addicted Women Resorted to Prostitution to Purchase Drugs #4
DEBUNKED
Pimps Push Drugs on Prostitutes #5
Child Prostitution #9
Children of Prostitutes Victimized in 5 Ways #29
Alcohol, Tobacco, Drugs, Gambling #3
DEBUNKED
Husbands Victimized by Wives Earning Extra Money as Prostitutes #14
Organized Crime #10

Figure 11

Chapter 11

Debunking Myth #5:
Pimps Push Dangerous Drugs on Women

WHY is prostitution harmful and/or evil?

Purported Answer #5:

Because pimps push dangerous drugs on women and entice them into prostitution to pay for the drugs. These drug-addicted women are victims of prostitution.

In Chapter 9, I addressed the problem of drug addiction. I showed that it is not caused by prostitution, and that drug-addicted prostitutes are not victims of prostitution.

But what if a *pimp* is involved?

Popular folklore pairs female prostitutes with male pimps —"pimps and hos." People think they go together, and that every prostitute needs to have a male pimp. This is nonsense.

The popular notion persists that male pimps "push" drugs on women and entice them into prostitution to pay for them. It seems possible that this happens. It gets shown in the movies, and people opposed to prostitution talk about it.

However, in my personal experience with prostitutes, I have seen *no* evidence of it whatsoever. I have had long conversations with many of these women. They have complained about many things, including the police and overweight male clients. But I never heard

any complaint about a pimp "pushing" drugs on any woman, much less getting her into prostitution to pay for them.

Moreover, the concept of "pushing" drugs is just a pejorative twist on "selling." Drug dealers are salesmen who sell unhealthy products that happen to be illegal. In most cases, people buy them because they want them. The dealer makes them available. The same is true for *legal* products that are unhealthy, including tobacco, alcohol, foods containing pesticide residues, foods containing genetically modified organisms (GMOs), and many prescription drugs. The label "pushing" has been coined as a part of the propaganda campaign to make *some* of these unhealthy products illegal, while the others remain legal. It is true that salesmen are sometimes unethical. But that can happen with *any* product, whether legal or illegal. I briefly address the folly of drug prohibition in MIR #6, Inviting a Greater Evil. But this book is not targeted to challenge drug prohibition (perhaps that can be a future book). I use the term "pushing" not to approve of it but rather to challenge prohibition of *prostitution*.

♥ ♥ ♥

Here is our Sensible Question:

Why is prostitution harmful and/or evil?

Let's now examine how Purported Answer #5 attempts to answer it:

> *Because pimps push dangerous drugs on women and entice them into prostitution to pay for the drugs. These drug-addicted women are victims of prostitution.*

Does *this* answer the Sensible Question? Does this explain *why* prostitution is harmful and/or evil? I say no.

I submit that Purported Answer #5 *fails* to answer the Sensible Question for two independent reasons.

Failure One

False Generalization (MIR #1): Purported Answer #5 is invalid because most prostitutes do *not* work with drug-pushing pimps.

In Tijuana's Pussyland, I have seen no evidence whatsoever of any pimp, either male or female. The girls work *independently*. Bar girls must earn "drink tickets" for the privilege of working in the bars, but that's a fair deal. They keep 100% of what their male patrons pay them. Street girls are obliged to bring business to the hotel where they store their purses and non-work clothing. That's also a fair deal. It gives the girls an "office," and again they keep 100% of their sex earnings.

Nor are pimps needed to protect the girls. Police officers patrol Pussyland and protect the girls. As I previously indicated, there is a small police station right in the middle of Pussyland. Girls stand on the sidewalk right in front of the station.

There is also no need for pimps to market the service of the girls. Male patrons connect *directly* with the girls, either on the street or in the bars.

There is simply no need for pimps in Pussyland.

In Los Angeles, the *illegality* of prostitution makes it nearly impossible for prostitutes to get clients by standing on the sidewalk. Instead, they must advertise, typically on the Internet or in print ads. Some girls lack the skills or resources to do this on their own. Or they can't speak English. This gives rise to a referral service market to book appointments with prostitutes.

Approximately one-third of the prostitutes I've had sex with in Los Angeles got connected with me through others via telephone. In my first two experiences with Scarlet and Serena, men answered my calls. Thereafter, I never again dealt with any male to get an appointment with a prostitute. The panderers were all *female*.

Somehow, a female pimp does not convey the same image as in the "pimp and ho" folklore.

In the other two thirds of my Los Angeles experiences, the prostitutes posted their own Internet or print ads. They answered the phone themselves, and booked their own appointments with me. Or I was referred to them by another prostitute I had already had sex with. No pimp was involved.

Indeed, several websites make it easy for girls to create their own web pages and attract business. These websites can be found by searching on, for example, "escort Los Angeles."

Hence, the vast majority of prostitutes I've connected with have worked *without* any pimp. And with no pimp, how could a pimp push dangerous drugs on a woman or entice her into prostitution?

Purported Answer #5 *falsely generalizes some* prostitutes being enticed into drug abuse and prostitution to pay for the drugs into *all* prostitutes. This is a FALSE GENERALIZATION and is therefore logically invalid.

Purported Answer #5 fails to explain why *prostitution itself* is harmful or evil. It does not explain how prostitution is harmful or evil for drug-free prostitutes who work independently without a pimp.

Failure Two

False narrowing of a broad problem (MIR #2): Purported Answer #5 is invalid because it fails to identify any harm caused by *pimps* pushing drugs on women that is not likewise caused by *other* drug dealers pushing drugs on men and women who pay for them *without* selling sex.

If a woman knowingly accepts dangerous drugs from a pimp and gets addicted to them, she is the victim of drug addiction, not prostitution. See Chapter 9.

Drug dealers are the front-line sales force for a massive, global black market in dangerous drugs. The drug cartels operating this black market don't care where the money comes from. They just want to get paid. Their interest is in selling their high-priced drugs and expanding their business by enticing more people into addiction. They strive to protect their market turf from competition and from getting shut down by law enforcement.

This is a *broad* problem that harms millions of people worldwide, most of whom are *not* prostitutes. Drug addicts earn money to pay for their drugs in a wide variety of ways, only one of which is prostitution. And of those who do earn drug money by prostitution, some got into drugs *without* the involvement of any pimp. Hence, only a small minority of drug abusers are women pushed *by pimps* into drugs and into prostitution to pay for them.

Chapter 9 debunked False Myth #4, concerning drug-addicted women resorting to prostitution to pay for drugs. Failure Two in that chapter debunked that myth as the FALSE NARROWING OF A BROAD PROBLEM. It falsely narrows the broad problem of drug addiction to the subset of drug addicts who pay for drugs by prostitution.

Purported Answer #5 *further* narrows this field to those who were pushed into drugs and prostitution *by pimps*. This is again the FALSE NARROWING OF A BROAD PROBLEM and is therefore logically invalid.

Purported Answer #5 fails to explain why *prostitution itself* is harmful or evil. It does not explain how a pimp pushing a woman into drugs and into prostitution to pay for them makes her a victim of prostitution rather than a victim of the drugs and of the pimp's drug business.

♥ ♥ ♥

It bears mentioning that if drug prohibition laws were repealed, then drug prices would drop dramatically. Addicted women could then afford to purchase drugs without selling sex, just as they can presently afford cigarettes. Has anyone ever heard of a pimp

pushing *cigarettes* on a woman and enticing her into prostitution to pay for them?

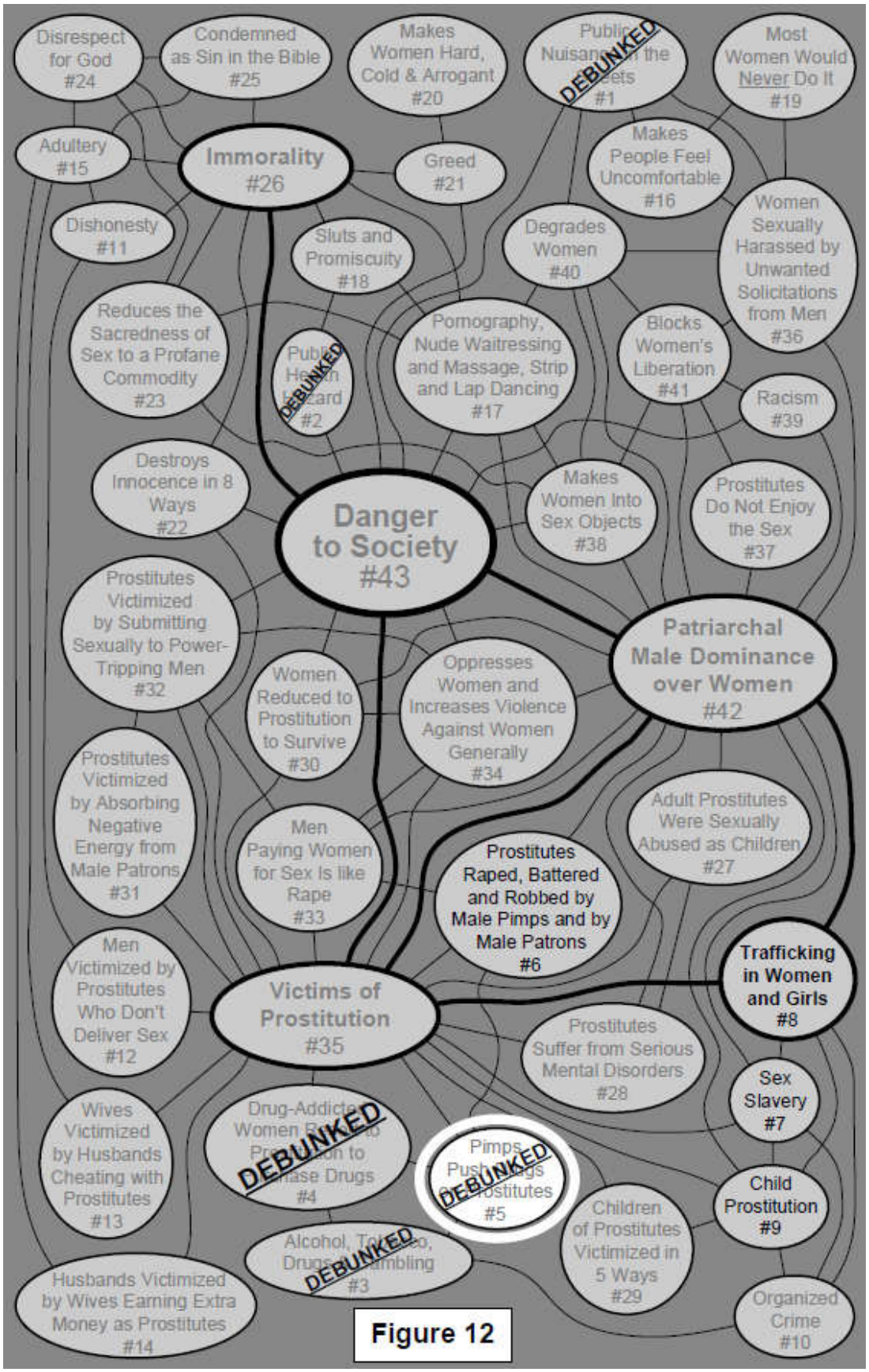
♥ ♥ ♥

Purported Answer #5 *fails* to answer the Sensible Question. It fails for two independent reasons. Two pins have popped its balloon. The notion that Purported Answer #5 answers the Sensible Question is a myth. It's a *false* myth, which has now been debunked, as shown in the box below and in Figure 12 below.

False Myth #5:

Prostitution is harmful and/or evil <u>because</u> pimps push dangerous drugs on women and entice them into prostitution to pay for the drugs. These drug-addicted women are victims of prostitution.

This Myth Is Now Debunked!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Husbands Victimized by Wives Earning Extra Money as Prostitutes #14
Organized Crime #10

Figure 12

Chapter 12

Yolanda

I had my awesome experience with Margarita in July 2000. In October 2000, I encountered Margarita again on Pussyland's enchanted narrow street. But she was cold and rude to me. So I went with Yolanda, who was standing a few feet away.

Yolanda is a tall prostitute with an hourglass figure, a nicely shaped butt and big breasts. As I was talking with her, a tough-looking American guy was watching us. He looked like he might be a football player. I could see he was interested in Yolanda and disappointed that I had her attention.

She took me up to a room on the third floor of the same hotel Margarita uses. I could see right away Yolanda was not the best choice for me. Nothing against Yolanda, but her energy was too "heavy" for me.

I did pray with her but, she refused to let me kiss her even on the cheek. I did bring her to orgasm orally, but not during intercourse. She would not have intercourse in missionary position. She would only do "doggy" position, which is definitely not my preference. I like my face to be close to my lover's face during intercourse.

What is fascinating, however, is that *after* we had had sex, her energy seemed to lighten up a bit. She seemed to get softer. I walked her back down to the street. Then, right there in front of all the other girls who were watching, *she kissed me on the lips*!

Clearly, I had a positive effect on Yolanda. And that kiss transformed the whole experience for me.

I said goodbye and walked east on the narrow street. As I turned left onto Avenida Constitucion, I bumped into the tough guy. He asked me, "What was she like?"

Should I tell him she had refused to kiss me and then finally kissed me on the sidewalk? I decided not to. "I had a nice time," I

replied. “She’s available now. I just said goodbye to her on the sidewalk.”

He replied in a harsh tone of voice, “I hope you didn’t *kiss* her!”

I don’t think he’s ready for sacred sex.

Amanda

There had to be a way to get prostitutes to kiss. I didn’t just want sex. I wanted to *make out* with deep French kissing first, and *then* move into sex. What I needed to do was to *ask* prostitutes about kissing *before* going to the room. They wanted my business. I had the power to turn them down if they refused to agree to what I wanted.

Maybe what I needed to do was to offer them more money!

In November 2000, I walked into Pussyland’s Adelita Bar and was immediately hit on by Amanda. She had a pretty face, straight, shoulder-length black hair, and a beautiful figure with big breasts. And she spoke decent English. She flirted with me aggressively and had her hands all over me, which I enjoyed.

“I’m Mark. What’s your name?”

“Amanda,” she replied. “It’s nice to meet you. Are you from San Diego?”

“No. Los Angeles.”

“Will you buy me a drink?”

“No. I don’t drink. I just come here for the girls. How much for half an hour?”

“Fifty dollars.”

“I want kissing with tongues. I’ll pay you *sixty* dollars if you kiss me with tongues.”

She smiled brightly, pausing to think about my offer. Her big brown eyes scanned me from my eyes down to my feet and back up to my eyes. Still smiling, she said, “For you, okay. But don’t tell anybody down here.” She seemed excited about my offer and

making extra money doing this special thing with me. But she didn't want any word of this getting around!

I took her hand and confidently led her upstairs to the hotel. She loved this. We got a room, put down our things and locked the door. I turned and looked directly into her eyes.

Right then, Spirit said something hugely important to me. That message from God would become my sacred "trademark" with prostitutes. It would become the picture on the cover of this book. Here is the instruction I received: "Bow down to her and prayerfully offer the money to the Goddess in her."

Okay, I thought. I will do that. However, the floor was linoleum, which was not going to work for my knees! So I took off my jacket and threw it down for a cushion. I gently touched Amanda's shoulders with both my hands and asked her to stand facing me. Then I let go of her shoulders and took the money from my pocket. I knelt before her, putting my knees on my jacket. Clasping the money between both my hands in a prayer pose just below her breasts, I offered it to her.

She melted.

She took my head with both her hands and pulled my face into her breasts, embracing me tightly. With my simple gesture, *I was honoring the Goddess in her*, and she *felt* it. I was treating her with the utmost respect and love.

By bowing down and prayerfully offering her the money, I elevated what society perceives as an "immoral" act into a *sacred* act.

She held me for a long time. When she finally let go, she gently took the money. She knew she was getting *blessed* by receiving it from my prayer-clasped hands.

I stood up and kissed her on the lips. She opened her mouth and French kissed me. Beautifully, sweetly, deeply and passionately. Our tongues danced. The kiss was *sacred*, and she *loved* it. So did I. She continued French kissing me throughout our lovemaking.

When the male attendant knocked at the door, Amanda yelled at him in Spanish. We would be a few more minutes! I dislike having my precious sexual time with a woman interrupted like that. It disrupts the sacred, high frequency energy field I have created with her.

Anyway, I was right. Some prostitutes *will* kiss. Yay! So much for the conventional wisdom that they don't!

♥ ♥ ♥

Stars are used to rate hotels. But none of the hotels in Tijuana's Pussyland is rated! I'm no expert in this, but I did find an explanation on the Internet of the star system. I offer the following off-hand ratings. Hotel Coahuila, upstairs from Adelita Bar, might get *one-half* a star. So would the Hotel Jalos above the Chicago Club on Constitucion around the corner from Adelita Bar. However, I would erase the half stars due to the knocks at the door. All the rest of the hotels in Pussyland get *zero* stars!

There are also some hotels about one block away from Pussyland that I would give *three-quarters* of a star. Motel Alaska and Hotel Nelson are in this category. And three miles from Pussyland, there is the Tijuana Marriott, which *is* rated and has *four* stars. I'll tell you about my experiences at these hotels in later books in this series.

About one mile from Pussyland, very close to the U.S. border, is the Pueblo Amigo Hotel. It is rated with *three* stars.

♥ ♥ ♥

In November and December 2000, I had sex with Amanda during seven separate trips to Tijuana. Each time except for the last, we went to a room in Hotel Coahuila, upstairs from Adelita Bar.

I once asked her how much she was making, and she told me about $2,500 per week. That would not surprise me given her aggressive approach to seducing men in the Bar. She saved her

money and bought a house, where she lives with her son and daughter. She is divorced from their father.

Each time I saw Amanda, I bowed down to give her the money. She loved this ritual. And I have done it ever since with every prostitute I've been with.

Each time, I gave Amanda a huge orgasm by licking her pussy in DATY position and/or in 69 position. But she never came to orgasm during intercourse. In fact, I was unable to *reliably* deliver vaginal orgasms to any prostitute. Margarita was the only prostitute who had had a vaginal orgasm during intercourse with me.

One time after sex I said to Amanda, "When you're working, I want you to *pray* for each man during sex. I mean to pray silently, not aloud. Pray for his health, his finances, his family and his happiness. If he is married, pray for his wife to learn to satisfy him sexually."

"Okay," she replied, "That's a good idea. I will try to remember to do it."

"Your prayer is more powerful when he's having an orgasm."

"I understand," she replied.

Each time as Amanda and I were walking out of Hotel Coahuila, she would stop to telephone her kids. She used a pay phone next to the hotel desk (this was before the Pussyland prostitutes started to get cell phones). After talking with her son or daughter for a minute or so, she would walk down the stairs with me.

After making love with Amanda the sixth time at Hotel Coahuila, I told her I wanted to spend the night with her at the Pueblo Amigo Hotel. We discussed it.

"I will do it for $500," she said.

"I want to be very clear," I explained. "I pick you up hear at Adelita at 10:00 p.m. We take a taxi to Pueblo Amigo. We make love for as long as we want. You sleep with me, and in the morning we make love again. Then you have breakfast with me at the restaurant, and go home at 8:00 a.m."

"Yes," she agreed, "for $500."

“That’s pretty high,” I said.

“If I go all that time with you, then I will lose other customers. So I have to charge you that much.”

I decided to go for it. “Okay,” I replied. “So I get you from 10 p.m. until 8:00 a.m., right?”

“Yes, but you will have to pay a release fee to Adelita to let me go.”

“Okay,” I said.

We agreed on a date a few days after Christmas 2000.

This would be my first experience spending the whole night with a prostitute. In retrospect, I should have negotiated her down on the price. Based on what I now know, I think she would have come down, perhaps to $350.

I wanted to make this a special occasion with Christmas gifts for her. One gift was a piece of purple crystal about six inches across—an amethyst. The other was a box of chocolates—See’s Candies. I wrapped both, tied them each with ribbon and a bow and put them into my satchel.

I arrived at Adelita Bar at 10:00 p.m. on the appointed day. Just as I was about to walk in through the red curtains, I bumped into Amanda. She was coming out of the curtains with a man. She said, “Give me 20 minutes.” I was disappointed that she went with this other guy right at the time she had agreed to meet me. But, oh well.

I waited for her on the sidewalk amongst the usual gathering of cab drivers and other men. We watched the girls come out of the red curtains with their male customers and walk up the stairs to Hotel Coahuila. And we watched them come back down the stairs, sometimes together, sometimes separately. After about 20 minutes, Amanda came down the stairs by herself and invited me into Adelita Bar. Inside, she said she needed $20 for the release fee, which I gave her. She then took it to one of the managers and returned. We walked out and got into a cab together.

The cab ride took about eight minutes. Amanda and I chatted in the back seat. She also chatted with the driver in Spanish. He

dropped us off at Hotel Pueblo Amigo under the canopy by its big glass doors.

The overall footprint of the hotel is approximately a rectangle. The guest rooms are stacked seven stories high along two sides of that rectangle. What remains is a large room on the ground floor with a seven-story ceiling. The other two sides of the rectangle are enormous walls of glass seven stories tall. The guest rooms open into aisles—one on each floor—that double as balconies overlooking the big room. Part of the floor area in the big room is the hotel's restaurant, with seating below the tall ceiling. At that time, the rest of the big room was a lounge area with sofas, chairs and coffee tables. Sometime around 2009, the lounge was replaced with a casino, consisting mostly of slot machines.

The doorman greeted Amanda and me as we got out of the taxi. He opened the big glass door for us and ushered us in past a Christmas tree. Amanda waited while I checked in. Then the bell hop ushered us into a glass elevator. We looked out over the big room as we rode up to the fifth floor. He then led us along the balcony into our room. I tipped him.

After we got settled, Amanda asked me about the money. I bowed down to her and presented the $500 in my prayer-clasped hands. She melted as usual, took the money, and bent down to kiss me. Passionately.

Then we sat down on the sofa, and I offered her the two wrapped presents. She was delighted as she opened them. We shared some of the chocolates. She had never seen an amethyst like the one she received.

I took her hand, led her to the bed, and we removed our clothes. We made love for a long time. It was wonderful not to have a time limit, and not to hear any knock at the door. We had intercourse for a long time. She became so aroused during intercourse that she told me she was *desperate* for a vaginal orgasm.

"Please make me come!" she demanded. "I want us to come together."

But I didn't know *how* to make her come vaginally. As it turned out, I was doing everything right except that *one* critical ingredient was missing. I prayed to God for guidance, and my prayer was immediately answered. Spirit gave me the final instruction, which I immediately obeyed. Amanda exploded in orgasm. She went wild, crying, "I'm coming! I'm coming!"

Outstanding! Yay! Thank you God! This was my seventh time with Amanda, and she finally had a vaginal orgasm. That experience made my $500 very well spent.

Some readers might like to know what these "ingredients" are that empowered me to make Amanda explode in vaginal orgasm. I will address that in a later book in this series when I explain Male Tantra Mastery Step Two.

After we made love for about two hours, we got under the covers, and she snuggled in my arms. We slept for a while. It was sweet.

But then, at about 3:00 a.m., she woke me up and told me she needed to call her kids to check in. "May I use the room phone?" she asked.

"Okay," I replied. "Are they with a babysitter?"

"Yes, but I want to make sure everything is okay."

Well, this was a bit of a jolt. On the other hand, she always called her kids from the pay phone at Hotel Coahuila.

She dialed the room phone. "There is no answer," she said.

"Try again. Maybe you misdialed," I replied.

She did. Again no answer. "I'm worried about my kids. I have to go home," she announced. "I will get a taxi."

There wasn't really anything I could say. She got dressed, kissed me goodbye, and walked out of the room. And that was that.

I lay in the bed for a long time feeling ambivalent about the whole thing. I paid her $500 to be with me from 10 p.m. *to 8 a.m.* She took *all* the money, but gave me only *half* the time. On the other hand, I had a miraculous breakthrough in learning to give vaginal orgasms to women. Hmm. After pondering the ambiguity of the night for a while, I fell back to sleep.

In the morning, I showered, got dressed and had breakfast all by myself under the seven-story-high ceiling. It slowly dawned on me that the phone calls might have been a ploy. For all I know, she might have taken the taxi not home but back to Adelita to make more money. I resolved that the next time I spent the night with a prostitute I would pay her half up front, and half in the morning.

I never had sex with Amanda again. And yet, I received two miraculous gifts from God while I was with Amanda. My first time with her, I learned to bow down and offer the money. And my last time with her, I learned how to reliably deliver vaginal orgasms to women. However, I did not yet know if I could repeat it with other women.

God bless you, Amanda!

Jennifer

In January 2001 I decided to try finding a prostitute in Los Angeles again. It had been four years since Kristina, whom I had located from a postage-stamp ad in *L.A. Weekly*. I picked up a fresh copy of *L.A. Weekly*. A small ad said, "Beautiful Russian Girl." I called the number, and a woman answered. "Hello," she said.

"I found your ad in *L.A. Weekly*."

"It's $200 for in call," she replied, "The girls are all beautiful, and it's full service."

I was astonished. Back in 1997 when I had asked on the phone about "full service" I got hung up on. Now, knowing absolutely nothing about me, this woman actually announced "full service." What if I were a police officer? On the other hand, what if *she* worked for the police? Also, this was obviously an agency, and I definitely preferred to speak directly to the girl. But God interrupted my thoughts. "*Do it!*" Spirit instructed me.

"How do you work?" I asked her, obeying Spirit's guidance.

"Well, I have a beautiful blonde woman named Jennifer, who is available now."

"May I speak with her?"

"No. You can talk to her when you meet her."

"What is your name?" I asked her.

"I'm Lorraine," she replied. "Would you like to see Jennifer today?"

"*Do it!*" Spirit commanded again. I made an appointment for about two hours later that afternoon. She gave me an address in West Hollywood.

♥ ♥ ♥

I decided to try something new. I would bring *flowers*. And I resolved to do the same things I had recently done with Amanda. Hopefully, I would give Jennifer a vaginal orgasm during intercourse. At this point, I was less concerned about kissing. I knew I could probably get kissing if I paid more money.

I rang Jennifer's doorbell holding a bouquet of red roses. She opened the door and lit right up when she saw me. She was indeed blonde, as Lorraine had said, and she was indeed beautiful as Lorraine had also said. Jennifer was *gorgeous*. She invited me inside.

"Hi! I'm Mark, These are for you," I said handing her the flowers.

"Thank you," she said, in a strong Russian accent, her face glowing.

She led me to the kitchen, where I assisted her putting the roses into a vase. Then she led me to the bedroom and asked me for the money. I took the $200 from my pocket, faced her and looked into her eyes. I got down on my knees and offered her the money in my prayer-clasped hands.

She melted. Taking the money from my hands, she embraced me, pulling my face into her breasts, as Amanda had done.

There is truly something magical about offering money to a prostitute in this way. It honors the Goddess in her, and she *feels* it.

She took the money into another room. While she was gone, I took off most of my clothes. When she returned, I was sitting on the bed wearing only my underwear. She removed her dress and joined me, wearing only her bra and panties. My God, she was gorgeous!

But when I tried to kiss her on the mouth, she pulled back. “No kissing,” she said.

“Okay,” I replied. Unlike Amanda, I had not negotiated kissing with Jennifer. Things were more expensive in Los Angeles.

I took her into my arms in a sitting position and prayed, as usual. She liked this.

We moved into lovemaking, and she seemed to be having a wonderful time with me. For some reason we did not do oral sex, but went directly to intercourse. Could I repeat what I did with Amanda?

Well, during intercourse I employed all the “ingredients” that Spirit had taught me. Jennifer seemed to be in bliss, but she was quiet. When I finally stopped about twenty minutes later, her facial expression changed. Her bliss turned into shock, as though she suddenly realized what had happened. She lifted her head from the pillow and looked directly into my eyes. Raising her left hand, she put three fingers in the air.

Shaking her three fingers at me, she exclaimed, “I came *three times*!!”

It worked! Mission accomplished! Yay!!!

“Wonderful,” I replied.

“I *never* come while working at all. And I never came three times!” She was obviously surprised and delighted at what had just happened to her.

She pulled me into her arms, and we cuddled for a while. Then she reached down and pulled the condom off my penis. “You didn’t come! I thought you came.”

“I’m a tantra master,” I replied. “I did have several orgasms, but I didn’t ejaculate.”

I don’t think she understood me.

♥ ♥ ♥

One week later, I called Lorraine again, and booked another appointment with Jennifer.

Jennifer could not hide her pleasure when she greeted me. I had flowers again. I bowed down again to give her the money, which she loved. Once again, she took the money into the other room. There was something odd about the other room, almost like someone was in there. Hmm.

As we started making love, Jennifer looked at me and said, "Do you want to be my boyfriend?"

"Yes," I replied.

And then she kissed me. With tongues! No negotiation. No extra money!

The lovemaking was fabulous, and she *again* had several vaginal orgasms during intercourse. What I was doing worked—*again*.

When we finished, I asked her, "What is your phone number? If I'm your boyfriend I need your phone number."

"I don't have a phone. The lady in the other room takes the calls," she replied.

So there actually *was* someone in that other room.

"Well, how will we get together then?" I asked.

"You come back in two days," she replied. "I hope I have a phone by then."

♥ ♥ ♥

When I returned two days later and knocked at her door, there was no answer. I walked around the building and found a spot where I could look through a window into the apartment. It was empty! The place had been vacated!

This was weird. When I got home, I telephoned Lorraine. "Hi Lorraine. This is Mark. How are you?"

"I'm good," she answered, "And you?"

“I’m fine, thank you. I really enjoyed seeing Jennifer again the other day. I would like to make another appointment with Jennifer.”

“You can’t,” Lorraine responded. “She’s no longer working. She just got *married*.”

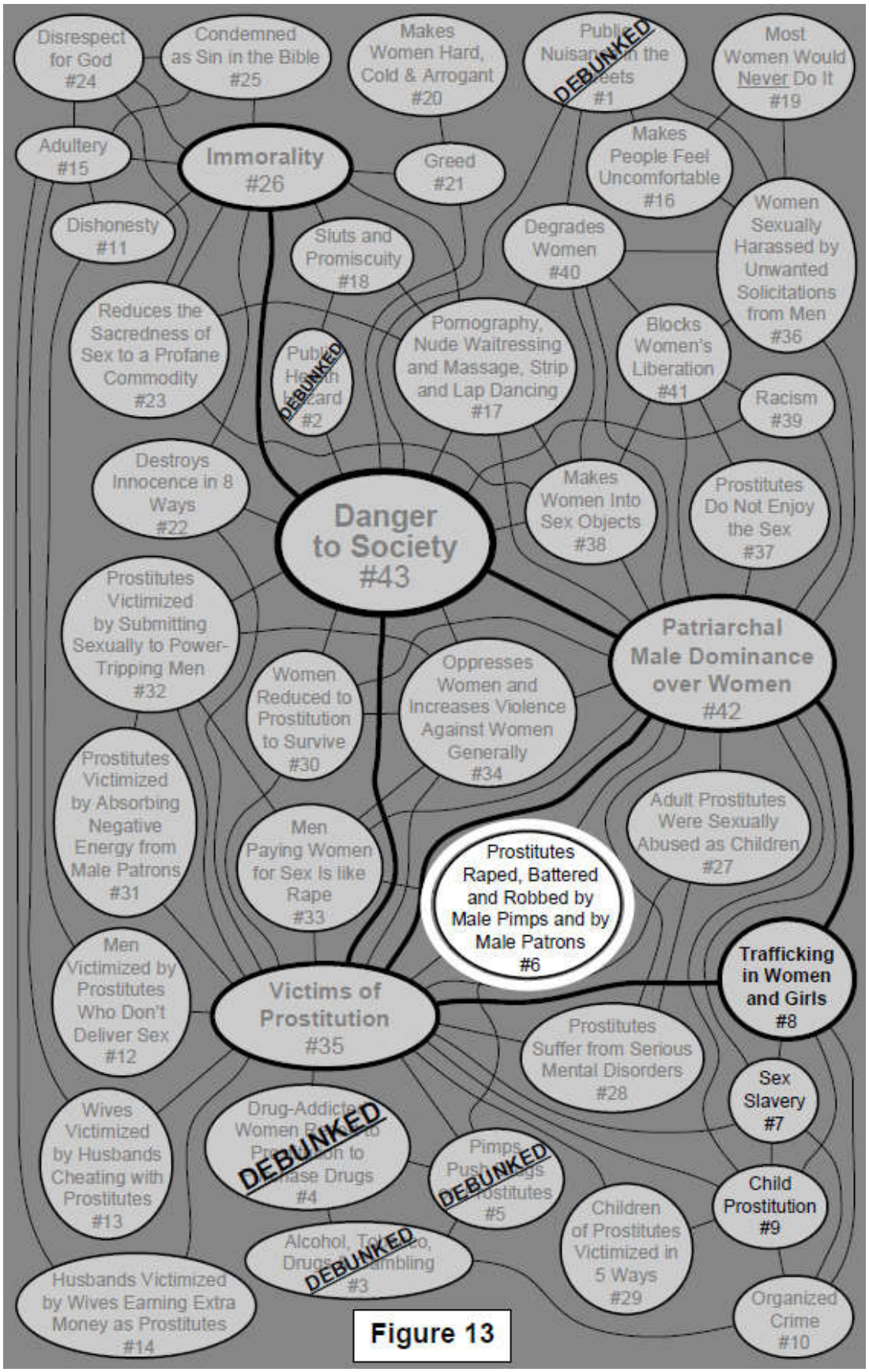
“What!?” I was shocked.

“But I have another beautiful girl for you,” she offered.

Was this not a bizarre circumstance? Just two days earlier, Jennifer had asked me to be her *boyfriend*. But said she had no phone and to come back in two days. Then, when I did so, the apartment was vacant, and Lorraine was now telling me Jennifer got *married*. I don’t think Lorraine was telling the truth.

I told Lorraine I would think about it and then got off the phone.

I never saw Jennifer again. God bless you, Jennifer, wherever you are!


Disrespect for God #24
Condemned as Sin in the Bible #25
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Wives Victimized by Husbands Cheating with Prostitutes #13
Drug-Addicted Women Resort to Prostitution to Purchase Drugs #4 DEBUNKED
Pimps Push Drugs to Prostitutes #5 DEBUNKED
Child Prostitution #9
Children of Prostitutes Victimized in 5 Ways #29
Alcohol, Tobacco, Drugs, Gambling #3 DEBUNKED
Husbands Victimized by Wives Earning Extra Money as Prostitutes #14
Organized Crime #10

Figure 13

Chapter 13

Debunking Myth #6: Prostitutes Get Raped, Battered and Robbed by Male Pimps and by Male Patrons

WHY is prostitution harmful and/or evil?

Purported Answer #6:
Because prostitutes get raped, battered and robbed by male pimps and by male patrons. These women are victims of prostitution.

Purported Answer #6 concerns battery and robbery of prostitutes by male pimps and by male patrons. Society seems concerned that these women are victims of prostitution.

I have seen no evidence of pimps forcing *drug addiction* on women. I am aware of one prostitute who was *battered* by a pimp. That is Alexandra whom I will introduce in the next chapter. (I saw no evidence of drugs with Alexandra, other than alcohol and tobacco.) I have also heard a few stories from prostitutes about physically aggressive male patrons. Nothing particularly severe, except for Tiffany whose abusive male patron was a *police officer*. I will tell you Tiffany's story in a later book in this series.

As for robbery, I have never heard about any prostitute getting robbed, by either a pimp or patron. I did once see a *movie* where a

pimp and a prostitute were living together. While she was asleep he took their stash of money and abandoned her.

Nor have I ever heard about any prostitute being raped by a pimp or by a patron. A prostitute named Nicole was raped by a stalker, but he was neither her pimp (she had no pimp) nor her patron.

♥ ♥ ♥

Once again, we come back to our Sensible Question:

WHY is prostitution harmful and/or evil?

Let's now examine how Purported Answer #6 attempts to answer it:

> *Because prostitutes get raped, battered and robbed by male pimps and by male patrons. These women are victims of prostitution.*

Does *this* answer the Sensible Question? Does this explain *why* prostitution is harmful and/or evil? I say no.

I submit to you that Purported Answer #6 *fails* to answer the Sensible Question for three independent reasons.

Failure One

False Generalization (MIR #1): Purported Answer #6 is invalid because many prostitutes have *never* been raped, battered or robbed by a male pimp or patron.

I've had fascinating conversations with many prostitutes, sometimes at length. Most often, these conversations took place while we lay in bed together after sex—sometimes in the morning after sleeping together. I have also taken prostitutes out to dinner. Or we have gone on walks together. Some prostitutes have introduced me to their friends. These social times have provided ample opportunity for me to get to know many of these women.

Because they trust me, they love to talk about the business of prostitution. They also talk about their non-paid experiences with men. This includes several Spanish speaking prostitutes in Tijuana, who speak a limited but sufficient amount of English.

I have had conversations with them about the risk of physical violence in their work. Most of them said they never had any physically abusive encounter *in the course of their work as prostitutes*. (Only Alexandra and Tiffany reported physical abuse related to prostitution.) But several prostitutes reported violent encounters with *boyfriends, ex-boyfriends, husbands, ex-husbands,* and in Nicole's case, a *stalking rapist*.

Purported Answer #6 *falsely generalizes* the fact that *some* prostitutes have been victims of work-related rape, battery and robbery, into *all* prostitutes suffering such violence. This is a FALSE GENERALIZATION and is therefore logically invalid.

Purported Answer #6 fails to explain why *prostitution itself* is harmful or evil. It does not explain how prostitution is harmful or evil for street smart prostitutes who avoid potentially violent men and do not suffer work-related violence.

♥ ♥ ♥

Mistake in Reasoning #5: LABELING SOMEONE AS THE VICTIM OF THE CIRCUMSTANCES IN WHICH A CRIME IS COMMITTED IN LIEU OF LABELING HIM OR HER A VICTIM OF THAT CRIME

Trevor works for the water company as a meter reader. He walks all day in residential neighborhoods reading the water meters in front of each property. One house is occupied by gangsters. As

Trevor is reading its meter, a gangster points a gun out the window and shoots him dead. Trevor is a victim of meter reading.

Nonsense. Trevor is the victim of *murder*! It's true that had Trevor not read that meter, he would not have been killed. But meter reading was merely the *circumstance* in which the murder took place. To label him a "victim" of meter reading is LABELING SOMEONE AS THE VICTIM OF THE CIRCUMSTANCES IN WHICH A CRIME IS COMMITTED IN LIEU OF LABELING HIM OR HER A VICTIM OF THAT CRIME. That is *absurd*. It is invalid reasoning. It yields false conclusions.

Failure Two

Labeling Someone as the Victim of the Circumstances in Which a Crime Is Committed in Lieu of Labeling Him or Her a Victim of That Crime (MIR #5): Purported Answer #6 is invalid because it fails to explain why a prostitute who gets raped, battered or robbed by a male pimp or by a male patron is the victim of *prostitution*, rather than a victim of that rape, battery or robbery.

I have personally heard dozens of women tell stories of violent abuse by men, where *no* prostitution was involved. They have told me about rape, battery, robbery and other physical and sexual violence. The perpetrators included lovers, ex-lovers, male relatives and strangers. Most of these women were *not* prostitutes.

Violence by men against women is a problem in our society. Rape, battery and robbery are *real* crimes. If a man rapes, batters or robs a woman, he should be prosecuted. This has nothing whatsoever to do with prostitution. Nevertheless, if these real crimes happen in the context of a sex-for-money transaction, people get distracted. The violence becomes secondary. People instead focus on the mixture of sex and money. Rather than crying "rape" or "robbery," they cry "prostitution!"

Suppose a female hair stylist cuts a man's hair. He then batters her and robs her cash register. Is she a *victim of hair styling?* Suppose a female interior designer meets a male client at a vacant office space he is purportedly going to rent. After discussing colors and furniture with her, he rapes her. Is she a *victim of interior design*? No and no!

Likewise, if a prostitute is raped, battered or robbed by a male pimp or patron, she is a victim of *his violent crime*. She is *not* the victim of prostitution.

Countless people are the victims of criminal violence. These people come from all walks of life. They are *not* the victims of the *circumstances* where the crimes are committed. They are victims of the *crimes*.

Furthermore, countless women are *married* to abusive men who batter them regularly. Is *marriage* the cause of this battery? Are these wives the *victims of marriage*? No. These wives are victims of their *husbands' violent crimes*.

Normally, when a person is the victim of rape, battery or robbery, he or she can call the police. But because of the laws against prostitution, a prostitute cannot do this. If she calls the police, she risks being arrested for prostitution! (A refreshing contrast to this situation exists in Tijuana's Pussyland, which has a police station. The cops stand on the streets among the prostitutes to protect them.) Most prostitutes tend to be shrewd, street-smart women, who have learned to take care of themselves. Many have told me they watch men carefully and do their best to avoid men who seem risky.

Purported Answer #6 asserts that when a prostitute is raped, battered or robbed by a pimp or patron, she is a victim of *prostitution*. This is nonsense. Purported Answer #6 improperly labels her as the victim of the "prostitution-like" *circumstances* where the man's violence takes place, *rather than* properly labeling her as the victim of his criminal force. This is LABELING SOMEONE AS THE VICTIM OF THE CIRCUMSTANCES IN WHICH A CRIME IS COMMITTED IN LIEU OF

LABELING HIM OR HER A VICTIM OF THAT CRIME. It is therefore logically invalid.

Purported Answer #6 fails to explain why *prostitution itself* is harmful or evil. It does not explain how being raped, battered or robbed when selling sex makes a woman the victim of prostitution, rather than of violence.

♥ ♥ ♥

Mistake in Reasoning #6:
INVITING A GREATER EVIL

In the early 1900s a group of women organized to combat the problem of alcohol abuse. Their goal was to eliminate this abuse *by eliminating drinking*. Incredibly, they got the United States Constitution amended in 1920 to prohibit alcoholic beverages. So began Prohibition—America's great experiment in ending alcohol abuse.

Their approach did not address the underlying problem. Rather than attacking the depression, anxiety and pain that motivate people to abuse alcohol, they instead attacked the *beverages*.

Two significant things happened. First, the experiment *failed*. Thirteen years later in 1933, the Eighteenth Amendment prohibiting the beverages got repealed by the Twenty-First Amendment. Second, *a greater evil was invited into existence.* Because Prohibition failed to eliminate the demand for liquor, a *black market* appeared to supply that demand. The small-time operators in this black market were called "bootleggers." But another group of big-time operators also came into existence—the *American Mafia*, including Al Capone's Chicago-based operation. When Prohibition ended, the bootleggers went out of business.

But the Mafia did *not* go out of business—it shifted into other black markets.

These well-meaning ladies failed to eliminate alcohol abuse. But they succeeded at INVITING A GREATER EVIL than alcohol abuse. They invited the American Mafia into existence! The Mafia is a vast and extremely dangerous criminal organization. And it's still in operation today, 80 years after the repeal of Prohibition! It regularly engages in the business of *murder*. Hit men employed by the American Mafia have murdered thousands of people, including competitors, crime witnesses, and police officers.

Laws should not be passed prohibiting *nonviolent* but purportedly "evil" products or services that are in demand. This is because such laws INVITE A GREATER EVIL that will involve *violence*. Such laws are based on invalid reasoning.

Failure Three

Inviting a Greater Evil (MIR #6): Purported Answer #6 is invalid because it is the *illegality* of prostitution that *invites* rape, battery and robbery against prostitutes.

Where prostitution is illegal, a prostitute who calls the police to report violence risks being arrested herself—for prostitution. Violent pimps and violent male patrons *know* this. They know they can get away with their crimes because the prostitute won't call the police.

No woman wants to suffer the humiliation of rape, the bruises of battery or the financial loss of robbery. But what about the humiliation and physical force of being arrested at gunpoint by police? What about the emotional trauma and financial loss of getting convicted of prostitution and sentenced to jail? Most of the prostitutes I know have children. When a mother is in jail, her children are deprived of her care, or worse, get taken away from her by "concerned" government officials. Most prostitutes will do

anything to avoid the hell the government is prepared to inflict on them and their children. So they *don't* call the police to report violence by pimps and patrons. *Better to live with the humiliation of rape, the bruises of battery and losses of robbery*!

This means that the *illegality* of prostitution creates an open invitation for violence. It invites men of bad character to commit violent crimes against women who choose this profession.

When Purported Answer #6 is used to justify legal prohibition of prostitution, it is INVITING A GREATER EVIL of increased violence.

Purported Answer #6 fails to explain why *prostitution itself* is harmful or evil. It does not explain why eliminating sex for money transactions takes *priority* over preventing violence against women.

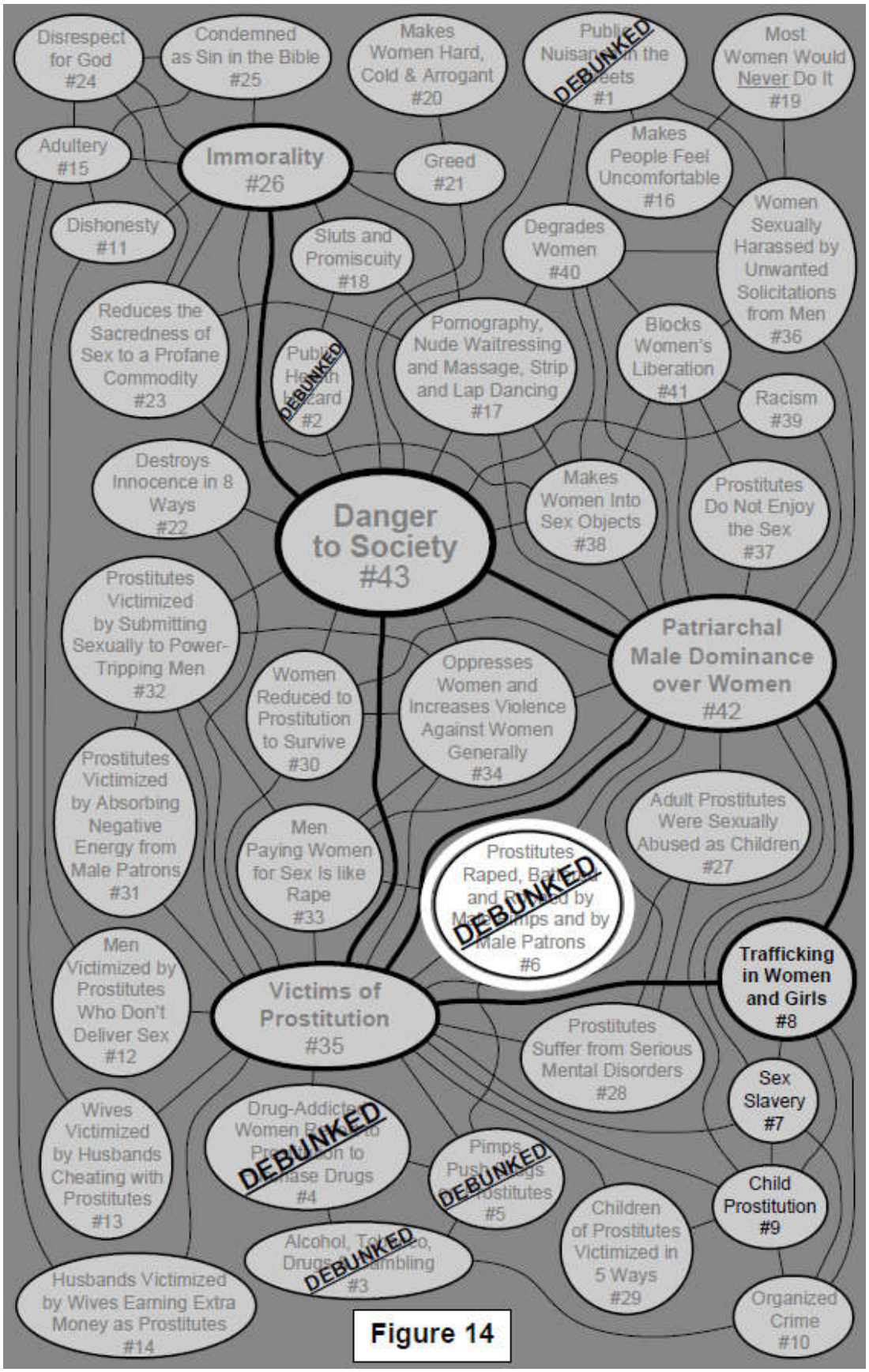
♥ ♥ ♥

Purported Answer #6 *fails* to answer the Sensible Question. Three pins. One balloon. Pop! The notion that Purported Answer #6 answers the Sensible Question is a myth. It's a *false* myth, which has now been debunked, as shown in the box below and in Figure 14 below.

False Myth #6:

Prostitution is harmful and/or evil because prostitutes get raped, battered and robbed by male pimps and by male patrons. These women are victims of prostitution.

This Myth Is Now Debunked!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Victims of Prostitution #35
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Sex Slavery #7
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Drug-Addicted Women Resort to Prostitution to Purchase Drugs #4 DEBUNKED
Pimps Push Drugs to Prostitutes #5 DEBUNKED
Child Prostitution #9
Children of Prostitutes Victimized in 5 Ways #29
Alcohol, Tobacco, Drugs, Gambling #3 DEBUNKED
Husbands Victimized by Wives Earning Extra Money as Prostitutes #14
Organized Crime #10

Figure 14

Chapter 14

Alexandra

After Jennifer disappeared and I was told she had just gotten "married," Lorraine had offered me another girl. In February 2001 I called Lorraine back and accepted. The price was still $200 for full service. This girl's name was Alexandra, and she had dark hair! Yay!

Lorraine gave me an address in West Los Angeles of a large apartment complex near National Boulevard and the Interstate 10. She instructed me to enter a security code at the main door. This was just a short drive from my home. I parked nearby, walked to the complex, and entered the code.

A woman answered and asked for my name. I replied "Mark." She gave me an apartment number on the third floor and buzzed me in. I don't know who I was talking with, but I think it might have been a prostitute named Virginia.

I arrived at the apartment door with red roses and rang the doorbell. I could see someone peer out the peek hole. A lovely Ukrainian woman slowly opened the door. She was tall—about 5-8. Her long, black hair fell gracefully below her shoulders. All she was wearing was a blue, see-through night gown and blue panties. I could see her nipples.

She had just arrived in the United States. As I quickly learned, she scarcely spoke a word of English. But words were not necessary, at least for now. *Alexandra melted at the sight of me.* Accepting the flowers, she went into the kitchen to get them some water. Then she led me down a short hall into her tiny bedroom. She put the flowers on a night stand and closed the door.

I took off my shoes, removed $200 from my pocket, and then took off my pants. I faced her and smiled at her, feeling an erection coming on inside my underwear.

Clasping the money between my hands in prayer pose, I got on my knees and offered it to her. I felt my hands touching the inner surfaces of her almost-naked breasts. She melted again, took the money, threw it on the floor and then wrapped her arms around me.

I stood up, took her into my arms and planted a kiss firmly on her lips. Her mouth opened immediately and we kissed deeply and passionately.

This was outstanding! I had not negotiated or paid extra for kissing. It just happened because *she* wanted it.

However, her mouth tasted like a combination of cigarettes and breath medication. I tolerated that and enjoyed our kissing anyway. As we kissed, I embraced her tightly with my left arm. My right hand delicately touched and explored her hair, her back and her waist. She was breathing heavily.

After a few minutes of kissing, I had a fully hard erection. I loosened my embrace to make a bit of room between us. My right hand took her left hand and placed it on my underwear while still kissing her. She loved this. She tenderly touched my hardness as my right hand began touching her breasts.

Then I let go the embrace and pulled her night gown off over her head. She looked into my eyes wondering what I would do next. She obviously loved it that I was in charge and doing things that made her feel wonderful.

I sat down in the middle of the bed with my legs spread and invited her to join me. I patted a spot on the bed right in front of me where I wanted her to sit. She did so. She was still wearing her blue panties. I guided her legs over mine and pulled her into a sitting embrace. Speaking softly into her ear, I prayed that I would lift her into ecstasy and that she would be blessed. I also prayed I would be blessed and united with Dorothy. Alexandra knew I was praying, even though she did not understand what I said.

After the prayer, I kissed her in our sitting embrace, feeling her almost nakedness. As her arms stayed around my neck, I gently touched both of her breasts as we kissed.

Was this young woman falling in love with me?

Then I gently laid her on her back, putting her head on the pillow, and removed her panties. Her pussy was *shaven*, which was new for me. I spread her legs apart and began licking her luscious pussy in DATY position. Weaving my arms under her legs, my fingers grasped her nipples. I licked her slowly and lovingly, focusing mostly on her clitoris, as my fingers squeezed, and twisted her nipples. She put her legs around my back, as if to say "Don't pull away. I want this." I quickly realized that I strongly prefer it when a woman shaves her pussy. No more pubic hair in my mouth or caught in my teeth!

After about 10 minutes, Alexandra's whole body began moving rhythmically as she moaned and closed her eyes. She was obviously in orgasm, and I made it last as long as possible, probably for two or three minutes. Then her legs clamped hard on my cheeks, and her hands pushed my head away from her pussy. She had had enough cunnilingus!

I climbed on top of her. My hard cock glided slowly into her vagina. When fully inserted, I held my cock still, pressing deeply into her, and kissed her. She opened her mouth and kissed me back passionately, wrapping her arms around me.

While still kissing her, I began slowly moving myself in her vagina, gradually accelerating. I moved my arms into my favorite position for intercourse. My left arm was around her neck, and my right hand was wrapped under her left arm gripping her shoulder. This position enables me to fuck with greater power, which I did, sometimes kissing her, sometimes not. I could feel her body trembling, and I could hear her moaning. I could see bliss on her face, and her kisses were passionate. After fucking her for about 10 minutes, she stopped me, somehow communicating that she had had enough.

Was her pussy sore? Did she have too many orgasms? Was my weight too much for her? I didn't know. But she seemed happy!

I got off her and lay on my back. She then removed my condom and looked surprised because she saw no semen. I told her that I'm

a tantra master and had had many orgasms but did not ejaculate. She could not have understood me, but she didn't care. What she wanted was my bare, hard penis, which she immediately took into her mouth. She sucked on me for a long time, obviously enjoying herself as I was obviously enjoying myself!

Then I invited her to lie next to me. I pulled the sheet over us and she snuggled naked in my arms for a few minutes.

Unfortunately, her phone rang. She sat up on the edge of the bed and answered it. Speaking Russian, she took a pen and paper and wrote down an address. Her expression turned to sadness and frustration. When she got off the phone, she slapped the bed with her hand, and stamped her foot. She had to see another customer when she wanted to spend more time with me. I was also unhappy about this. I was really enjoying my time with her, which by now had exceeded the hour for which I had paid.

We got dressed. She walked me to the front door and kissed me goodbye. I walked slowly down the hall, lingering a few times. I took the elevator to street level, and then lingered in the lobby. A taxi was waiting in a driveway near the elevator. Alexandra then appeared and got into the back seat of the taxi. She handed the driver the note with the address. She saw me and we waved to each other as the taxi drove away.

♥ ♥ ♥

A few hours after I got home, Lorraine called me.

"How was your time with Alexandra?"

"She was wonderful."

"Good."

"But she had taken some kind of breath medication that I didn't like."

"Oh. I'll talk to her about that. When would you like to see her again?"

"I'll call you when I have the money."

♥ ♥ ♥

A week later was Valentine's Day. I called Lorraine and made another appointment to see Alexandra.

I arrived with more flowers and a small box of chocolates. This time, while I was undressing, Alexandra went into the bathroom across the hall and brushed her teeth. Perhaps Lorraine passed on my comment about her breath! Anyway, when we kissed it was much better.

I remember her sitting up on the bed with her back resting against the wall, eating the chocolates. Meanwhile, I was between her legs eating her pussy. At one point, she put the chocolate down. She closed her eyes and slowly slid down the wall sideways quite obviously surrendering into intense ecstasy. It was very beautiful.

However, while we were in the heat of intercourse, her phone rang, and she *took* the call. This was the first time a prostitute talked on the phone during sex, but not the last. I *hate* that. I wanted a woman's full attention during sex!

After making love, we sat up in bed together and attempted to communicate. She spoke both Ukrainian and Russian, and she had a Russian/English dictionary. She looked up words in Russian and pointed to the words, and I read the English translations. And we reversed this to go the other way. I remember her asking me what kind of work I do, and I replied that I work with computers. I asked her how old she was, and she replied 28.

I also learned she was from Kiev and had a ten-year-old son, who was back in Ukraine. This bothered me. Why did she come to the United States and leave her child behind? I later learned that she was facing extreme financial difficulties. She came here because she thought she could make a lot of money and send it home.

Notwithstanding these troublesome issues, I felt myself falling in love with Alexandra.

♥ ♥ ♥

The next day, I figured out a way to tell her that I cared about her. I enlisted the help of my friend, Teresa, who speaks Ukrainian. I wrote out a message in English. She recorded it on a voicemail in Ukrainian, which I then saved in a way I could access it later. Here is what it said:

Hi Alexandra. This is Teresa. Mark wrote a message for you in English. He asked me to translate it into Ukrainian on his voicemail for you to hear.

Mark is a deeply spiritual man. He trusts God. He believes that each person is the Presence of God. Alexandra, when Mark looks into your eyes, he sees you as a beautiful Goddess.

Mark views sex as sacred. For Mark, lovemaking with you is worshipping you as a Goddess. That is why he bows down to you. What he wants most of all is to make ecstasy and orgasm in your body. He wants to fill your heart with happiness.

Mark is advanced sexually. His penis stays erect for a long time, but he does not ejaculate. He can have orgasms for a long time without ejaculating. Very few men can do this.

Mark wants you to relax. He wants to hold you in his arms and make you feel peace and joy deep inside.

Alexandra, Mark is in your life to bring you a great blessing. He loves you. Don't be afraid to love him.

If you want to record a message for me, you can call the voicemail and leave it. I will translate it for Mark later. Please use Ukrainian, because I don't speak Russian.

Bye.

I saw Alexandra about a week later. Using gestures, I asked to use her phone (I did not yet have a cell phone). She was obviously confused by this and hesitated to let me, probably worrying she might get in trouble. But I gently took the phone from her hand and called my voicemail. I located the saved message and played it. I handed the phone to her and she was surprised to hear a woman speaking Ukrainian. After she had listened to about half the message, *tears poured from her eyes*.

When the message ended, she gestured that she wanted to leave me a message in return. I pushed some buttons on the phone and then she left me a brief message in Ukrainian.

I later learned from Teresa that it said:

> *Hi Teresa. I am Alexandra. Thank you for the message. I really like it when Mark comes to see me. He is not like the other men. He is so nice to me and brings me flowers. He is sexy man. He makes me come. I look forward to when he comes to see me. Bye.*

That wasn't exactly "I'm in love with Mark." She might have been scared to say so. Her tears spoke volumes, but there was more going on that I did not yet understand.

♥ ♥ ♥

Several days later, I decided to attempt to see Alexandra *without* making an appointment through Lorraine. Not necessarily for sex, but to get to know her better. I knew this was a bit risky. Someone other than Alexandra was answering from the security code and buzzing me into the building.

I figured out another way to get into the building without getting buzzed in. When I knocked at her door, Alexandra answered and let me in. We went into her bedroom and I removed my shoes.

Another lady then appeared and told me I would have to leave. I asked her if she was Lorraine, and she said "no, I'm Virginia." I

asked if I could speak with Lorraine, and she said Lorraine was not there. I followed Virginia into the living room. She picked up a phone, called Lorraine and spoke with her for a few seconds in Russian. Then she handed the phone to me. Lorraine told me I can only see Alexandra by appointment and would have to leave immediately. Then she put a *man* on the phone. He shouted, "Get the *fuck* out of there before I come down there."

While I was on the phone, Alexandra came into the living room holding my shoes. She had a resigned look on her face. I put my shoes on and left immediately.

Clearly, Alexandra was in no position to socialize. I could only see her if these other people got paid.

I started to wonder whether Alexandra might actually be a sex slave. Although she loved me and loved our sex, there was no way for me to socialize with her. Did this mean she was being forcibly restrained?

I needed more information. One evening, I used a public telephone to make an anonymous call to the Los Angeles Police Department. I described Alexandra's situation and asked the officer what he thought about it.

"It sounds to me like you are dealing with the Russian Mafia. I would advise you to stay away from her," He replied.

"Do you think she might be a sex slave?"

"I doubt it. Mafia operators are not stupid. They usually engage people by consent and there is some freedom, so I won't call it slavery. Do you have any evidence, like she's being physically detained?"

"No, but I'm concerned about her. She has a ten-year-old son back in Ukraine," I replied.

"There is nothing the police can do. And again, I advise you to keep your distance. You are risking your safety if you try to help her."

I believe the officer was correct that I was dealing with the Russian Mafia. I find it interesting that he said there was nothing

the police could do! Was he admitting that the LAPD had *surrendered* to the Russian Mafia? Or that the Russian Mafia had *bought off* the LAPD?

Ironically, however, were it not for the Russian Mafia, I would never have met either Jennifer or Alexandra. Nor would I have enjoyed all that sex with these two lovely ladies!

♥ ♥ ♥

I let a few weeks pass, but I missed Alexandra. My name, Mark, had been tainted by my unscheduled visit. When I finally called Lorraine, I used a different name. I said a friend had recommended a girl named Alexandra near National and the 10 Freeway. Lorraine said Alexandra had moved and gave me a new address on Melrose Avenue near Fairfax in West Hollywood.

This location was much nicer. Alexandra had a lovely, large bedroom with a private bath. She was living with Virginia, who had another large bedroom.

I visited Alexandra several times at that location, each time paying the required $200. Each time I bowed down to her with the money. Each time she either dropped it on the floor or dropped it on her night stand. Alexandra seemed far more interested in *me* than the money.

One time we took a shower together. She wanted me to wash her hair, which I very much enjoyed doing.

We tried to communicate, but it was difficult. I asked her about her son back in Ukraine. She indicated that she went to Western Union and sent money to him. She was obviously happy about that.

One time I wrote a letter detailing many of the complicated things happening in *my* life. Teresa translated it into Ukrainian. My letter expressed some intellectually sophisticated issues. Teresa is quite intelligent and well educated, and I am confident the translation was accurate.

However, when Alexandra read it, I could see from the expressions on her face she did not understand it. She had no clue what I was talking about. As she read it I began to wonder about her education and intellectual ability. Hmm.

I also wondered about what was happening to her that she was afraid to tell me. She would sometimes hold onto me tightly and cry on my shoulder.

Alexandra loved making love with me. But she could only handle a few orgasms and then wanted to stop. Prostitutes like to ask a man (during intercourse), "Are you finished?" This is because most men ejaculate, and then it's over. Alexandra quickly learned that I was *never* finished. So when she had had a few orgasms she would instead tell me, "Alexandra finished." She was satisfied and often said, "Good sex!" But I wanted *more* sex.

One time as I was leaving, she walked me to her front door. A few feet from the door, she stopped me. She looked into my eyes and said in English, "I love you."

I think I visited Alexandra four or five times at this location. I also got to know Virginia a little bit. But I never had sex with Virginia—she was blonde, and I prefer dark hair. In retrospect, what I should have done was to schedule a *threesome* with both of them. But alas, that would have cost twice as much. It never happened.

One time, after Alexandra and I had sex, she invited me to stay for a while. I was sitting in the living room talking with Virginia, whose English was much better than Alexandra's. Meanwhile, Alexandra cooked me a Ukrainian egg dish in the kitchen and served it to me. As I ate, she lit up a cigarette and smoked it. Yuck!

The last time was at the end of April, 2001. I noticed that there were a lot of flowers in Alexandra's room. I assumed they had been given to her by other male patrons. However, she expressed frustration to me that business was off, and she was not getting as many customers. I asked her about the flowers, and she said she bought them for herself.

While we were in bed together, she telephoned a Russian-speaking male friend and asked him to interpret. She put him on the phone. He spoke with compassion for Alexandra. For about ten minutes, Alexandra and I took turns talking with him, and he would interpret.

I learned during the interpreted conversation that Alexandra was in a difficult situation because she had a *contract*. She had been recruited in Ukraine. She was told she could make a lot of money as a prostitute in the United States. Flying first to Mexico, she crossed the U.S. border in a remote desert area. The interpreter said the contract would end in several months and that by then she would be free to socialize.

My immediate thought was to wait until her contract expired and then make her my girlfriend. However, I was not entirely sure I understood the terms of the illicit contract. Or when, precisely it would expire. Or even *if* it would expire. It was clearly made with nasty individuals, probably the Russian Mafia. Would she *really* be free sometime in the near future?

I said goodbye to her that day, thinking I would be returning. But the more I thought about it, the more I felt making her my girlfriend might be a *bad* idea for me. In addition to the questionable contract and the danger of her Mafia connection, there were numerous issues. First, the language barrier was overwhelming. After being here for three or four months, she had learned very little English. It seemed to me learning English should have been her first priority. Second, she was not intellectually compatible with me. Third, she was sexually limited, wanting to stop way before I wanted to stop. Even though I loved her and she loved me, these things were likely to undermine a relationship.

I deeply regret that I did not find a better way to break things off with Alexandra. However, at the time, it wasn't clear to me that I was "breaking up" with her. After all, our "relationship" had been limited to brief paid encounters. Moreover, I thought I would visit her again in the late summer in case things had changed from the contract ending. She had my phone number and could telephone me

if she wanted to. I could arrange a three-way call with Teresa for interpreting. Or we could use Alexandra's friend to interpret. But all of this was just an *excuse* on my part. The bottom line is that I handled it badly. I pray that I have learned from my mistake.

♥ ♥ ♥

That summer, other things happened in my life, which I will describe later in this book. I did try to find Alexandra again in December 2001. But when I called Lorraine, she told me Alexandra had moved in with a boyfriend. Hmm. I assumed it was a male client, to whom she had taken a liking as she did with me. I reasoned that if she has a boyfriend, then she must be okay with the break up with me. I wrote her a note thinking I might get it to her via girls in the apartment she moved out of. It said:

Dear Alexandra,

I have been praying for you. I am happy that you have a boyfriend. You are a beautiful lady with a big heart. You helped me so much. Thank you. Merry Christmas.

Love, Mark

I drove over to the apartment on Melrose. Getting inside without calling the security code, I knocked at the door. Virginia answered.

"Hi Virginia."

"Hi Mark." She was surprised to see me, but she smiled like she was happy I was there.

"Where is Alexandra?"

"She moved out a few weeks ago."

"Do you have her phone number?" I asked.

"No. But you can have *me*." She flirted with me.

I was disappointed with being unable to reach Alexandra. I was not in the mood to have sex with Virginia. Nevertheless, I flirted back, hugging her and kissing her lightly on the lips. Virginia then gave me her own phone number hoping to get some business. Evidently, she was in a position to make her own appointments without Lorraine.

It was pointless to ask Virginia to deliver my letter. Realizing I had no other way to locate Alexandra, I gave up. Alexandra, wherever you are, I know I hurt your heart, and I'm sorry.

In late December 2001 and again in early January 2002, I called Virginia, but she was unavailable. I never saw her again.

God bless you Alexandra! And God bless you, Virginia!

Tricia

I will return now in time to early May, 2001, after I stopped seeing Alexandra. I didn't feel like taking the long drive down to Tijuana and back. There is one *good* thing about the Mafia. So long as I was willing to pay, I could definitely have sex in Los Angeles! I called Lorraine and she sent me to Tricia, somewhere in West Hollywood.

Tricia was skinny and not as pretty as Alexandra. When I bowed down to her with the money, she got *scared*. Hmm. She was the fourth prostitute I had bowed down to, after Amanda, Jennifer and Alexandra. Each of them had *melted* when I bowed to them. This girl got scared. That made *me* uncomfortable. The rest of the encounter was disappointing.

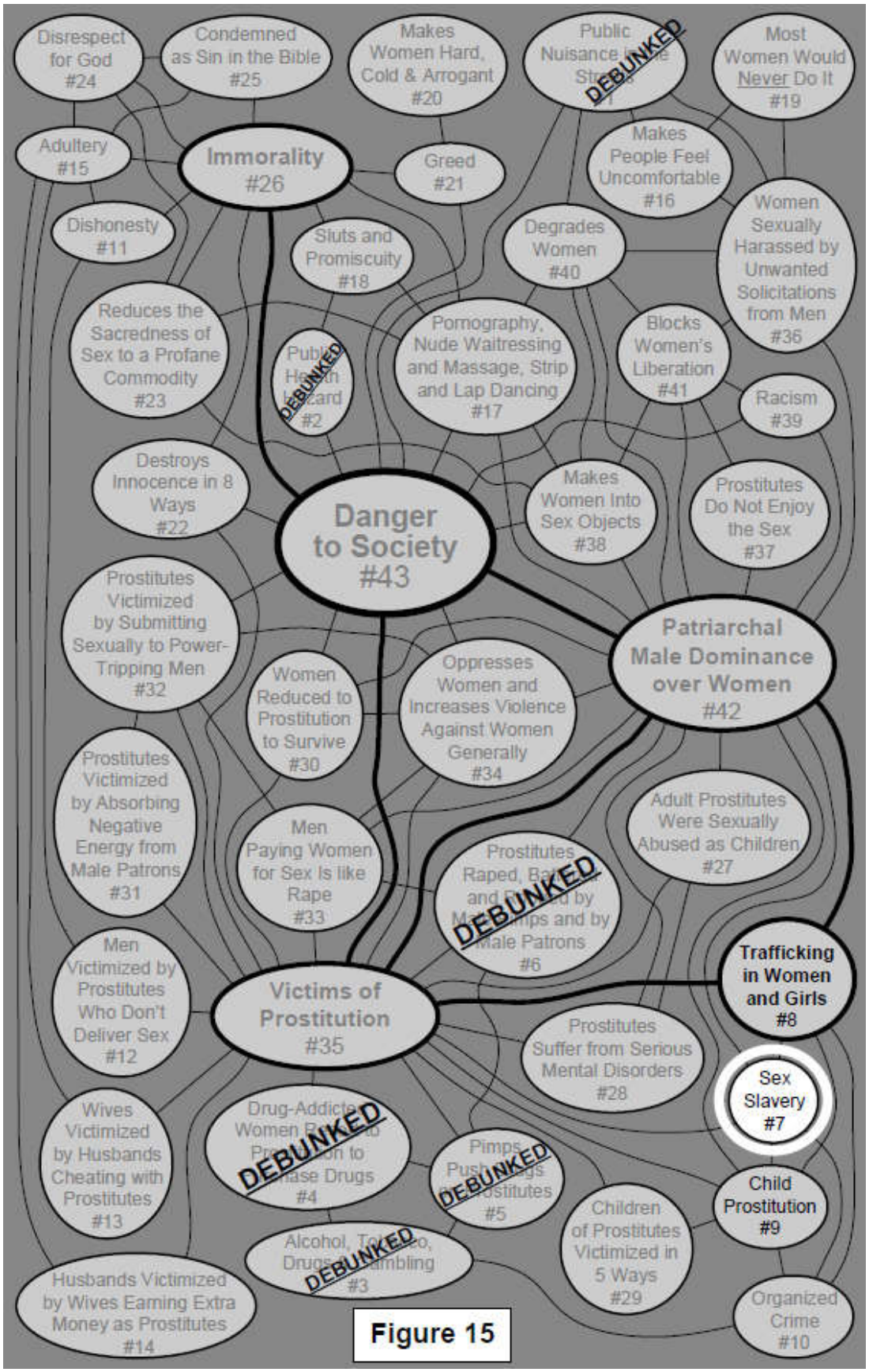

Disrespect for God #24
Condemned as Sin in the Bible #25
Makes Women Hard, Cold & Arrogant #20
Public Nuisance in the Streets #1
DEBUNKED
Most Women Would Never Do It #19
Adultery #15
Immorality #26
Greed #21
Makes People Feel Uncomfortable #16
Dishonesty #11
Sluts and Promiscuity #18
Degrades Women #40
Women Sexually Harassed by Unwanted Solicitations from Men #36
Reduces the Sacredness of Sex to a Profane Commodity #23
Public Health Hazard #2
DEBUNKED
Pornography, Nude Waitressing and Massage, Strip and Lap Dancing #17
Blocks Women's Liberation #41
Racism #39
Destroys Innocence in 8 Ways #22
Danger to Society #43
Makes Women Into Sex Objects #38
Prostitutes Do Not Enjoy the Sex #37
Prostitutes Victimized by Submitting Sexually to Power-Tripping Men #32
Women Reduced to Prostitution to Survive #30
Oppresses Women and Increases Violence Against Women Generally #34
Patriarchal Male Dominance over Women #42
Prostitutes Victimized by Absorbing Negative Energy from Male Patrons #31
Men Paying Women for Sex Is like Rape #33
Prostitutes Raped, Ba... and ...d by M... imps and by Male Patrons #6
DEBUNKED
Adult Prostitutes Were Sexually Abused as Children #27
Men Victimized by Prostitutes Who Don't Deliver Sex #12
Victims of Prostitution #35
Trafficking in Women and Girls #8
Prostitutes Suffer from Serious Mental Disorders #28
Sex Slavery #7
Wives Victimized by Husbands Cheating with Prostitutes #13
Drug-Addicted Women R... to Pr...tion to ...ase Drugs #4
DEBUNKED
Pimps Pus... gs ...Prostitutes #5
DEBUNKED
Child Prostitution #9
Children of Prostitutes Victimized in 5 Ways #29
Alcohol, To... o, Drugs, ...mbling #3
DEBUNKED
Husbands Victimized by Wives Earning Extra Money as Prostitutes #14
Organized Crime #10

Figure 15

Chapter 15

Debunking Myth #7: Sex Slavery

WHY is prostitution harmful and/or evil?

Purported Answer #7:

Because prostitution forces women and girls into sex slavery—they are victims of prostitution.

What is slavery? Prior to the legal abolition of slavery, it meant a relationship where one person, the slave, was *property* owned by another person, the master. This is called "chattel slavery." The property rights of the owner/master could be legally enforced in government courts. This included the right to sell the slave to a new owner. It also included the right for slaves to be passed to heirs through the estate of a deceased owner. These rights formed the legal foundation of the slave trade. Today, government enforcement of the chattel slavery is, by and large, an extinct legal institution. Thank God!

However, during World War II, there were horrific instances of sex slavery[27] *not* involving *private* ownership of slaves. Rather, the sex slaves were captured and detained by *governments*. So-called "comfort women" provided sex to Japanese military men. The number of female victims is estimated in the range of 50,000 to 200,000. These poor women were repeatedly raped, day and night, by the Japanese military.[28] Similar horrors were perpetrated in German "military brothels" where an estimated 34,000 women

were forced into sex slavery.[29] The Allied victory put an end to both after the war.

Unfortunately, slavery and the slave trade still exist, albeit by necessarily broader definitions. Black's Law Dictionary (6th Ed.) gives what I think are pretty good definitions of "slave" and "slavery":

> ***Slave***. *A person who is wholly subject to the will of another; one who has no freedom of action, but whose person and services are wholly under the control of another.*
>
> ***Slavery***. *That civil relationship in which one person has absolute power over the life, fortune, and liberty of another.*

A slave does not get paid for his or her work. The slave only gets the bare essentials of food and shelter. And a slave is physically restrained from escaping by subtle coercion and/or by threat of violence. I am a vigorous opponent of *all* forms of slavery. I vehemently support *freedom*, and slavery is the opposite of freedom.

Some people might find it inconsistent that I am *opposed* to sex slavery while also in *favor* of prostitution. There is no inconsistency. As I will elaborate in this chapter, the connection between prostitution and sex slavery makes no sense. Using the horrors of sex slavery to say prostitution is evil is erroneous. It's like saying cotton production is evil because *some* cotton is produced from plantations operated by slave labor.

Anti-prostitution fanatics sometimes twist the word "slavery" to include "self-enslavement." They contend that a prostitute is a "slave" to her own willingness to trade sex for money. These fanatics believe she needs to be "rescued" by means of arrest and imprisonment. I reject this as an absurdity. By that kind of reasoning, I could likewise argue that these fanatics are themselves "slaves" to their anti-prostitution obsession. I could argue, they need to be "rescued" by force. That would mean squadrons of police

forcibly entering their homes and offices, pointing loaded guns at them, arresting them and throwing them into jail! That would "save" them from their obsession against prostitution. But alas, I vehemently support the Free Speech Clause of the First Amendment (as well as its other five clauses).[30] This means I support the *right* of these fanatics to say whatever they like, regardless of how false, ludicrous or offensive their words are.

How many *real* slaves exist in the world today? There are individuals and organizations that research and estimate that number. They claim there are from *12 million to 29 million slaves* in the world today, most of whom are forced against their will to work in factories, in mines and on farms.[31] However, I believe these "slave counters" have strong political motivations to greatly inflate the number of slaves. I seriously question the accuracy of their estimates, which are based on definitions of "slavery" that are way too broad. The estimates include so-called "wage slaves," who are *employees* earning a substandard wage. The reasons for poverty are complex. In my personal view crying "slavery" on behalf of low-paid employees tends to exacerbate the underlying poverty. However, this book is not about how to end poverty, so I shall not elaborate further on that topic.

A small minority of these slaves are *sex slaves*, usually female,[32] forced to have sex against their will. Thus, sex slavery amounts to the *rape* of women and girls on a regular, ongoing basis.

How many *sex* slaves exist in the world today? Organizations that "count slaves" claim there are between 400,000 and 1,750,000 sex slaves in the world.[33] I don't believe these numbers. It appears to me they are greatly exaggerated. Why? Because the number of incidents *actually documented* is simply too small. 400,000 is larger than the population of Cleveland, Ohio. 1,750,000 is larger than the population of Philadelphia, Pennsylvania. If 400,000 (or 1,750,000) sex slaves exist, then *who* are they and *where* are they? If these numbers are to be believed, then there should be news reports of *tens of thousands* of distinct victims. Or of *hundreds of*

thousands of victims. *Where* are these news reports? They don't exist!

Nevertheless, I will give the benefit of the doubt to the "slave counters" that there are 12 million to 29 million total slaves, of whom 400,000 to 1,750,000 are sex slaves.

♥ ♥ ♥

Our Sensible Question asks:

WHY is prostitution harmful and/or evil?

Let's now examine what Purported Answer #7 actually says*:*

Because prostitution forces women and girls into sex slavery—they are victims of prostitution.

Does *this* answer the Sensible Question? Does this explain *why* prostitution is harmful and/or evil? Clearly, *sex slavery* is evil and must be condemned and eliminated. But does that mean *prostitution* is *also* harmful or evil? I say no.

I submit to you that Purported Answer #7 *fails* to answer the Sensible Question for four independent reasons.

Mistake in Reasoning #7: Ignoring a Crucial Fact

A private school for girls has a dress code. A variety of official school blouses, sweaters, pants, skirts, socks and shoes (but no dresses) meet the dress code. A dress code violation is defined as coming to school wearing any clothing other than official school clothing. However, the last Friday of any calendar month, is Free Dress Day, when students can wear anything they want. The penalty for a dress code violation is a one-day suspension from school. On the last Friday of March, Suzie arrives at school

wearing a full-length dress. She is suspended for violating the dress code.

This is outrageous. It is IGNORING A CRUCIAL FACT that the last Friday of the month is Free Dress Day. IGNORING A CRUCIAL FACT yields conclusions that are *false*.

Failure One

Ignoring a Crucial Fact (MIR #7): Purported Answer #7 is invalid because sex slavery is *not prostitution*. A sex slave is *forced* to provide sex, and she does *not* receive a fair share of the money or other consideration that male patrons pay for the sex she provides.

The slave master keeps the money that is generated by a slave's work. It doesn't matter whether that money comes from selling farm products, mining products, factory products, or sex. The slave is not paid for his or her work. A slave is merely given the bare essentials of food and shelter. And *forced* to do work that benefits the master. This includes sex slaves.

Consider a purported third-world brothel where all the women are sex slaves. The brothel is owned and operated by the master of those sex slaves. When male patrons pay for sex, the money goes to the master, not to the women. If the women were getting paid, then they would not be slaves.

When a male patron has sex with a sex slave, it's a three-party transaction. The slave master is the panderer. From the male patron's side of the transaction, this *resembles* prostitution, because he is paying for sex. However, for two reasons, the transaction fails to meet our Formal Definition of Prostitution. Let's review three-party prostitution:

(B) **Three-Party Prostitution**. A transaction involving three parties, the prostitute, the panderer, and the patron, where:

(1) the prostitute and the panderer make an agreement in advance, by mutual, freely given consent, as follows:
   (a) the panderer will provide support services, which may include, without limitation, obtaining patrons and/or providing a place for sex, and
   (b) the prostitute and the panderer will split the money or other consideration received from patrons in a way that fairly pays each of them;
(2) the prostitute meets with the patron, and, by mutual, freely given consent between the prostitute and the patron, provides a sex act to the patron in exchange for money or other consideration that the patron pays either to the prostitute or to the panderer; and
(3) thereafter, the prostitute and panderer fairly split the money or other consideration received from the patron as agreed in (B)(1)(b).

Parts (1), (2) and (3) must *all* be met for a *three*-party transaction to be "prostitution." And yet, with sex slavery *all three fail*.

As for (1), there is no "agreement" at all between the sex slave and her master, much less one made by mutual, freely given consent. A sex slave obviously does not freely consent to work for her master. She is forced. Hence, (1) fails.

As for (2), the sex slave does not freely consent to provide sex to a patron. She is forced, but the force probably does not come from the patron. It comes from the slave master and his male "enforcers." If she refuses to give sex to the patron and he complains, then she will surely be punished. Probably by violence. Hence, (2) fails.

As for (3), the money from the patron is not split between the master and the sex slave. She does not receive a fair share of the money per (B)(1)(b). All she gets is her bare subsistence in food, shelter and clothing. She might also get some medical attention to prevent the spread of STDs so she can continue to work. The master keeps the vast majority of the money for himself. Hence, (3) fails.

What about Alexandra? Was *she* a sex slave?

She told me she had a contract to which she evidently freely agreed. She made no mention of anyone forcing her to agree. That would have satisfied (B)(1). The Mafia was providing support services by referring patrons as well as a nice apartment for her. That satisfies (B)(1)(a). Alexandra certainly consented to sex with me (she wanted it). Hence (B)(2) was satisfied in the case of her and me. I have every reason to believe she consented with her other male patrons. She never complained to me about them, and she expressed frustration when business got slow. It appears that she had money to purchase the flowers for her room. She told me she wired money home to support her son. This indicates she was likely getting a fair portion of the money I and other men paid her. That would satisfy (B)(3) and (B)(1)(b). So it appears that Alexandra was indeed engaging in "prostitution" per the three-party definition.

Alexandra did not have the freedom to socialize with me. But she *did* have the freedom to go shopping, including for food and flowers, as well as to Western Union to wire money. Also, she said her contract would *end* in the summer of 2001. Then she would be free to do whatever she wanted. The Mafia made an investment in Alexandra. It paid her way (albeit illegally) half way around the world to Los Angeles. This including a dangerous trip from Mexico into the U.S. across a remote portion of the border. The contract evidently required, in exchange, the exclusive use of her services for a *limited* period of time to recoup that investment. I do not approve of the way Alexandra was treated, but I must nonetheless conclude she was *not* a sex slave. Nor did the police officer I spoke with think she was a sex slave. He simply thought she was working with the Russian Mafia.

Thousands of Americans are "stuck" working in abusive workplace environments, or are "stuck" in abusive relationships. They are not slaves. There is a well known exit pathway from these abusive situations. When workplace abuse gets worse than the financial hardship without the paycheck, an employee will quit and walk away. *Every employee knows he or she has the right to quit!* Similarly, when the abuse in a marriage gets worse than the

problems of ending the marriage, the abused person will end it. Every wife and husband knows she or he has the right to get a divorce. A slave has no such exit pathway.

To label sex slavery as "prostitution" is IGNORING CRUCIAL FACTS, to wit: a sex slave is forced to provide sex, and she does not receive a fair share of the money. This means the transactions involved in sex slavery do not meet the definition of "prostitution." Hence, there is no "prostitution" involved.

Purported Answer #7 asserts that prostitution *forces* women and girls into sex slavery. However, a sex slave is *not* a prostitute, which means *she cannot be the victim of prostitution*.

A sex slave is the victim of slavery and rape, not prostitution!

Failure Two

False Generalization (MIR #1): Purported Answer #7 is invalid because it fails to identify any harm or evil caused when prostitution is done by free women, of their own free choice, *away from* any sex slavery.

By our Formal Definition of Prostitution, sex slaves are *not* prostitutes. Nevertheless, for argument's sake, let's assume a sex slave *is* a "prostitute." Even with this assumption, the statistics clearly show that at least 86% of prostitutes are *not* sex slaves.[34]

The reality is that most prostitutes do sex work because they like the money and don't mind providing sex. Indeed many of them *enjoy* providing sex. The typical prostitute in Los Angeles prefers to work *one hour* in bed for $200 over *20 hours* of regular work at $10 per hour for the same $200! These women and the sex work they freely choose to do have nothing whatsoever to do with sex slavery.[35]

Purported Answer #7 is a FALSE GENERALIZATION. It fails to identify any harm or evil caused by prostitution that is done separate and apart from sex slavery.

Failure Three

Labeling Someone as the Victim of the Circumstances in Which a Crime Is Committed in Lieu of Labeling Him or Her a Victim of That Crime (MIR #5) is invalid because it labels sex slaves as victims of the "prostitution-like" circumstances in which they are enslaved and raped in lieu of labeling them as victims of that slavery and rape.

The institution of slavery, both sexual and nonsexual, is maintained by means of coercion and violence. Slaves who disobey their masters are punished by violence. They are often held captive at the premises where they work. Slaves are denied education and access to information that might enable them to escape. In addition to captivity and physical violence, slaves are also the victims of mental and emotional abuse. It is usually easier for the master to keep slaves under control by these "softer" forms of abuse than by physical violence.

Rape is a violent crime wherein a person, usually female, is forced by means of actual or threatened physical violence to engage in sex against her will.

Slavery and rape are both traumatic. They can leave permanent emotional scars on a person, and sometimes physical scars as well. Rape can make a woman pregnant with the child of her perpetrator.

Some women have been raped *once*, or *twice*, and it has been a terrible thing for them. But compare this with sex slaves. The most horrible aspect of sex slavery is probably the sheer *numbers* of rapes that women and girls endure. Some sex slaves have endured tens of thousands of rapes.

A sex slave experiences both direct rape and indirect rape. Direct rape happens when the master himself or one of his male "enforcers" has sex with the sex slave. It is *they* who have forced her into slavery and will use violence if she tries to refuse them sexually. Indirect rape happens when a male patron pays the master

to have sex with the slave. In that case, the threat of violence is probably not from the patron to whom she provides sex. It is the master and his enforcers who will surely deliver violence if she refuses the patron.

Sex slaves are not prostitutes according to our Formal Definition of Prostitution. Nevertheless, let's again assume for the sake of discussion that sex slaves *are* "prostitutes."

Is a sex slave the victim of *prostitution*? I say no. I say she is a victim of *slavery* and *rape*! And horribly so.

"Prostitution" is merely the *circumstance* in which the crimes of slavery and rape take place.

Consider a slave doing hard labor on a plantation. Is he or she a victim of farming? Should farming be condemned, thereby eliminating most of the world's food supply? Is a slave doing hard labor in a mine a victim of mining? Should mining be condemned, thereby eliminating much of the raw material used to create the products we use everyday? Is a slave working in a factory a victim of industry? Should factories be condemned, again eliminating most of the products we use everyday? The answer to these questions is obviously *no*. Farming, mining and industry are merely the *circumstances* in which slavery can occurs. Such slaves are not the victims of farming, or mining, or industry—they are victims of *slavery* and of the *coercion and violence* that enforce it.

Purported Answer #7 labels a sex slave as a "victim of prostitution," which is LABELING SOMEONE AS THE VICTIM OF THE CIRCUMSTANCES IN WHICH CRIMES ARE COMMITTED IN LIEU OF LABELING HIM OR HER A VICTIM OF THOSE CRIMES. To label a sex slave as a "prostitute" suggests *tolerance* of slavery and rape. This is because it spins public attention away from these real crimes and toward the emotionally charged topic of sex-for-money transactions (most of which are unrelated to sex slavery).

♥ ♥ ♥

Mistake in Reasoning #8: BLAMING SOMETHING THAT COULD HELP TO SOLVE A PROBLEM AS BEING A CAUSE OF THAT PROBLEM

A municipality is suffering from extreme political corruption. Elected city officials have lined their personal pockets with taxpayer funds. These corrupt individuals have caused city services to deteriorate drastically, while crime is increasing.

How did these crooks get into office? They got *elected* by naive voters who believed the lies the crooks told in their political campaigns.

Shall we blame the electoral process? Are elections and the democratic process the cause of this political corruption? Should we eliminate elections to prevent political corruption? Of course not! That is BLAMING SOMETHING THAT COULD HELP TO SOLVE A PROBLEM AS BEING A CAUSE OF THAT PROBLEM.

On the contrary, elections are the most viable means to *solve* the problem of political corruption. Vote the crooks out of office!

BLAMING SOMETHING THAT COULD HELP TO SOLVE A PROBLEM AS BEING A CAUSE OF THAT PROBLEM yields conclusions that are *false*.

Failure Four

Blaming Something That Could Help to Solve a Problem as Causing that Problem (MIR #8): Purported Answer #7 is invalid because it blames prostitution for causing sex slavery when making prostitution legal would reduce the economic viability of sex slavery.

The market for paid sex is gigantic. Quite obviously, this is because the number of men who want sex with attractive women is gigantic.

The paid-sex market is estimated at $186 billion annually.[36] If this market were provided by a single, publicly-held corporation, it would rank as *number four* on the American Fortune 500 for 2013.[37] Only Walmart, Exxon and Chevron would be larger.

Why is this market so huge? Because sex is the strongest drive there is. God made it that way. Men want to get laid and will pay their hard-earned money to have sex with a pretty woman.

Most women will engage in *conversation* with almost any man, *but not sex*. So long as attractive women resist providing sex to men who want it, a market will exist to overcome female resistance with money. No enactment of any religious, moral or legal code can possibly change this. The simple and magical fact is that, for millions of attractive women, money transforms "no" into "yes." Paying a woman just one hundred or two hundred dollars gets her panties *off*.

I believe sex slavery is largely an economic problem. Because prostitution is taboo, the natural market for paid sex becomes a black market. I will take a closer look at this in Chapter 17 concerning "trafficking."

Suppose prostitution were made not only legal but also *honorable*. Much larger numbers of attractive women then would make the personal choice to sell sex. The economic pressure from legitimate prostitution would reduce the viability of the black market. It would *wipe out* the tiny portion of that black market involving sex slavery.

Purported Answer #7 blames prostitution for *causing* sex slavery. This is BLAMING SOMETHING THAT COULD HELP TO SOLVE A PROBLEM AS CAUSING THAT PROBLEM. Legal, honorable prostitution would drastically reduce the market for sex slavery. It would likely *eliminate* sex slavery.

♥ ♥ ♥

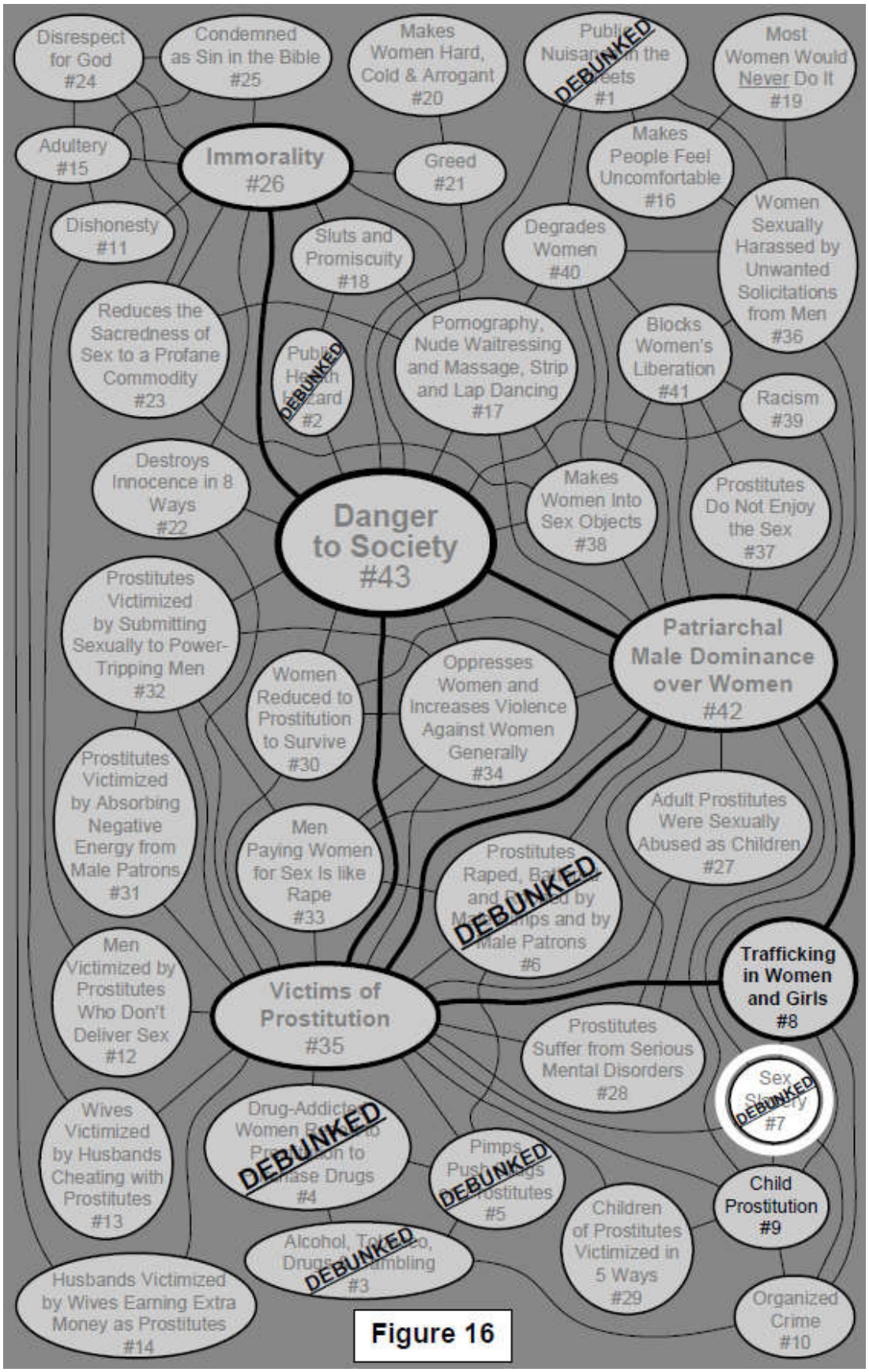
Purported Answer #7 *fails* to answer the Sensible Question. The balloon has been popped by four pins. P-p-p-pop! The notion that

Purported Answer #7 answers the Sensible Question is a myth. It's a *false* myth, which has now been debunked, as shown in the box below and in Figure 16 below.

False Myth #7:

Prostitution is harmful and/or evil because prostitution forces women and girls into sex slavery—they are victims of prostitution.

This Myth Is Now Debunked!


Disrespect for God #24
Condemned as Sin in the Bible #25
Makes Women Hard, Cold & Arrogant #20
Public Nuisance on the Streets #1
DEBUNKED
Most Women Would Never Do It #19
Adultery #15
Immorality #26
Greed #21
Makes People Feel Uncomfortable #16
Dishonesty #11
Sluts and Promiscuity #18
Degrades Women #40
Women Sexually Harassed by Unwanted Solicitations from Men #36
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DEBUNKED
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Prostitutes Raped, Ba... and ...ed by Ma...ips and by Male Patrons #6
DEBUNKED
Men Victimized by Prostitutes Who Don't Deliver Sex #12
Victims of Prostitution #35
Trafficking in Women and Girls #8
Prostitutes Suffer from Serious Mental Disorders #28
Sex Slavery #7
DEBUNKED
Wives Victimized by Husbands Cheating with Prostitutes #13
Drug-Addicted Women Resorting to Prostitution to Purchase Drugs #4
DEBUNKED
Pimps Pushing Drugs to Prostitutes #5
DEBUNKED
Child Prostitution #9
Children of Prostitutes Victimized in 5 Ways #29
Alcohol, Tobacco, Drugs, Gambling #3
DEBUNKED
Husbands Victimized by Wives Earning Extra Money as Prostitutes #14
Organized Crime #10

Figure 16

Chapter 16

Is Celibacy a Virtue?

In cultures and religions worldwide, virginity and celibacy are often regarded as *virtues*.

What, precisely, is the virtue in celibacy?

To answer that question, let's first ask another question: What is a "virtue"? In my opinion, a "virtue" is a quality that supports *Goodness*. It helps Love, Peace, Prosperity, Health and Joy to blossom.

Here are some qualities that I believe are *generally* virtues: honesty, nonviolence, compassion, generosity and kindness. If everyone on this planet lived and expressed these virtues, then I think we would have peace on earth. In reality, many people lack these qualities. Like someone who would abduct a child. When a child abduction is in progress, it's *virtuous* to shoot and kill the abductor to save the child!

Celibacy has a problem that honesty, nonviolence, compassion, generosity and kindness do *not* have:

> *If everyone on this planet were celibate, then no babies would be born and humanity would go extinct!*

In my humble opinion, this obvious fact suggests that celibacy is *not* a virtue. Nevertheless, people all over the world will disagree with me.

One school of thought makes an exception to the celibacy-is-a-virtue rule when people are *married*. This school holds that it's okay for married people to have sex for the purpose of making children, but that everyone else should be celibate. I totally disagree with this. And what about older married couples? When the wife passes menopause and can no longer bear children, must the married

couple stop having sex to be "virtuous"? It appears to me that this concept is based on *anti-sex prejudice*. It was undoubtedly developed by people at the *low* end of the sexual spectrum. They have never experienced the high ecstasy of sex, much less the profound communion with God that happens in sacred sex.

Another school of thought is that celibacy is important for spiritual growth, even for married people. This school holds that celibacy may be useful (or even requisite) for attaining deeper meditation, higher states of consciousness, and spiritual enlightenment. I have known men who claimed that when they stopped having sex, they started growing faster spiritually. I agree that *profane* sex might interfere with spiritual growth. (I don't know personally, because I've never done profane sex.) I disagree about *erotic* and especially *sacred* sex. Just because some men claim celibacy helps their spiritual growth doesn't mean that's the case for all men.

For me, it has been just the opposite! I have experienced *way* too much involuntary celibacy in my life. Involuntary celibacy has caused me extreme distress that has *slowed* my spiritual growth. My spiritual growth is the fastest when I am sexually active. For me, sacred sex *is* meditation—it's the highest form of meditation I've ever experienced. Indeed, my experiences of this profound meditation during sacred sex with *prostitutes* have greatly accelerated my spiritual growth. These experiences have helped me attain higher states of consciousness.

Although some people may benefit from celibacy, I reject the notion that celibacy is *generally* a virtue.

Mary

Tijuana presents two challenges for me that are both unrelated to prostitution. First, it's a five-hour round trip in my car from Los Angeles. Second, the return trip requires waiting in line at the U.S. border, and dealing with the border police. This was June 2001,

three months before the 9/11 mass murders at the World Trade Center in New York. After that, the border crossing significantly worsened. Nevertheless, I *love* the trip! Pussyland makes it all *so* worthwhile!

I had successfully negotiated kissing with Amanda in December 2000. But I was uncomfortable going with her again after she abandoned me in the middle of the night. Few of the girls spoke English as well as Amanda. I needed to figure out how to negotiate kissing in *Spanish*.

Using an online tool, I translated the following into Spanish and printed it out on a small card:

"We kiss with tongues. Lots of kisses." (Besamos con lenguas. Muchos besos.)

♥ ♥ ♥

When I arrived in Pussyland, I took my usual walk through Adelita Bar. It seemed too crowded to try out my kissing card, so I decided to go for a street girl. It had been a year and a half since I had seen the very beautiful Gwendolyn. I wanted to see her again, but could not find her.

I walked slowly along the North side of the enchanting narrow street, Primer Callejón Coahuila. I really enjoy getting hit on by the girls as I pass by! I love the way they grab me and try to make me stop. And I *do* stop when a girl grabs me. I respond with passionate, playful flirting. What's her personality like? Very important question! I like to see a passionate personality, which comes out in flirting. I've learned it's a positive indicator of how a girl will be in bed. I try to make the girls laugh, and I often succeed, sometimes by teasing them. If I can get a girl turned on right there on the street, she will definitely be hotter in the bedroom.

One thing I don't like is all the chewing gum. Most of the prostitutes have gum either in their mouths or in their hands. They're either chewing it or playing with it. I find gum disgusting and make them take it out in the bedroom.

On this day, each time I got a pretty girl laughing, I pulled out my kissing card. They were all curious to read it. Reactions varied. Some giggled; others got embarrassed; still others turned cold. Some would point to their cheeks and to their boobs. They would tell me I could kiss them there, but not on the lips. That was not acceptable to me. I wanted *French* kissing. All the girls along the narrow street turned me down, including coming back along the South side.

It dawned on me that there was a problem with my tactic. If a girl were tempted to say yes to kissing but had seen me show my card to other girls, they would know what it said. If she went with me, she would have to face them later, which might be embarrassing for her! I realized I needed to be more discreet about showing my kissing card.

I crossed the narrow street, turning left onto Constitucion. I checked out the girls along its West side, who had not seen me show my card to anyone. One girl with long black hair was attractive to me. She responded to me with passion and playfulness. Her name was Mary. She was 25 years old and from Mexico City. Indeed, most of the prostitutes in Pussyland come from other places in Mexico. The girls come to Tijuana because Pussyland is one of the hottest markets for prostitution in their country.

Mary started pressuring me for my business. “Let’s go to the room. Sucky fucky.”

“How much?” I asked.

“$20 and $3 for the room.”

“I want one hour.”

Now she *really* wanted my business. “$80.”

I kept talking and gesturing with her. She started getting a bit desperate for my business. I even kissed her on the forehead, which she didn’t seem to mind. Then I carefully showed her my card. She read it and thought about it.

“$100,” I offered.

That did it. She needed the money, *and* she liked me. She smiled and said, “Si.” The deal was sealed.

Her hotel was directly across the street, and it was dingy. We ended up in a tiny room with a window and a strange bathroom. The way these buildings are constructed seems crazy to me. Are there any building codes in Tijuana? It makes me wonder whether any architectural plans were made. Or did the builders just start building without plans and make it up as they went along?

I wanted to make sure Mary was serious about French kissing. So, before any clothes came off, I grabbed her and kissed her. She responded with a luscious French kiss. But then she pulled away and sat down on the bed. Her eyes told me she wasn't sure she could trust me. She had French kissed me, but was I really going to pay her $100? She slowly lifted up her right hand. Then she snapped her palm into an open position to receive the money.

I pulled her back up to her feet, faced her, and then bowed down to offer her the $100. *She melted*. She loved this. She stood there looking *innocently* down into my eyes, like a little girl uncertain what to do next.

I took her hands and put them around the money. Then clasped her hands in my hands, like a sandwich—my hands on the outside, then her hands, and the money in the middle. Letting go, I stood up. She still seemed confused. She was so sweet and innocent!

"Put the money in your purse," I said, pointing to her purse. Coming back to reality, she did so. It was as if she suddenly remembered she had come here to make money!

With clothes still on, I took her in my arms and kissed her again, and it was wonderful. We stood there for a few minutes kissing passionately and deeply. Then, while kissing her, I reached down and grabbed her pussy. She responded by kissing me more intensely.

Soon the clothes came off and there was fabulous lovemaking, complete with French kissing during intercourse. I gave her many orgasms both orally *and vaginally*—my technique continued to work! She loved it, and snuggled with me for a long time afterwards.

As we were getting dressed, she was glowing. She was quite obviously happy!

♥ ♥ ♥

I saw Mary again in late June 2001. She was delighted to see me again, and we again had a fabulous time in her dingy hotel. Unfortunately, I did not see her again until 2.5 years later.

♥ ♥ ♥

Fast forward in time to February 2004. (I will cover that time period in a later book in this series.) I saw Mary standing in her usual place on Constitucion. When she saw me approaching on the sidewalk, she was so thrilled that she ran up to me, threw her arms around me, kissed me on the lips and said, "I love you" right in front of the other girls. This is not the standard protocol in Pussyland! She didn't care.

It was evening, and I wanted to spend the night with her. I offered her $200—$100 paid up front and $100 in the morning. (This would prevent the problem I had with Amanda abandoning me in the middle of the night.) Mary instantly accepted. I took her to a different hotel, but unfortunately it was not much better. The room had no windows. The bathroom was the weirdest one I've ever seen in my entire life. It was designed by an idiot. But the dingy room didn't matter.

Mary trusted me. She became totally submissive. And she was beaming with happiness the entire time we were together, which was all night. She had many orgasms.

At one point during intercourse I stopped to catch my breath. With my hard cock fully penetrating her, she asked me, "You married?"

"No," I replied. "I'm divorced. Are you married?"

She smiled and announced, "*You* my husband!" Then she kissed me passionately, as I resumed fucking her hard, delivering yet

another big orgasm to her.

In the morning, the room was still dark for lack of windows. She became extremely playful, teasing me. Turning the light switch on and off over and over, she giggled like a little girl playing peek-a-boo.

I brought out the Innocence in Mary, and it was so beautiful.

A prostitute *can* regain her Innocence. In fact, I love to resurrect the Innocence in prostitutes, as I did with Mary.[38]

I spent a long time lovingly combing out her long, beautiful hair. And then we said goodbye.

Unfortunately, in the many times I visited Pussyland since that day, I never saw her again. I have no idea what happened to her. Maybe she got married!

God bless you, Mary! I love you!

Gwendolyn Part 2

I will now jump back to August 2001, when I found Gwendolyn again. She was standing in her usual spot on the East side of Constitucion near the police station. She was again wearing her ruby red, velour dress and looking magnificent.

"Hi Gwen."

"Hi," she replied, vaguely remembering me, "What your name?"

"Mark. How are you?" I asked.

"I'm good. You want sucky fucky?" She was all business.

"Maybe," I replied, "We had sex on the last day of 1999. I haven't seen you here for a year and a half."

"I went home to Guadalajara. I had a baby!"

"Wonderful! Congratulations! Boy or girl?"

"Girl." She was beaming and obviously very happy about her baby. Nevertheless, she was standing here on Avenida Constitucion to make money to support that baby! She came back to business.

"I suck you really good," she insisted, "Let's go to the room."

In the year and a half since last seeing Gwen, my sexual energy and my skill with prostitutes had improved enormously. I had successfully used my kissing card to persuade Mary to French kiss with me, including during intercourse.

"I want kissing," I demanded, showing her my card. As she read it, her energy changed. She looked into my eyes. She felt my powerful sexuality. I could visibly see from the expression on her face that she *wanted* this. This magnificently beautiful young lady could not say no to French kissing with me.

"Okay," she said softly, as if in awe of me. She was surrendering to me, and that was precisely what I wanted. Why? *Not* because I want to control her or any other woman. Rather, because the deeper a woman surrenders to me during sex, the greater the ecstasy I can create in her.

"One hour for $100," I announced, taking her hand and taking charge.

I knew where her hotel was, so I led the way. We walked past the police station then up the stairs. We got a bigger room this time, albeit still dingy.

I felt Gwen's energy miraculously shifting—*from street girl to Goddess*. Her "prostitute edge" evaporated. Her "down to business" energy also evaporated. Everything that had obscured her Innocence dissolved away. She became *completely innocent*. It was amazingly beautiful to see.

She sat down on the edge of the bed and brought a Kleenex to her lips. As she removed her red lipstick in anticipation of kissing me, her eyes rolled up and her head tilted back. The Goddess in her somehow knew a life transforming experience was about to happen.

I stood her up facing me, bowed down, and offered her $100 in my prayer clasped hands. She melted, embracing me and pulling my head into her breasts.

Soon we were sitting naked on the bed together. She surrendered into my arms. I said a prayer, including blessing her and her baby

daughter, and for healing between Dorothy and me. Then I gently clasped Gwendolyn's head between my two hands. Feeling the softness of her black hair, I delicately kissed her face, gradually moving toward her lips. I could feel her desire building. I gently kissed all the way around the edges of her lips. Finally, I kissed her firmly on her lips. Her mouth instantly opened and she French kissed me long, deeply and absolutely exquisitely. She made love with me as a true Goddess. It was magical.

Gwen trusted me.

She intuitively knew that *God* was in charge of what was happening to her, and that it was *good*. This was the opposite from the first time I had been with her—now she was *totally submissive.* She did exactly what I told her to do. Her beautiful heart opened up wide, and the flow of love in both directions was magnificent. I was revealing to Gwen what her true spiritual nature is. I was showing her the Goddess she was born to be. She was obviously happy.

♥ ♥ ♥

I saw Gwen again two weeks later in August 2001, and the experience was even better. I lit her up from head to toe. This extremely beautiful young lady became even more beautiful in the shimmering orgasmic ecstasy I created in her. She was radiant.

To me, this is what being a *man* is really all about. It is also a spiritual practice for me. It's high meditation. It's worshipping the Goddess.

It was a hot August day. When we were finally finished, we were both dripping with sweat. We took a shower together in the adjacent bathroom, which was surprisingly large. The shower poured directly onto the concrete floor and emptied into a floor drain. She was careful not to let her hair get wet, and left the shower before I did. She was dressed when I finished showering.

Then the most amazing thing happened. As I was drying off, she walked up to me with her eyes filled with tears. She looked deeply

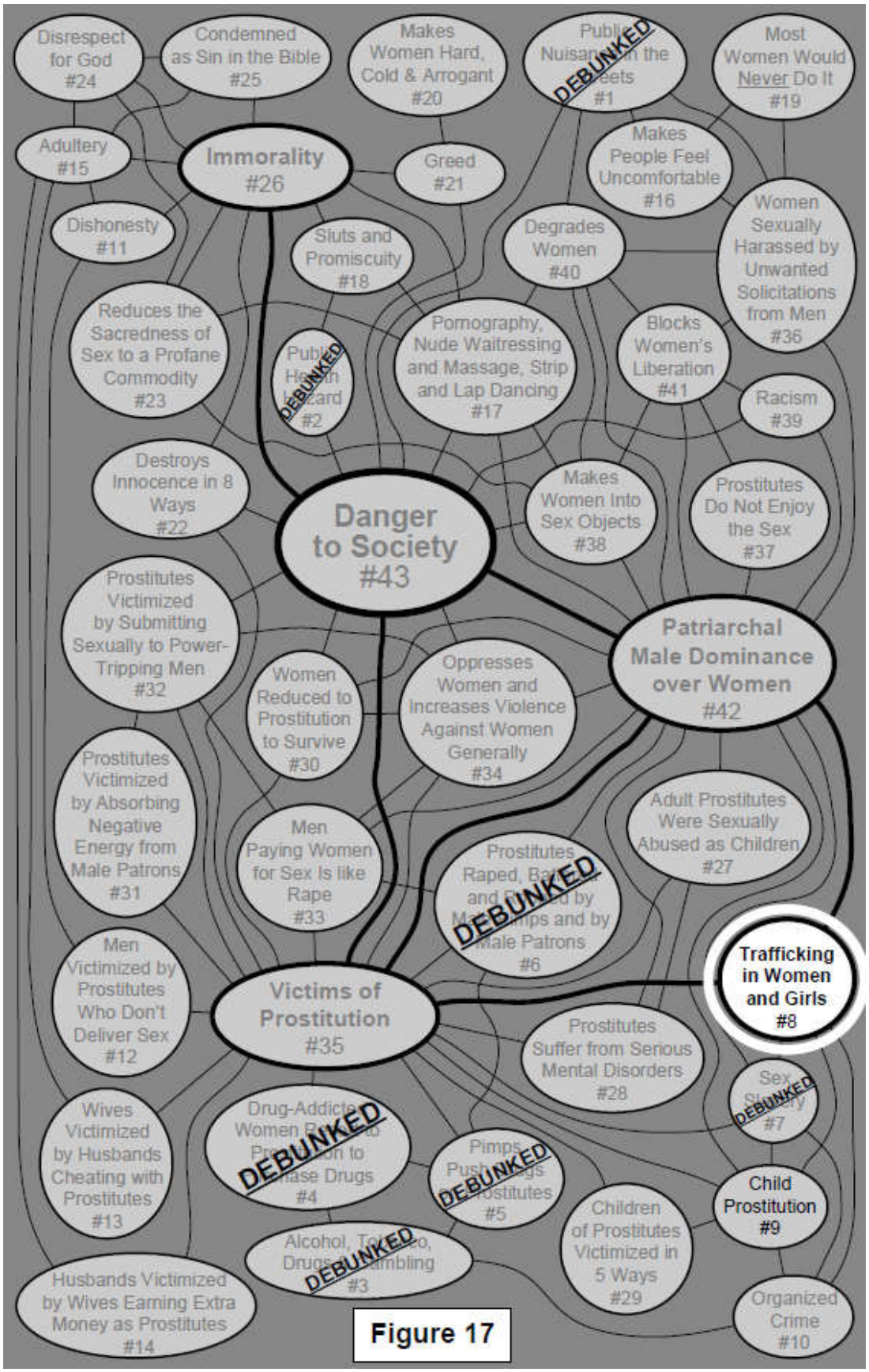
into my eyes. Speaking with great depth and sincerity in her tone she declared, “I love you *so much*!”

♥ ♥ ♥

Unfortunately, two things prevented my getting back anytime soon to see Gwendolyn. First, in September 2001 I started an (unpaid) relationship with a girlfriend, Laurie. It lasted through November, when we decided just to be friends. Laurie and I remain friends today.

Second, due to a complicated legal situation between Dorothy and me, it was actually *illegal* for me to travel into Mexico. I had done so anyway, because I knew I could get away with it. But during my relationship with Laurie, the 9/11 mass murders happened at the World Trade Center in New York City. Scrutiny at the border crossing increased dramatically. I had to stop going to Tijuana to avoid getting arrested. The legal situation with Dorothy changed in January 2004, and I returned legally to Pussyland in February 2004. That was when I saw Mary, as explained above.

Gwen had told me she did not have a telephone. That meant there was no way for me to communicate with her during my forced absense. I did not see her again until October 2004, three years after she declared her love for me. I will tell that story in a later book in this series.


Disrespect for God #24
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Alcohol, To...co, Drugs, ...mbling #3 DEBUNKED
Husbands Victimized by Wives Earning Extra Money as Prostitutes #14
Organized Crime #10

Figure 17

Chapter 17

Debunking Myth #8:
Trafficking in Women and Girls

WHY is prostitution harmful and/or evil?

Purported Answer #8:

Because prostitution causes trafficking in women and girls, who are victims of prostitution.

In Chapter 15 I discussed sex slavery in depth. In this chapter I will address "trafficking." In 2000, the United States Congress enacted the Victims of Trafficking and Violence Protection Act. It states in its first section:

> *trafficking in persons [is] a contemporary manifestation of slavery whose victims are predominantly women and children... Approximately 50,000 women and children are trafficked into the United States each year... Many of these persons are trafficked into the international sex trade...*[39]

I find *all* forms of slavery[40] to be evil, regardless of what kind of work the slave is forced to do. And regardless of the gender or age of the slave. I do not find *sex* slavery to be "worse" than slavery at *hard labor* on a farm, or in a mine or factory. Nor do I find enslavement of women "worse" than the enslavement of men. Nor do I find the enslavement of children "worse" than the enslavement of adults. Is the murder of a child "worse" than the murder of an adult?

Based on the words of Congress quoted above, it appears to me that "trafficking" has become a "politically correct" term-of-art. The idea is to divert attention away from slavery where *men* are the victims, and away from *non*-sexual slavery. The term "trafficking" focuses public attention instead on *sex* slavery by *women* and *children*.

Slavery has been illegal in the United States since the 1865 ratification of the Thirteenth Amendment. It states in Section 1:

> *Neither slavery nor involuntary servitude, except as a punishment for crime whereof the party shall have been duly convicted, shall exist within the United States, or any place subject to their jurisdiction.*[41]

The Thirteenth Amendment does not discriminate in favor of women and children, *over men*. Nor does it discriminate in favor of enforcement against *sex* slavery over enforcement against slavery for *non*-sexual purposes. Unfortunately, however, the true meaning of the Thirteenth Amendment has been politically perverted by anti-prostitution fanatics.

The terms "politically correct" and "politically incorrect" were created as a pejorative backlash against powerful elitist forces. Those forces work hard to frame public opinion based on false propaganda. I am vehemently opposed to these elites and their propaganda. I *support* the pejorative backlash. Indeed, I am generally opposed to things that are "politically correct." And I am often in favor of what is "politically incorrect."

I will not be seduced into using the word "trafficking" in its congressionally mandated, "politically correct" sense as the "contemporary manifestation of [sex] slavery."

In Chapter 15, I have already debunked sex slavery as an answer to the Sensible Question. Sex slavery does *not* make prostitution harmful or evil. There is no need to repeat that discussion here.

Rather, in this chapter, I will address "trafficking in women and girls" in its *literal* sense as an activity that can *support* sex slavery.

Specifically, "trafficking in women and girls" means *kidnapping* and *transporting* females, typically across international borders, for *any* purpose, including *but not limited* to sex slavery.

Nor will I be seduced by Congress's "politically correct" estimate that "Approximately 50,000 women and children are trafficked into the United States each year" including for sex slavery. The number of actual, documented cases of *kidnapped* women and girls being illegally transported into the United States for *any* purpose (not just sex slavery) is tiny. The actual numbers are even smaller for sex slavery. Who are these women and girls? Where are they living? What men are paying to have sex with them? The actual numbers do not remotely support Congress's "50,000" figure. Moreover, Congress's number is for "each year." But the actual numbers accumulated over the decade and a half since that law was enacted do not remotely support it.[42]

Nevertheless, I will make three outrageous assumptions for the sake of discussion. First, I will assume that members of Congress are all honest. Second, I will assume they are all free from corruption. Third, I will assume they are all free from political bias.

Then, based on these three outrageous assumptions, I will further assume their estimate of 50,000 is legitimate. In other words, I'll assume each year there actually *are* 50,000 true, documented cases of women and children getting trafficked into the United States.

♥ ♥ ♥

Once again, our Sensible Question is:

Why is prostitution harmful and/or evil?

Let's now examine how Purported Answer #8 attempts to answer it:

Because it causes trafficking in women and girls, who are victims of prostitution.

Does *this* answer the Sensible Question? Does this explain *why* prostitution is harmful and/or evil? Clearly *trafficking* is evil and must be condemned and eliminated. But does that mean *prostitution* is *also* harmful or evil? I say no.

I submit that Purported Answer #8 *fails* to answer the Sensible Question for three independent reasons.

Failure One

Ignoring a Crucial Fact (MIR #7): Purported Answer #8 is invalid because trafficking is *not* prostitution. Kidnapping and transporting women and girls involves no exchange of sex for money or other consideration.

I am assuming the 50,000 "trafficking" figure is corruption-free and accurate. But even if it's not—even it it's grossly inflated and the actual "trafficking" numbers are much smaller (perhaps in the tens or hundreds), the following statements by Congress still sound horrifying:

> *(4) Traffickers primarily target women and girls, who are disproportionately[43] affected by poverty, the lack of access to education, chronic unemployment, discrimination, and the lack of economic opportunities in countries of origin. Traffickers lure women and girls into their networks through false promises of decent working conditions at relatively good pay as nannies, maids, dancers, factory workers, restaurant workers, sales clerks, or models. Traffickers also buy children from poor families and sell them into prostitution or into various types of forced or bonded labor.*
>
> *(5) Traffickers often transport victims from their home communities to unfamiliar destinations, including foreign countries away from family and friends, religious institutions,*

and other sources of protection and support, leaving the victims defenseless and vulnerable.

(6) Victims are often forced through physical violence to engage in sex acts or perform slavery-like labor. Such force includes rape and other forms of sexual abuse, torture, starvation, imprisonment, threats, psychological abuse, and coercion.

(7) Traffickers often make representations to their victims that physical harm may occur to them or others should the victim escape or attempt to escape. Such representations can have the same coercive effects on victims as direct threats to inflict such harm.[44]

Horrifying as all this sounds, however, it must be examined *rationally*. Logic must be applied to determine if it constitutes any basis for answering our Sensible Question. It does not.

There are a lot of horrifying things listed in items (4)–(7) above. But only two of these things involve exchanging sex for money.

One appears in the first sentence of item (6). To the extent these women and girls are "forced through physical violence to engage in sex acts," that constitutes sex slavery. I have already debunked sex slavery in Chapter 15. It fails (among other failures) to satisfy the "mutual, freely given consent" requirements at (B)(1) and (B)(2) of our Formal Definition of Prostitution.

The other appears in the last sentence of item (4) concerning selling children "into prostitution." That constitutes so-called "child prostitution," which I shall debunk in Chapter 19. As I will explain in that chapter, "child prostitution" likewise fails (among other failures) to satisfy those same free consent requirements.

As for all the other horrifying stuff in items (4)–(7) above, *none* of it involves prostitution. Why? Because there is no exchange of sex for money or other consideration. Luring a woman away from her family on a false promise of a better job in another part of the

world (as a nanny, maid, dancer, factory worker, restaurant worker, sales clerk, or model) is horrible. But it is *not* a sex-for-money transaction. Buying children from their parents constitutes horrific child abuse by both the buyer and the selling parent. But it is *not* a sex-for-money transaction. Transporting a woman or girl across an international border without a proper passport or visa is illegal. But it is *not* a sex-for-money transaction.[45] Keeping women and girls away from family and friends, religious institutions, and other sources of protection and support is horrible. But it is *not* a sex-for-money transaction. Leaving the victims defenseless and vulnerable is terrible. But it is *not* a sex-for-money transaction. Rape, sexual abuse, torture, starvation, imprisonment, threats, psychological abuse, and coercion are horrible. But they are *not* sex-for-money transactions. Threatening women with physical harm to themselves or to others should they escape or attempt to escape is horrific. But it is *not* a sex-for-money transaction.

To label trafficking in women and girls as "prostitution" is IGNORING A CRUCIAL FACT, to wit: it fails to meet the definition of "prostitution." Hence, there is *no* "prostitution."

Purported Answer #8 asserts that prostitution causes the horrors of trafficking in women and girls. Nonsense. Prostitution is not involved.

Failure Two

Labeling Someone as the Victim of the Circumstances in Which a Crime Is Committed in Lieu of Labeling Him or Her a Victim of That Crime (MIR #5): Purported Answer #8 is invalid because it labels trafficked women and girls as victims of the "prostitution-like" circumstances into which they are kidnapped in lieu of labeling them as victims of the kidnapping, slavery, rape and other crimes.

Kidnapping, slavery, rape, sexual abuse, torture, starvation, false imprisonment, psychological abuse, and threats to deter escape are *real* crimes. It is these crimes that brutally harm trafficked women and girls. It is these crimes of which they are most terrified.

The congressionally mandated "politically correct" re-definition of the term "trafficking" sets up a false association. It links (a) kidnapping, rape and all the other horrible things listed above, with (b) prostitution. This tactic creates a false belief in people's minds that prostitution somehow "involves" luring women away from their families on false pretenses. Or that prostitution "involves" kidnapping women, torturing them, raping them and committing other harsh crimes against them. This is nonsense.

Worse, because people have such strong emotions about sex, and particularly about prostitution, *the tendency is for people to see even greater evil in prostitution than in (say) kidnapping or torture.*

By our Formal Definition of Prostitution, trafficked women and girls are *not* prostitutes. Nevertheless, for argument's sake, let's assume they are "prostitutes," and that their traffickers force them into "prostitution."

However, even if they are considered "prostitutes," they are not *victims* of prostitution. Prostitution is merely the circumstance in which the real crimes take place. Those real crimes are kidnapping, slavery, rape, sexual abuse, torture, starvation, false imprisonment, psychological abuse, and threats to deter escape.

Purported Answer #8 labels trafficked women and girls as "victims of prostitution." That is LABELING SOMEONE AS THE VICTIM OF THE CIRCUMSTANCES IN WHICH REAL CRIMES ARE COMMITTED IN LIEU OF LABELING HIM OR HER A VICTIM OF THOSE CRIMES. To condemn the "prostitution" these women and girls do suggests *tolerance* of kidnapping, slavery, rape, sexual abuse, torture, starvation and other real crimes.

Failure Three

Inviting a Greater Evil (MIR #6): Purported Answer #8 is invalid because it is the *illegality* of prostitution that *invites* trafficking in women.

The plain fact is that the entire basis of the international sex trade in trafficked women is the *illegality* of prostitution. (I will discuss girls under 18 years of age in Chapter 19.)

Commerce in *lawful* goods and services is regulated in two primary ways—public laws and private contracts. Laws regulating an industry are enforced by government officials. Contracts are normally private. But if breached they can be enforced by lawsuits in the courts, which is a public process.

Commerce in *unlawful* goods and services is regulated by the "laws" and "contracts" of the black market. Enforcement is done outside of public view by bullying and violence, including murder.

In the United States from 1920 to 1933, alcohol prohibition under the Eighteenth Amendment created a vast black market for liquor. That black market *evaporated* in 1933 upon ratification of the Twenty-First Amendment. It repealed the Eighteenth Amendment, making alcoholic beverages legal again. Legitimate wineries, beer breweries, and hard liquor distilleries then opened up, supplying alcoholic beverages to meet the market demand.

Precisely the same economics apply to prostitution. Laws prohibiting prostitution have created a vast black market for paid sex. That black market will continue to exist for as long as prostitution is illegal. However, the moment prostitution becomes legal, the black market will evaporate. Hence, the simple and obvious solution to halt the trafficking of women for sex is to repeal all laws that prohibit prostitution. Then, millions of good women who *want* to do this work, but who have not because it's illegal, will supply sex to meet the market demand. Then also, law enforcement personnel will be free to redirect their efforts to fighting *real* crimes with *real* victims.

It is the *illegality* of prostitution that maintains an *open invitation* for the trafficking of women into sex slavery.

To the extent Purported Answer #8 is used to justify prohibiting prostitution, it is INVITING A GREATER EVIL of *increased* trafficking of women and the associated violence against women.

Purported Answer #8 fails to explain why *prostitution itself* is harmful or evil. It does not explain why eliminating sex for money transactions takes *priority* over preventing kidnapping, rape, murder and other violence against women.

♥ ♥ ♥

Purported Answer #8 *fails* to answer the Sensible Question. One pin was sufficient to pop the balloon, but I have used three pins. Purported Answer #8 is a *false* myth, now debunked, as shown in the box below and in Figure 18 below.

False Myth #8:

Prostitution is harmful and/or evil because it causes trafficking in women and girls, who are victims of prostitution.

This Myth Is Now Debunked!

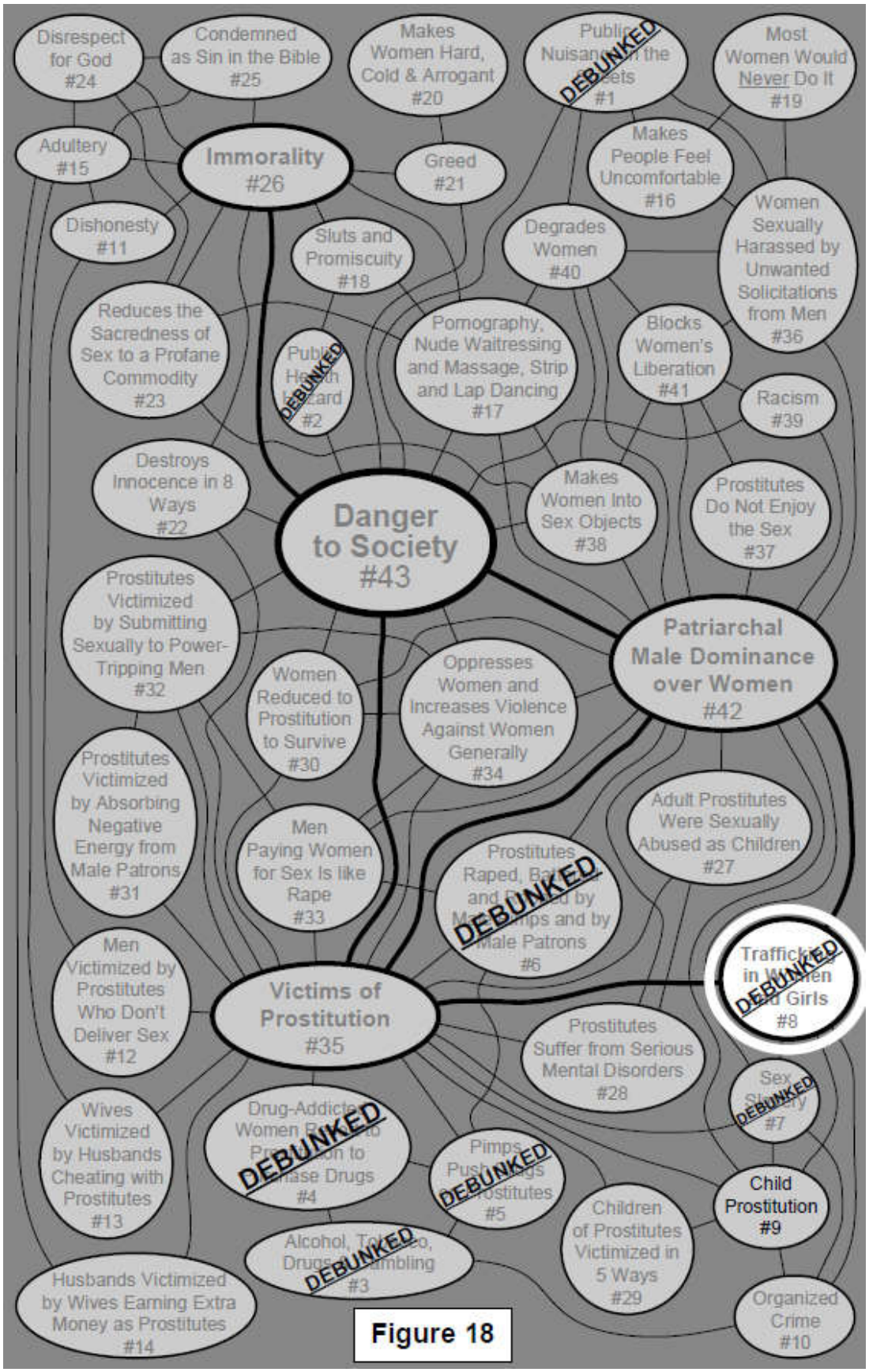

Disrespect for God #24
Condemned as Sin in the Bible #25
Makes Women Hard, Cold & Arrogant #20
Public Nuisance on the Streets DEBUNKED #1
Most Women Would Never Do It #19
Adultery #15
Immorality #26
Greed #21
Makes People Feel Uncomfortable #16
Dishonesty #11
Sluts and Promiscuity #18
Degrades Women #40
Women Sexually Harassed by Unwanted Solicitations from Men #36
Reduces the Sacredness of Sex to a Profane Commodity #23
Public Health Hazard DEBUNKED #2
Pornography, Nude Waitressing and Massage, Strip and Lap Dancing #17
Blocks Women's Liberation #41
Racism #39
Destroys Innocence in 8 Ways #22
Danger to Society #43
Makes Women Into Sex Objects #38
Prostitutes Do Not Enjoy the Sex #37
Prostitutes Victimized by Submitting Sexually to Power-Tripping Men #32
Patriarchal Male Dominance over Women #42
Women Reduced to Prostitution to Survive #30
Oppresses Women and Increases Violence Against Women Generally #34
Prostitutes Victimized by Absorbing Negative Energy from Male Patrons #31
Adult Prostitutes Were Sexually Abused as Children #27
Men Paying Women for Sex Is like Rape #33
Prostitutes Raped, Battered and Killed by Pimps and by Male Patrons DEBUNKED #6
Trafficking in Women and Girls DEBUNKED #8
Men Victimized by Prostitutes Who Don't Deliver Sex #12
Victims of Prostitution #35
Prostitutes Suffer from Serious Mental Disorders #28
Sex Slavery DEBUNKED #7
Wives Victimized by Husbands Cheating with Prostitutes #13
Drug-Addicted Women Forced into Prostitution to Purchase Drugs DEBUNKED #4
Pimps Push Drugs on Prostitutes DEBUNKED #5
Child Prostitution #9
Children of Prostitutes Victimized in 5 Ways #29
Alcohol, Tobacco, Drugs, Gambling DEBUNKED #3
Husbands Victimized by Wives Earning Extra Money as Prostitutes #14
Organized Crime #10

Figure 18

Chapter 18

Nicole

This is not my favorite story about a prostitute, but it's an important one. I do not remember the year.

Through a small ad in *LA Weekly*, I connected with Nicole, an independent prostitute in her mid-forties in Santa Monica.

I arrived with flowers and knocked at the door of her apartment, which was in a nice building. She greeted me with a smile, obviously touched by the flowers. Nicole is skinny, but she has medium-sized breasts, a pretty face and long dark hair. She was wearing a simple black dress. All good.

But her apartment was a mess. And it was weird. The living room was on the right, and the bedroom was on the left. But they were not separated by a wall. Instead, heavy sheets of clear plastic ran from floor to ceiling separating off the bedroom. The furniture on the living room side was covered with sheets. And dust. It looked like she had not used the living room for many years.

She walked with a limp. We went to the left of the clear plastic "wall" into her bedroom. As she sat down on her double bed, it appeared to me that she might be in physical pain.

Beyond the bed and to the left, I saw a large desk and swivel chair. The desk was piled high with papers, books and drug paraphernalia. Hmm. And the place smelled like marijuana. To the right of the desk was a 6-foot by 6-foot square floor area overflowing with a huge pile of empty plastic bottles. Thousands of them.

Oh well. I came here for sex not housekeeping! Although, I must admit, I find horrible housekeeping a sexual turn-off.

I bowed down to her with the money, my regular ritual for worshipping the Goddess in each prostitute. She melted.

“I’m so glad you’re here,” she said. “I’m really horny.” It seems like she knew she was going to have a good experience with me.

I removed my pants but not my underwear, unbuttoned my shirt and sat facing her on the bed. I removed her dress. She was not wearing any bra, and her breasts were pretty. I did not touch them yet, even though I sensed she wanted me to.

“I’m going to kiss you now,” I told her.

“Okay,” she replied.

She opened her mouth wide as I kissed her. But she kissed strangely. As our tongues met, I immediately noticed she had a large metal tongue piercing. I did not care for this at all, but tolerated it. Also, she did not seem to know how to move her lips during kissing. She just kept her mouth wide open—too open. There is an *art* to passionate kissing—a *dance* of lips, tongues and breath. She obviously wanted to kiss me but seemed innocently ignorant about it! I would need to teach her about kissing, but not yet. I touched her breasts and nipples as we kissed, which she obviously liked, but her kissing did not change.

Then I gently laid her back, setting her head on a pillow, removed her panties and spread her legs. I lay down on my belly between her legs for DATY. Her pussy was shaven. But I was shocked to see she had another metal piercing *on her clitoral hood*. I did not know women did this. I did not like it, but I licked her pussy anyway, and for a long time. She went into high ecstasy, wrapping her legs around me, and holding my head with her hands. I wrapped my arms around her thighs and squeezed her nipples as I focused my tongue on her clitoris.

“I had so many orgasms,” she finally said, “I want you to fuck me now.”

And so I did. She loved it, and she told me she came many times.

Then we lay on her bed together and talked.

She explained that she was suffering from Multiple Sclerosis (MS) and that it is extremely painful.

“Is that why you walk with a limp.”

“Yes, but I want to thank you for the sex. It was fabulous. I’ve never had so many orgasms. You made me feel better.” She had tears in her eyes.

“Well, I’m glad I was able to help you.”

“I want you to be my boyfriend,” she stated.

My feelings were mixed. She was beautiful and very sexual. But she had MS, and her apartment was a mess.

“Well, I have several concerns,” I replied.

“I know,” she said.

“What’s with the marijuana?” I asked.

“It’s prescription. It’s medical marijuana. Helps to alleviate the pain.”

“Well, I don’t want you to suffer, but I don’t like the pot.”

“*You* don’t have to smoke it,” she said.

“But I don’t even like to be around it,” I replied. “I’m going to have to think about this.”

“Okay.”

“If I’m your boyfriend, then that means I get sex without paying you, right?” I asked.

“If I get sex like that, you don’t need to pay me!” She replied with a smile.

“Well, I’m going to go now. I’ll give you a call in a few days,” I told her.

I kissed her goodbye, and found my way out. It was good to get out of that strange atmosphere.

♥ ♥ ♥

A few days later, I was horny and short on cash. So I called Nicole again and invited her on a dinner date. She accepted.

When I arrived at her messy apartment, she was dressed in blue jeans and a yellow blouse. Her hair was down, and she had a cane in

her hand. She locked the door, and I walked her slowly to my car. We drove to a nice vegetarian restaurant.

As we ate, she started telling me her two major traumas (as if MS is not a trauma).

She grew up in Kansas City. From an early age she was sexually molested by her father on a daily basis. Her mother did nothing to protect her. When she was younger, her dad touched her genitals. But by the time she was eleven, he was in her bed at night and having sexual intercourse with her. Rape. Every night.

She cried and cried, but she got no help at all.

By the age of fifteen, she could physically pass for an adult. She plotted her escape. Stealing some money from her parents, she bought a bus ticket and secretly packed a suitcase. When her parents were both out, she ran away from home and took a bus to Los Angeles. She never saw her parents again.

Soon her money ran out. But it did not take long for her to realize she could make money as a prostitute. And so, she worked as a 15-year-old prostitute in Los Angeles, and she *survived*.

Eventually, she was able to save some money and get some more education. She earned her high school diploma and took some junior college classes.

She also worked as a waitress and at various other jobs, but invariably returned to prostitution. She discovered that when *she* was in control of whether or not sex happened, she *liked* sex.

“You know, Mark, I really prefer prostitution.”

“Why?” I asked.

“Well, the money is so much better. And I like sex. Why work hard at a regular job, when I can do sex and get paid far more?”

“Did you ever have a pimp?” I asked.

“What for? What’s the point of having a pimp? I don’t need an asshole to take a part of what I make. I was perfectly capable at the age of 15 of managing my own business.”

“Good for you!”

She told me she got arrested and jailed a couple of times for prostitution.

“What was that like?” I asked.

“Obviously, I don’t like being in jail. But let me tell you, Mark, it sure beats having my father raping me! And prostitution empowered me financially so I never had to contact my parents, ever again.”

“Did they send the police out looking for their daughter?”

“Of course,” she replied, “but I changed my name, and got a whole new identity. There were a couple of close calls, but they never found me. I hope my father is dead by now.”

“Well, God bless you, and God bless him,” I replied.

Then she started dumping her *other* trauma on me. It seems she did not resolve the karma with her father. Another evil man named Ken entered her life without her consent. He had *not* been a sex client.

Even though she kept her door locked, at unpredictable times, Ken would appear inside her apartment. He attacked her sexually, instructing her not to scream. Otherwise he would have to kill her. Then he would disappear for several weeks.

Ken would cross paths with her in public. He would smile at her to let her know he knew where she was, while pretending to be a stranger. One time she visited a friend in Santa Monica Hospital, and Ken crossed paths with her in the hallway.

On another occasion, he forced her into his car. He drove her out to a small cabin in the desert. He kept her there for a couple of days, repeatedly raping her.

Ken was terrorizing and raping Nicole just as her father had done.

As a little girl, she did not know she could go to the police. But even if she had, that was at a time when there was much less awareness of child sexual abuse. The police might have thought she was lying and sided with her father. Then she would have faced an ever worse hell at her family home.

With Ken, she was an adult woman in her thirties, and then forties. Taking great risk to herself because of her career as a prostitute, she went to the police and reported Ken. But the police said they couldn't help her, because she didn't know his last name. They said she had no evidence. Yeah, like her sworn testimony is "no evidence"!

So here was this lovely prostitute, Nicole, who was in desperate need of police protection. And yet, the best the police could do for her, had she told them *all* the facts, was to arrest *her* for prostitution.

I told Nicole, "The police don't really work for us. They work for the evil elites who are running the show."

"I know," she replied. She was awake politically.

When we got back to her apartment and went into her bedroom, I was expecting to have sex. However, instead of sitting on the bed, she sat down in the swivel chair and started smoking marijuana. Yuck.

As I sat on the bed, we talked for another hour or so. And talked. And talked. The first time I saw her, she had told me she loved our sex and wanted me for her boyfriend. However, I eventually realized that without the incentive of the money, her panties were *not* coming off. Not exactly a "girlfriend experience."

I wished her well, and said goodbye. I never saw her again. God bless you, Nicole.

Ballroom Dancing

Sex is my *favorite* activity. My *second* favorite activity is ballroom dancing.

I'm no championship dancer. But I'm pretty decent at Waltz, Fox Trot, Rumba, Salsa, Cha Cha and East Coast Swing. I go dancing almost every weekend.

Women like to dress up for ballroom events. I can walk up to almost any woman, extend my hand to her and say, "Will you dance with me?" She will probably say "yes," take my hand, and let me lead her out onto the dance floor. Then she will let me take her in my arms and *dance* with her. Significant physical contact is required during ballroom dancing. While maintaining that contact the couple moves together in interesting and intimate ways. I *love* this!

Most of my ballroom teachers have been female. One was an intensely passionate woman at an Arthur Murray Dance Studio where I got started. She told me, "Ballroom dancing is *having sex with your clothes on*." I immediately agreed with her. It's so true!

At a ballroom dance, almost any woman will be delighted "to have sex with me with clothes on" for a few minutes. This includes the hottest looking women in the room. Women will do so right in front of their friends! And this is completely acceptable socially. Then their female friends will also want to dance with me. This is awesome! And, like sex, it's good exercise!

I also love it that the man *leads* and the lady *follows*. That's simply how it is in ballroom. For third-wave feminists who might be tempted to condemn this as "politically incorrect," I say *don't you dare*! Ballroom honors and celebrates the *differences* between the genders in a most beautiful and wholesome way.

However, because the man leads, ballroom is more difficult for men to learn. Actually, it's quite daunting. Suppose I know what I'm doing and my female partner doesn't. As long as she can step to the rhythm of the music (which most women can do), I can usually get her dancing well enough that she has fun. But if I don't know what I'm doing, then, even if she's a good dancer, it simply falls apart.

Men have to take a lot of lessons and work hard to get good enough to do this. This imposes a high entry barrier for men. If a man attends a dance but has taken no lessons, he will probably just sit and watch! He's probably not going to ask a girl to dance and make a fool of himself! I think this keeps a lot of men away. Hopefully, he will decide to take lessons.

This is not true for women. If a girl shows up at a dance, guys who know what they are doing will ask her to dance. They will lead her through the dance. This means there is *no* entry barrier for women. I think this is one reason there are invariably more women at ballroom events than men. Sometimes a *lot* more women. Of course, I don't mind this at all! It means I have more women to choose from and there is less competition for the most attractive ones! It's a lot better if women do take lessons, but they can still have fun without lessons.

Another factor that keeps some men away is a mistaken idea that ballroom dancing is a little too feminine. This is nonsense! The lady *follows* the dance, which is feminine, but the man *leads*, which is *masculine*. Besides, men who shy away from ballroom dancing simply don't realize it is "having sex with your clothes on." Indeed, most high school and college students have no clue about this. If boys in high school knew, they would likely demand ballroom instruction on school campuses. I think it should be offered as a co-ed P.E. class.

I want to pose an important question. *Why* does the man lead and the woman follow in ballroom? I have intuitively known the answer to this question for a long time. And yet, *nobody* I have asked knows it. I've asked at least 100 different people this question. This includes women I've danced with, teachers and champion dancers. None of them knew. One response I heard is that *someone* has to lead and it's the tradition that the man leads. That's not a good enough answer. And when I tell people the real answer, they invariably agree with me. And they *like* my answer.

Here it is. *The man's job in ballroom dancing is to make the lady feel beautiful and happy*. How? By creating a space where she can surrender into his lead and experience the feminine ecstasy of the dance. For her, this means being in her heart more than her head. If she thinks about what's happening next (as the leader *must* do lest the dance will collapse), then she can't surrender. His job is to make her ecstatic. And when others are watching, who do they mostly

watch? The girl! People love to see how she smiles in graceful ecstasy as she dances.

I love this. I love it when I can *see* ecstasy on her face as I'm leading her across the floor. I love it when I can *feel* her ecstasy as she dances in my arms. For me, this is the supreme manly joy of ballroom. It's also (for me, at least) the supreme manly joy of the bedroom. I love to deliver extreme orgasmic ecstasy to the woman. I love to feel her ecstatic nakedness in my arms. It's all the same energy to me—one wearing clothes in public, the other naked in private.

Sophia

Returning to May of 2001, about a week after I saw Tricia, I called Lorraine again. I told her I was disappointed with Tricia, and asked for another girl. Lorraine said she had a blonde girl named Sophia. She told me Sophia was *really* beautiful. That statement was *true*. I prefer dark hair, but I will not turn down a really beautiful blonde! Also, Sophia spoke some English.

I arrived at a nice apartment on Hauser Boulevard, just north of Wilshire Boulevard. Parking was difficult. I ended up using an underground parking lot at a Ralphs grocery market at the corner of Wilshire. I purchased flowers at the market and then walked to the apartment.

When she opened the door, I was blown away. Sophia is *ten-plus model gorgeous* from head to toe. She is one of the two most beautiful women I've ever had sex with. The other was Marlena in Tijuana, whom I will introduce in a later book in this series. Sophia is from Moscow, and she is a fireball. She was in her late twenties.

She liked the flowers, and she liked it when I bowed down to her with the money. She took the money into another room, like Jennifer had done.

I got her to sit naked with me on the bed, face to face. Embracing her nakedness, I said a prayer. She was okay with that. Then I

stroked her hair, and she was also okay with that. But when I kissed her cheek, she got mad, and snapped “no kissing!”

Nevertheless, I could feel passionate energy in her. She became extremely aroused. I touched her pussy with my hand, and it was wide open and dripping wet. Then she started aggressively pinching my face with her fingernails, which I did not like. I told her to stop, but she did not stop. It was as if some kind of self-defense mechanism were triggered in her that she could not control.

So I laid her down on her back and spread her legs apart. Diving into her shaven pussy with my mouth, I focused on her clitoris with my tongue. She immediately exploded in orgasm. Her entire body trembled. She put her hands on my head as if to make certain I didn’t stop. My hands were on her nipples, and she was greatly enjoying this. Unfortunately, she started pinching my head with her fingernails.

After about fifteen minutes of cunnilingus and giving her many orgasms (but her pinching me *way* too many times), we sat up again. She asked me, “You want me to suck your penis?” Well, extremely beautiful young woman, I think the answer to that question should be obvious! I said “yes.”

I lay back, and she did fellatio on me for another 10 minutes or so, lifting me very high. Thankfully, she did not pinch my cock or my balls with her fingernails!

Then it was time to fuck. Could I give her a vaginal orgasm? Before Tricia broke my string, I had been three for three with Amanda, Jennifer and Alexandra.

I mounted Sophia, and as thrust my cock into her vagina, she screamed. Instant vaginal orgasm! I rode her hard, and she came over and over again, screaming intermittently. She was totally wild. Unfortunately, she started pinching my face with her fingernails. I asked her if she wanted me to stop, and she replied “No, keep fucking me, I love it!” And so I did, for about fifteen minutes.

When we were done with intercourse, she, like all the other women, was surprised I had not ejaculated. She pulled off the

condom and inspected it carefully.

"Why you didn't come?" she asked, as if she had been somehow deficient.

"I'm a tantra master," I replied, "I had many orgasms, but I don't ejaculate."

"That was the *best* sex I've ever had," she said. She was beaming.

"Wonderful, but I wish you wouldn't pinch me."

"That was because you wanted to kiss me."

"What's wrong with kissing?" I demanded.

"I don't even know you," she replied.

Hmm. Sophia was quite comfortable and willing to have the best sex she'd ever had with a man she "doesn't even know." And yet kissing was too intimate. I find this fascinating!

♥ ♥ ♥

I saw Sophia again about a week later, and we repeated the awesome sex. She had multiple explosive orgasms, but she continued to pinch me, which I didn't like.

After sex we talked for about ten minutes.

"How long have you been in the U.S.?" I asked.

"Six months."

"Did you speak English before you got here?"

"No. I learned it here. How am I doing?"

"You're okay. We are talking, aren't we?"

This was a sharp contrast from Alexandra, who after three months could barely speak English. "How did you learn?" I asked.

"Watching television in English, and trying to talk with people in public."

"Do you have any children?"

"No," she replied.

My next question was *rhetorical*, seeking to know what her life plans were. “Do you want to get married?”

She looked deeply into my eyes for a few seconds, and then slowly said, “Yes,” nodding her head.

I later realized she did not take my question rhetorically. She took it as a marriage proposal! This extremely beautiful young lady who was young enough to be my daughter had decided she wanted to marry me!

♥ ♥ ♥

I saw Sophia again several days later. Before giving her the money, I told her I wanted to talk. My intention was to negotiate kissing, possibly paying her more if she agreed. We sat together on the sofa in her living room.

“I want kissing. How much do I have to pay for kissing?” I demanded.

“Marriage. *Last time you said marriage*. I will only kiss with marriage,” she replied emphatically. She was serious.

This was interesting, to say the least! A ten-plus gorgeous 27-year old girl demanding marriage. Perhaps she just wanted a path to U.S. citizenship. Nevertheless, there are a million men who would happily marry her for that reason given her extraordinary looks.

“Why do you want to marry *me*?” I asked. “With your looks you can have any man you want.”

“That’s true, but you give me the best sex I ever had,” she replied. “No other man can do that to me.”

So *that’s* what distinguishes me from the million other men. She loves the way I make her explode sexually. She wants to marry me *but we hadn’t even kissed*. And although she had looks to die for, I had not fallen in love with her.

“I’m not going to marry you before you even kiss me!” I responded.

She got visibly frustrated and started pinching me with her fingernails. “I’m not kissing you then. No marriage, no kissing.” Then she bit my arm, *too* hard.

“Stop that,” I said. She laughed. She was having fun with me, even though she was frustrated she was not getting her way. But she was too aggressive and demanding for my taste.

She accused me, “You promised you would marry me, and now you’re breaking your promise.”

“I did not. I asked you if you had an interest in getting married to *somebody*. I was just curious. I was *not* asking you to marry *me*.”

“Why not? I’m beautiful. Why don’t you want to marry me?”

“I don’t know you well enough to marry you. I know very little about you. Besides, we haven’t even kissed.”

“No kissing without marriage.”

She stood up and walked into the bedroom. I followed her, with the money still in my pocket. She removed her panties and sat on the edge of the bed with her legs spread. Pointing to her naked pussy, she announced, “Bacteria,” evidently trying to scare me.

“Bullshit!” I replied.

She laughed. She was perfectly healthy and she knew it. She thought her joke was funny, but I didn’t.

I tried to kiss her again, and she got mad again. “No marriage, no kissing.” Notwithstanding her beauty and passion, agreeing to marry this woman could be a huge mistake. She seemed unwilling to move forward romantically without such an agreement. Moreover, she had been referred by Lorraine, which meant she had ties to the Russian Mafia. Did she have a contract like Alexandra? And who or what was in the next room where she had taken the money?

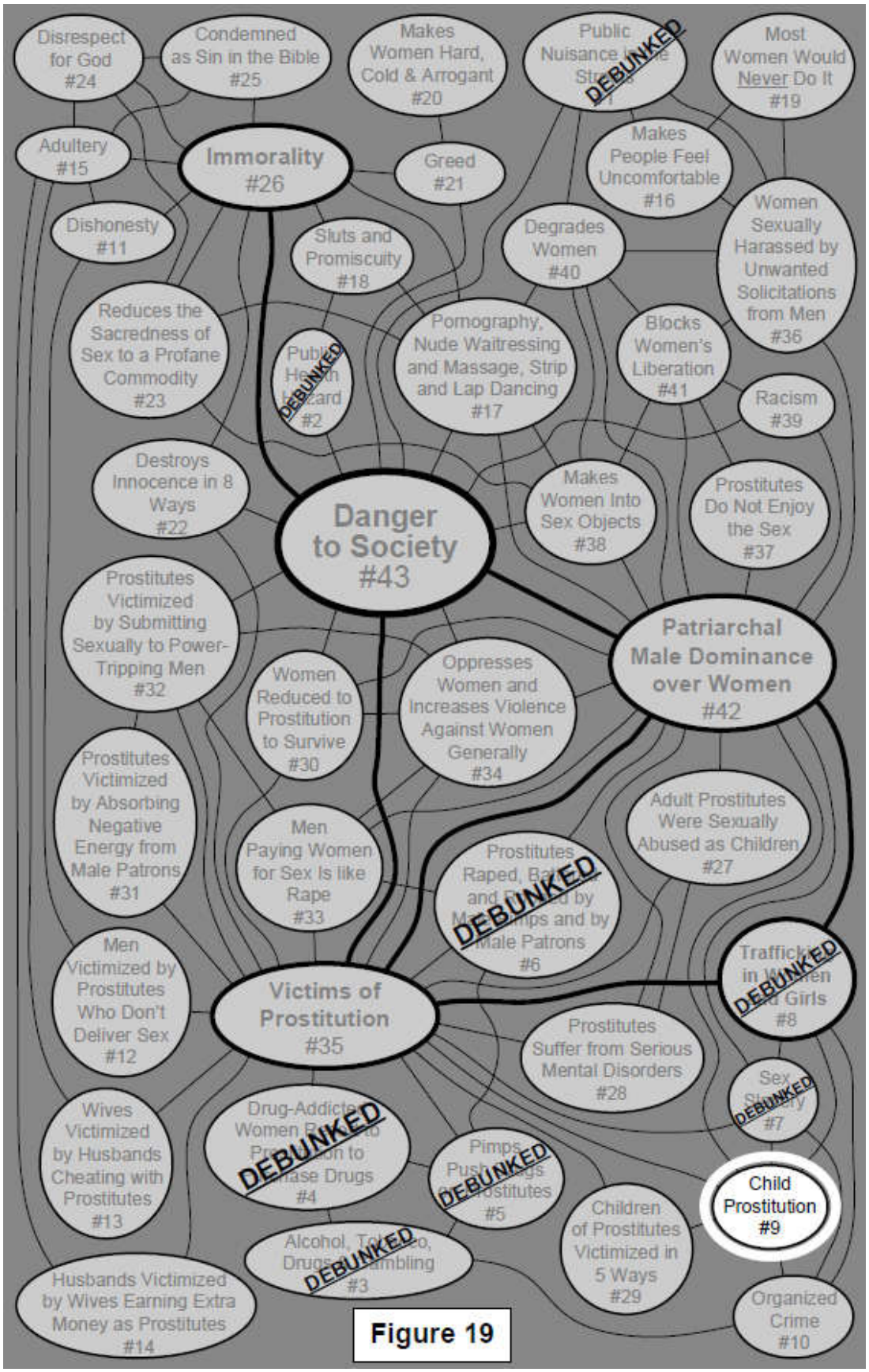
I decided this had gone far enough. I said goodbye, walked out without paying her, and never saw her again.

God bless you, Sophia, wherever you are!

♥ ♥ ♥

In retrospect, I believe that Sophia was likely the victim of child sexual abuse. The pinching and biting are child-like defenses she might have developed during that trauma. Her extreme physical beauty and her naturally intense passion were probably apparent in her childhood or early puberty. That would have made her a likely target for perpetrators. She needed to be protected, but was not. Poor thing.

Sophia, if you ever read this book, please contact me. I would like to help you to heal from your childhood trauma. You can definitely regain your sweet, childlike Innocence with proper spiritual practices. (I will talk more about Innocence in Book Three in connection with Myth #22. It falsely asserts that prostitution destroys Innocence.)


Disrespect for God #24
Condemned as Sin in the Bible #25
Makes Women Hard, Cold & Arrogant #20
Public Nuisance
DEBUNKED
Most Women Would Never Do It #19
Adultery #15
Immorality #26
Greed #21
Makes People Feel Uncomfortable #16
Dishonesty #11
Sluts and Promiscuity #18
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Reduces the Sacredness of Sex to a Profane Commodity #23
Public Health Hazard
DEBUNKED
#2
Pornography, Nude Waitressing and Massage, Strip and Lap Dancing #17
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DEBUNKED
Men Victimized by Prostitutes Who Don't Deliver Sex #12
Victims of Prostitution #35
Traffick... in W...men ...d Girls #8
DEBUNKED
Prostitutes Suffer from Serious Mental Disorders #28
Sex ... #7
DEBUNKED
Wives Victimized by Husbands Cheating with Prostitutes #13
Drug-Addicted Women ... Prostitution to ...base Drugs #4
DEBUNKED
Pimps Push ... Prostitutes #5
DEBUNKED
Child Prostitution #9
Children of Prostitutes Victimized in 5 Ways #29
Alcohol, To... Drugs, Gambling #3
DEBUNKED
Husbands Victimized by Wives Earning Extra Money as Prostitutes #14
Organized Crime #10

Figure 19

Chapter 19

Debunking Myth #9: Child Prostitution

WHY is prostitution harmful and/or evil?

Purported Answer #9:

Because child prostitution is horrific—these children are victims of prostitution.

The sexual molestation of a child is a serious crime. That's what happened to Nicole, who was raped daily by her father. It also appears likely that Sophia was sexually abused as a child. In response, she may have developed her childlike defenses of fingernail pinching and biting. Several other women who are not prostitutes have told me their experiences of repeated child sexual abuse by fathers, uncles, older brothers and other men.

In the 1970s and 1980s, public awareness of this crime increased greatly. When a child is sexually molested, it leaves emotional scars and sometimes physical scars that can last a lifetime.

Some malicious adults, including some deranged parents, force children to have sex with paying customers. This horrific practice is commonly known as "child prostitution." The facilitating adult is guilty of a felony. And the adult customers are equally guilty. They are having sex with children, which, regardless of whether money is involved, is also a felony.

All that said, before talking about "child prostitution," we must first ask what the word "child" means. Clearly a 7-year-old person is a child.

But what about a fully developed 15-year-old girl, who is sexually active with her 17-year-old boyfriend? Let's call her Teri. Is *she* a "child" who needs the protection of *child* sexual molestation laws? Clearly not. Teri's physical body is that of an adult woman. She has adult knowledge about sex, and she is behaving sexually as an adult woman. Indeed, she is old enough to get *married* in many nations, and in many U.S. states. And her intimate relationship with her boyfriend might be a source of great happiness in her life. They might get married one day.

Suppose Teri decides to earn money for her college tuition through prostitution. Is that such a big deal? Is it "horrifying" in the sense of a deranged mother forcing her 7-year-old daughter to have sex with a paying customer? No. Rather, the 15-year-old Teri is engaging in *adult* prostitution, notwithstanding she is still legally a minor.

Indeed, when I took Nicole out to dinner, she explained that at 15 she made her own decision to earn money as a prostitute. She found it empowering. By doing so, she avoided getting sent back to face her father's rape. Notwithstanding her age of 15, Nicole was engaging in *adult* prostitution, managing her business on her own, without a pimp.

What is it, precisely, that is so horrific about "child prostitution"? First, sex is unacceptable with children before puberty. These children lack the physical maturity for sex, and they lack the mental maturity to consent to sex. It appears to me that *this* is the main thing that people find horrific about "child prostitution." Indeed, if the term were switched to "teen prostitution" it would lose much of its "bite."

There is a second category of offensive conduct that might be construed as "child prostitution." This involves minors who are sexually mature but do not freely consent.

I see no other potentially offensive categories of "child prostitution." I will therefore combine these two categories together. Thus, I define "child prostitution" as paid sex with a legal minor who either (1) has not reached sexual maturity, or (2) has

reached sexual maturity but does not freely consent to the transaction. I believe that fully encompasses what people generally find "horrific" about "child prostitution."

This excludes both the fictitious Teri and the real Nicole from "child prostitution." These 15-year-old girls *had* reached sexual maturity and *consented* to paid sex—they were behaving as adults, not as children.

♥ ♥ ♥

Our Sensible Question asks:

Why is prostitution harmful and/or evil?

Let's now examine how Purported Answer #9 attempts to answer it:

Because child prostitution is horrific—these children are victims of prostitution.

Does *this* answer the Sensible Question? Does this explain *why* prostitution is harmful and/or evil? I say no. I submit that Purported Answer #9 *fails* to answer the Sensible Question for four independent reasons.

Failure One

Ignoring a Crucial Fact (MIR #7): Purported Answer #9 is invalid because "child prostitution" is *not* prostitution. These children do not freely consent to sex.

The first of the two categories of "child prostitution" is paid sex with a legal minor who has not reached sexual maturity. I am taking the mainstream position that *all* pre-pubescent children *lack the capacity* to consent to provide sex in exchange for money. Hence consent is *impossible.*

The second category of "child prostitution" is paid sex with a sexually mature minor who does *not* freely consent. (It can be debated whether sexually mature minors have the capacity to consent. But capacity is irrelevant when the minor refuses to consent.)

Our Formal Definition of Prostitution requires freely given consent, both for two-party prostitution and for three-party prostitution.

Purported Answer #9 is IGNORING A CRUCIAL FACT that because so-called "child prostitution" is done without freely given consent, it's *not* prostitution! Rather, it's child sexual abuse and the rape of a child.

Purported Answer #9 fails to explain why *prostitution itself* is harmful or evil. It fails to explain why something that's *not* prostitution makes *prostitution* harmful or evil.

Failure Two

False Generalization (MIR #1): Purported Answer #9 is invalid because it fails to identify any harm or evil caused when prostitution is done by *adult* women, with *no* participation by children.

Other than hearing Nicole's story from three decades before I met her, I have never personally known of any girl under 18 selling sex.

Anti-prostitution fanatics make a lot of noise about "child prostitution." Their purpose is transparent. They are trying to convince people prostitution is evil based on emotionally upsetting tales of child sex abuse. But they are *lying*. The truth is that actual instances of either offensive category of "child prostitution" are *extremely rare*.[46]

Moreover, of the small number of actual cases of "child prostitution," many have been perpetrated by *police officers*![47]

In Tijuana's Pussyland, the law is strict that the girls must be at least 18. The police are right there to enforce it. There is one bar on a side street in Pussyland that I heard is full of 18-year-old girls who were learning the trade. But when I visited that bar, there were only about ten girls. I was not interested in any of them.

In 2011, I visited a prostitute named Sherry who looked like she might be under 18. I made her show me her driver's license, which proved she was at least 18. If she had been under 18, I would have immediately walked out. Sherry turned out to be a drug addict—I will tell that story in a later book in this series.

I have read news reports of child prostitution rings being uncovered in Turkey. In one incident reported from Istanbul in April 2010, two girls aged 14 and 15, and a boy aged 16 were involved. 31 adults were detained (aged 20–57).[48] That's *three* teenagers who, by their ages, had likely reached sexual maturity.

Compare that with a Saturday night in Pussyland. Some *three to five hundred* girls are on the job in the bars and on the streets. And that's just Tijuana. Globally, there are some 13 million adult prostitutes,[49] and business is booming.

Whatever amount of "child prostitution" does happen, it is *miniscule* when compared with the global market for *adult* prostitution.

Purported Answer #9 *falsely generalizes* the notion that *some* prostitutes are children into *all* prostitutes being children. This is a FALSE GENERALIZATION and is therefore logically invalid.

Purported Answer #9 fails to explain why *prostitution itself* is harmful or evil. It does not explain how prostitution is harmful or evil when the prostitutes are *adults*.

Failure Three

Labeling Someone as the Victim of the Circumstances in Which a Crime Is Committed in Lieu of Labeling Him or Her a Victim of That Crime (MIR #5): Purported Answer #9 is invalid

because it labels the children as victims of prostitution in lieu of labeling them as victims of child sexual abuse and rape.

As explained above in Failure One, forcing a child to have sex for money is *not* "prostitution." This is because the child does not freely consent. Nevertheless, for the sake of discussion, let's assume it's "prostitution."

Forcing a child to have sex is a *real* crime, regardless of whether money is involved. But if money is involved, people get distracted from the real crime. People instead focus on the mixture of sex and money, and they cry "prostitution."

Purported Answer #9 asserts that the child is a victim of *prostitution*. This is nonsense. The child is a victim of the *real* crimes of child sexual abuse and rape. *The damage to the child is the same whether money is involved or not.*

Purported Answer #9 improperly labels children as the victims of the "prostitution-like" *circumstances* in which they are forced to provide sex for money. This is LABELING SOMEONE AS THE VICTIM OF THE CIRCUMSTANCES IN WHICH CRIMES (Child Sexual Abuse and Rape) ARE COMMITTED IN LIEU OF LABELING HIM OR HER A VICTIM OF THOSE CRIMES. It is therefore logically invalid.

Purported Answer #9 fails to explain why a child is a victim of *prostitution*, when she (or he) in fact the victim of criminal force.

♥ ♥ ♥

I will now introduce the last Mistake in Reasoning to be presented in this Book One.[50]

Mistake in Reasoning #9: CONDEMNING AN ADULT ACT BECAUSE THAT ACT SHOULD NOT BE DONE BY CHILDREN

Some kinds of acts are for *adults only*. Should such acts be condemned because *children* shouldn't do them? Of course not.

For example, should schools be closed down because a school's principal cannot be a child? Children can be *students* in a school, but they should not *run* the school. To close down schools because children cannot administer them is ridiculous. It is CONDEMNING AN ADULT ACT BECAUSE THAT ACT SHOULD NOT BE DONE BY CHILDREN. It is invalid reasoning. It yields conclusions that are *false*.

Failure Four

Condemning an Adult Act Because That Act Should Not Be Done by Children (MIR #9): Purported Answer #9 is invalid because it condemns *adult* prostitution on the basis that *children* should not do it.

Medical doctors are adults. Performing surgery is an adult act. It is wholly inappropriate for children to perform open heart surgery. The fact that surgery shouldn't be done by children doesn't mean it's bad for *adults* to do it!

Purported Answer #9 condemns *adult* prostitution on the basis that *children* should not be prostitutes. This is like condemning surgery because children shouldn't do it. Hence, Purported Answer #9 is CONDEMNING AN ADULT ACT BECAUSE THAT ACT SHOULD NOT BE DONE BY CHILDREN. That is logically invalid.

Purported Answer #9 fails to explain why *prostitution itself* is harmful or evil. It does not explain how prostitution is harmful or evil when *no* children are involved.

♥ ♥ ♥

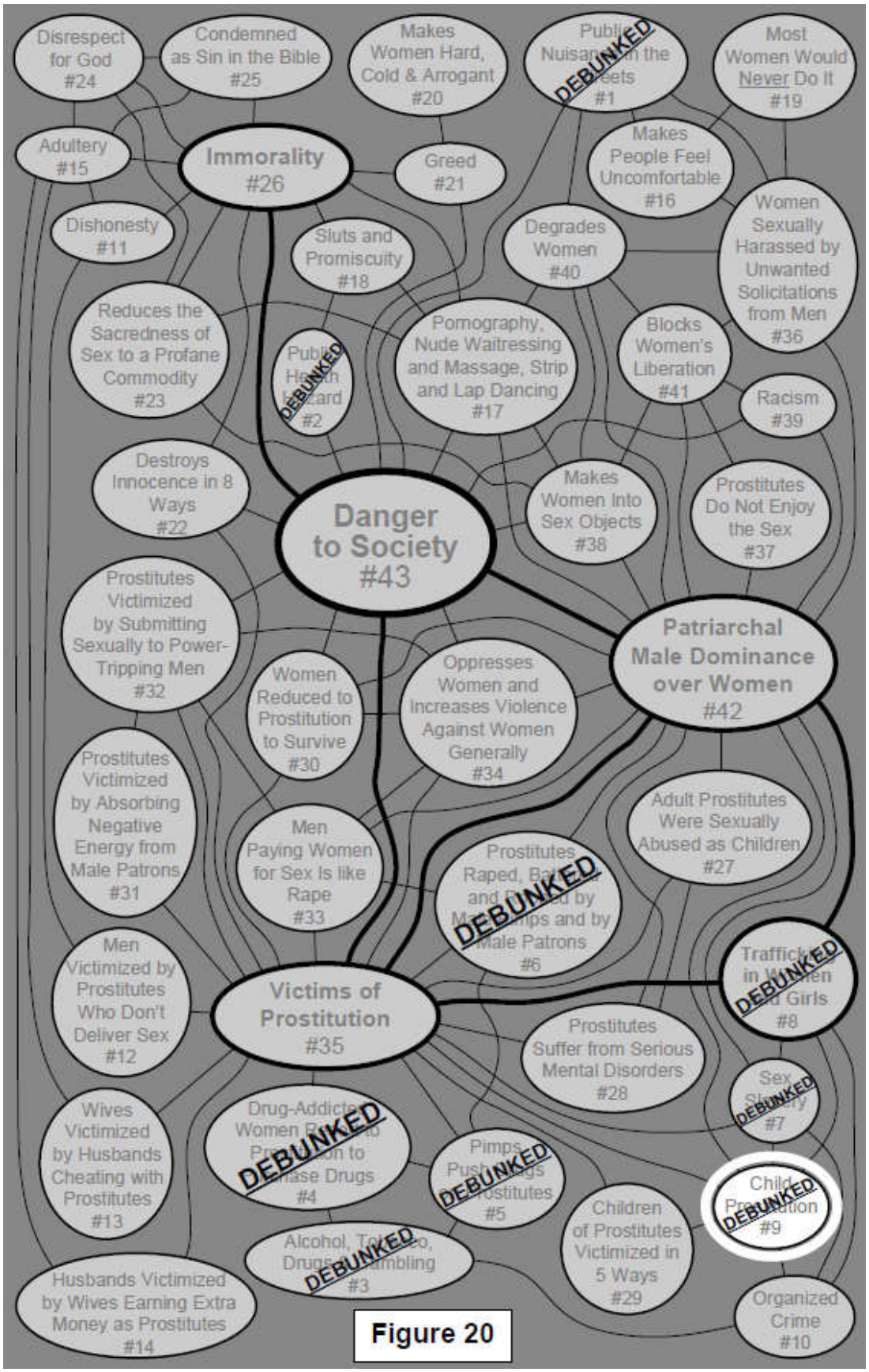
Purported Answer #9 *fails* to answer the Sensible Question. Four Failure pins have pierced this balloon. Pop! The notion that Purported Answer #9 answers the Sensible Question is a myth. It's

a *false* myth, which has now been debunked, as shown in the box below and in Figure 20 below.

False Myth #9:

Prostitution is harmful and/or evil <u>because</u> child prostitution is horrific—these children are victims of prostitution.

This Myth Is Now Debunked!


Disrespect for God #24
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Public Health Hazard #2 DEBUNKED
Pornography, Nude Waitressing and Massage, Strip and Lap Dancing #17
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Prostitutes Raped, Ba... and ...ed by M...ips and by Male Patrons #6 DEBUNKED
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Victims of Prostitution #35
Traffick... in W...men ...d Girls #8 DEBUNKED
Prostitutes Suffer from Serious Mental Disorders #28
Sex S...very #7 DEBUNKED
Wives Victimized by Husbands Cheating with Prostitutes #13
Drug-Addicted Women R... ...n to ...ase Drugs #4 DEBUNKED
Pimps, Pus... ...gs & Prostitutes #5 DEBUNKED
Child Pr... ...tion #9 DEBUNKED
Children of Prostitutes Victimized in 5 Ways #29
Alcohol, To...co, Drugs, ...mbling #3 DEBUNKED
Husbands Victimized by Wives Earning Extra Money as Prostitutes #14
Organized Crime #10

Figure 20

Chapter 20

It Costs Most Men a Lot of Money to Get Laid Anyway. Why Not Pay the Woman Directly and Avoid All the Stress?

A tiny minority of men can have sex almost anytime they want with almost any woman they want. These guys are called pickup artists or PUAs. They are *rare*. They probably comprise less than 0.1% of the male population.

For *most* guys, getting laid is not that easy. Most men must navigate a long, unpredictable, difficult path in the hopes of getting an attractive woman into bed. And this process can be extremely stressful.

First, a guy has to make a *connection* with a woman he wants to have sex with. Then, he has to say just the right things, at just the right times, in just the right way. He has to have the right "look" and the right "attitude" and the right "energy." He has to know precisely when to show balls and assert himself, and when to hold back. He has to play each situation that arises in just the right way. And a lot of situations come up by surprise. This means he has no chance to mentally rehearse what he might say and do. In these unexpected situations he has to be completely spontaneous and do everything *right*. He has to be "cool." It must "look" to her *like it doesn't matter* to him whether or not she lets him have sex. In reality that's what matters *the most*. Moreover, women often *say* one thing but actually *mean* something very different, even the opposite of what they say. Nevertheless, a man has to see past her words and understand what she actually *means*. He must be an expert at decoding the female code, a process not taught in any school or university!

What's worse is that there are a million different *mistakes* a guy can make as he attempts to walk the daunting path of bedding an attractive woman. If he makes just one of these mistakes with her, *that's it*—she will *not* have sex with him. Once he makes a blunder and she shuts down, his chances of having sex with her usually *vanish*.

When his chances with a woman vanish, then, if he's smart, he will try to figure out his mistake. Then he'll try hard not to repeat *that* mistake next time. Of course, there are still lots of *other* mistakes he can make with the next woman. But in many cases it's not so easy to figure out what the first mistake was. In fact, a lot of guys just repeat the same mistake and get the same unfortunate result. A lot of guys eventually conclude that they don't have what it takes to bed an attractive woman. *This is a recipe for depression, deep unhappiness and prostate cancer.*

This whole process can cost a guy a lot of his time—time spent *not* getting laid.

Let's take a hypothetical guy who wants to get laid. Let's add up all the time he spends in a typical week trying to get his sexual needs met. Suppose on Sunday he spends three hours on Internet dating sites trying to hook up with women. He manages to connect with a lady. He spends one hour on email correspondence with her and one hour on the phone with her. Then on Tuesday he meets her for coffee. He spends one hour getting ready, making himself look as good as possible, getting his car washed and driving to/from the coffee date. They meet for coffee for one hour. He manages to get her to take a walk with him for another hour. So far, so good. No mistakes yet. He has now spent *eight* hours for the week.

If he finds her attractive and is lucky enough to get another date with her for Saturday night, then he spends an hour figuring out where to take her on the date, perhaps purchasing tickets in advance, another hour getting ready and driving to/from the date. Then he spends four hours with her on the date. He gets a good night kiss, but *not* a French kiss. That's a total of *14 hours for the week*.

The next week he spends another 14 hours. He spends three hours on the Internet dating sites (in case things don't work out with her). He spends two hours thinking about her. He spends one hour figuring out their second date and three hours talking with her on the phone. Then he spends one hour driving to and from their second date, and four hours on the date. Suppose he's lucky, and she French kisses him.

In the third week he spends yet another 14 hours. But unfortunately on their third date, he makes a blunder. She shuts down, and *it's over*. His chances of having sex with her vanish.

In the fourth week, he gets depressed and spends 14 hours licking his wounds, talking with his friends and his therapist. Plus lots more time on Internet dating sites.

In the fifth week, he connects with another woman and the cycle begins again. But he eventually blunders again with the same disappointing results, to wit: no sex.

A full-time job is about 2,000 hours per year (40 hours per week, times 50 weeks per year, assuming two weeks vacation time). If a guy is spending 14 hours per week on trying to get laid, that's 728 hours per year. Suppose that, rather than spending all that time *not* getting laid, he instead got a part-time job at $10.00 per hour. He would earn $7,280 per year for *not* getting laid. If he has a good education, then a skilled job can earn him $25 per hour. That's more than $18,000 per year for *not* getting laid.

I would like to ask my male readers who are single what they would rather receive for *not* getting laid? A string of sexless dates, or $18,000?

Many men manage to get into relationships with women, and get their sexual needs met. For a while. Until something goes wrong in the relationship, and then getting laid is no longer so easy for the guy.

Indeed, a lot of *married* guys have a difficult time getting laid. Their wives have endless excuses and reasons to deny them sex on most nights. This happened to me. I've heard this same story from a

lot of other men. Several prostitutes have told me that *they* hear these stories from their married clients!

So what do married guys do? *Whatever they can!* Wives make "honey-do" lists, and husbands do what's on the list. Husbands work hard to provide for their wives and children. Husbands take their wives on nice vacations. Husbands bend over backwards to make their wives happy. And yet, many husbands just simply don't get enough sex.

It's not just the *time* spent trying to get laid. Guys also pay out a lot of *cash* to enhance their chances of getting laid. Guys buy expensive cars to impress women. Guys buy expensive event tickets for taking women out on dates. For me this means *opera* tickets. Guys buy flowers for women. Guys take women out to expensive restaurants for dinner. They buy expensive wines at dinner (not me, I don't drink alcohol). Guys will pay a woman's rent for her, and pay her bills for her.

Today many guys are spending a lot of money on e-books, videos, seminars and private coaching offered by savvy pickup artists. Ads by these PUAs claim that regular guys can develop the magic touch that reliably gets attractive women into bed. I've spent a few hundred dollars on this stuff, and have learned some good information. I have applied it when interacting with women, but it hasn't gotten me laid. Except when I've applied these methods to prostitutes, who love it! But with prostitutes, I give credit to the money, not the PUA techniques, for getting me laid.

Men spend all of this time and money for one fundamental purpose: to build a relationship *that includes sex*. If all a man wants is *friendship* with a woman, then he wouldn't need to pay out all that money! A *platonic* relationship with a woman seldom costs a guy money! It is *sex* that generates most of the relationship cost for a man.

And what about jewelry? There is one good thing about jewelry. And I'm talking about fine jewelry, not costume jewelry. If presented to a woman on a special occasion, the guy is certain to get

laid *that* night. But what about the next night, and the night after that?

What about a married guy whose wife is neither contributing financially to the marriage nor delivering much sex? To keep things simple, let's say they have no children. He got married believing that regular sex was integral to the marriage bargain. In his view, she is breaking the bargain by withholding sex. Suppose he manages to have an affair that meets his sexual needs. One day his wife finds out about the affair, divorces him, and ruins him financially in court. Is this fair? (This did *not* happen to me—I never had an affair while married.)

I think this entire paradigm is *ridiculous*. I would like to suggest an entirely different paradigm:

> *Why not pay the woman directly for sex and avoid all the stress?*

Many women's resistance to sex *collapses* when they get paid. Likewise, when a man pays a woman for sex, there is *no stress*. He *knows* he's going to get laid. Gone is the stressful and unpredictable process of attempting to navigate all her complex conversational resistance to sex!

If she says yes, then she gets paid and he gets laid. If she says no, then he saves his valuable time and keeps his hard-earned money. *And he keeps his sanity*! Then he can find another woman to spend his time and money on. If adult prostitution becomes legal and honorable, he will quickly find an attractive woman who will gladly give him paid sex. If the sex is good, and they really like each other, they might fall in love and get married. Indeed, happy marriages have happened between prostitutes and their male patrons.

Tina

In February 2002, I called a number in *LA Weekly* and spoke with a female. Said she had a beautiful girl named Tina in West Hollywood. It would be $170 for full service. That was better than the $200 I had last paid for sex in Los Angeles. Was this a trap? I uttered a fast, silent prayer for safety and got the go-ahead from Spirit. I gave her my real name, Mark. She provided an address on De Longpre Avenue, just west of La Brea Avenue, and a security code.

I was on a tighter budget and brought just a single red rose, with a water tube. Parking was difficult. At the main door, I entered the code. A woman answered and asked for my name, which I gave her. She told me the apartment number and buzzed me in. Getting out of the elevator, I walked down a hall passing a small alcove on my right. About 30 feet beyond the alcove the hall formed a "TEE" where I turned right. The door to Tina's apartment was straight ahead at the end of the hall. I knocked.

As the door opened, I was stunned.

"Alexandra!" I gasped.

She was also stunned but had already had a few minutes to think about it. She knew my first name in advance and had seen me on the security camera when she buzzed me in. She was wearing a red night gown. But she had gained some weight in her belly. Her English was slightly better, but still extremely limited.

Alexandra aggressively grabbed both me and the rose, pulled me inside and closed the door. She threw the rose on the floor, brought me into the living room and then *exploded*. Extremely angry and deeply hurt that I had left her, she slapped me across the face hard and repeatedly. As she slapped me, she yelled at me in broken English about how much I had hurt her. But then after a few slaps on my face, she grabbed my head and French kissed. Explosively. To this day, these were the most passionate and powerful kisses I've ever experienced from *any* woman. Then she resumed the slapping.

Back and forth she went between slapping hard and kissing hard. She said, "I hate you" as she slapped me. Then she said, "I love you" as she kissed me. I was experiencing two contradictory emotional

extremes in this woman at the same time. Tears dripped from her eyes.

She began hastily removing my clothes, telling me, "You're *so* sexy." She unbuttoned my shirt and unbuckled my pants. I was so surprised by what was happening that I completely lost control of the situation. I was also experiencing two conflicting emotions. I was delighted to see her but also frightened by her emotional rage and physical abuse. This was simultaneously a turn-on and a turn-off, and my penis agreed—it was *half* hard!

But Alexandra didn't care. When my pants fell to the floor, she fell to her knees, pulled down my underwear and aggressively sucked my half-hard cock. I stood there in a state of shock with my pants and underwear around my ankles. In her intense sexual hunger, she practically swallowed me. When she finally took her mouth off my cock, she reached up and slapped my face again.

Then she got worried. "Someone might come. Follow me," she said, momentarily interrupting her passion.

I stepped out of my pants and picked them up. The bedroom was merely an extension of the living room—it was not isolated by a wall. She led me past the bed and into a carpeted, walk-in closet. I saw mover's boxes in the back of the closet that had been opened but not unpacked. She closed the closet door, pulled off her night gown and then pulled off my shirt.

Now that we were both naked, but still standing, she resumed slapping my face and then kissing me. Then she wanted to fuck. Alexandra demanded sex, as no woman has ever demanded sex from me. And she wanted to be on top.

We got down on the floor, but there was not much room. I lay on my back, and she mounted me in cowgirl position. My penis was still half-hard, but hard enough to penetrate her. She moved up and down from her knees, feeling the ecstasy of intercourse. But then she got mad and, with my penis inside her, she reached down and resumed slapping me. Then she brought her head down and passionately kissed me, coming quickly to orgasm.

Soon she was back up in cowgirl again, moving up and down on my cock. She was at once on fire with passionate hate and passionate love. I pointed to her enlarged belly. Making a cradle with my hands, I asked, “Baby?” She shook her head no. She was getting fat.

“You are *scaring* me,” I said.

She rejected that, declaring “Man not scared.” She shook her head no as she moved up and down on my cock.

Then she stopped. Sitting on my pelvis with my cock inside her, she poured out her pain from my abandoning her. “I wait one month,” she said holding up one finger, “You didn’t come!” Holding up two fingers, she said, “Two months.” Then she said, “Three months, four months, five months!” holding up three, then four then five fingers. She ran out of fingers on one hand, because it had been about nine months. Then she reached down with her other hand and slapped my face again, bursting into tears.

I felt terrible. I had no idea she was so in love with me. She had never been remotely this passionate in the past. Not knowing what else to say, I said, “I’m sorry.”

Then she launched into a jealous rage, screaming, “You kissed Virginia!” She made a motion of hugging and kissing, as more tears poured from her eyes.

So Virginia *lied* to me. Virginia *was* in contact with Alexandra. Not only that, but Virginia was *mean* to Alexandra, intentionally misleading her about what had happened.

“I did *not* have sex with Virginia,” I replied. “I was trying to find *you*. Virginia said she did not have your phone number.”

Alexandra somehow understood me. She fell into my arms, crying wildly, her tears dripping on my face. The slapping stopped and did not happen again.

Something was seriously wrong with the story I had heard from Lorraine and Virginia. Alexandra was *not* in a happy relationship with a boyfriend. Not at all.

Suddenly, she started worrying again about someone coming. The boyfriend, I wondered? She was in a hurry for us to get dressed. I paid her the $170, without even bowing down. When she took the money, she started crying again.

"Not enough money. He will be mad at me. The rent is late."

I suddenly realized the boyfriend is actually a *pimp*!

I gave her the rest of the money in my wallet, which was about $50. I cared about Alexandra, and was now even more concerned that I had abandoned her. I was extremely confused.

She quickly shuffled me out the front door with a fast French kiss goodbye.

That encounter with Alexandra was one of the most incredible experiences of my entire life!

♥ ♥ ♥

I still loved Alexandra and I wanted to help her. But I needed more information. By this time I had a cell phone. I enlisted the help of my friend Teresa again. I explained what was going on and what I wanted to find out.

Two days after getting slapped by Alexandra, I returned to her apartment without an appointment. I snuck inside the building and knocked at her door. She opened the door a crack and lit up when she saw me, but motioned she had a client with her. I could see she wanted me to come back later. It's good, I thought, that she's making some money, but for whom?

I walked back down the hall, turned left, and then sat down in the alcove. After about 10 minutes, I heard a door close from her direction. Moments later a man came around the TEE corner and walked by me. He was middle aged, decent looking and casually dressed in shorts, but he looked a bit nerdy. He also looked happy!

A few minutes later, I knocked on Alexandra's door and she let me in. I came for information. I wanted the truth. I also wanted to take her in my car and show her my home. I was considering the

possibility of her coming to live with me. I did *not* come for sex, and she had just had sex with that other guy. Nevertheless, she immediately attacked me with passionate French kisses. No slapping this time, thank God!

She pulled me into the bedroom, we removed our clothes, and this time used the bed. This was the best sex I ever had with Alexandra. During DATY, she screamed "Oh my God!" as her whole body exploded in orgasm. It was also the *last* time we had sex. I did not pay her for it, nor did she ask me for money.

Evidently, she was not worried about anyone coming in. She lay on the bed with me for a while, sometimes crying in my arms.

After we got dressed, we went into the living room. On the coffee table I saw a Three Day Notice to Pay Rent or Quit. It had obviously been taped to the door. I also saw a half-empty bottle of vodka. The red rose that she had thrown on the floor was in a jar filled with water.

I pulled out my cell phone and called Teresa. I handed my phone to Alexandra. They talked for a while, and Alexandra cried. Then she handed the phone to me. It went back and forth several times.

The gist of the story is as follows. She had been recruited in Ukraine by an Azerbaijani man, who brought her to Los Angeles through Mexico. She arrived illegally with her Russian passport and no U.S. visa. He works with Lorraine. (I don't think Alexandra understood the bigger picture of the Russian Mafia.) When her contract ended in the summer, she had no money and no place to go. So she just continued working for Lorraine and the Azerbaijani guy.

The guy had been having sex with her regularly from the outset, which was a part of the deal. But she didn't like him or the sex. He never gave her orgasms. Instead, he yelled at her and *battered* her. He also kept control of her money and passport. He threatened that he might go to the police and that she would go to jail for prostitution.

I explained through Teresa that I wanted to take Alexandra to visit my home and maybe live with me. Alexandra reacted to this with *fear*.

When we got off the phone, I tried to get Alexandra to come with me, but she refused. I kissed her goodbye and left.

♥ ♥ ♥

The next day, I returned and knocked on her door again. She answered but was visibly scared. She told me to leave because he was coming.

I walked down the hall, turned left and then sat down again in the alcove. I wanted to see what would happen. A few minutes later two men walked by me, heading toward her apartment. I watched them round the corner to the right. Then I got up and peeked around that corner. I saw Alexandra open the door and let them in. She saw me. She stepped outside the door and made an angry face at me. Then she went back inside, closing the door. This was the dark side of her life she did not want me to see.

♥ ♥ ♥

I told a close friend and psychic advisor what I had learned. He warned me that making Alexandra my girlfriend could be dangerous. He said the Azerbaijani guy might retaliate with violence. This was consistent with the LAPD officer's warning.

Nevertheless, a few days later I went back yet again, and Alexandra let me in. We did not have sex. The television was tuned to a Russian speaking station. I turned it off. I tried to get her to come with me, but she resisted. I told her to put on her shoes, but she refused.

Then I sat on a chair in the living room, closed my eyes and began chanting "Om Namah Shivaya." It's an ancient Sanskrit mantra meaning, "I return to Innocence." While I was chanting, I finally realized this was not a good idea at all. Alexandra's English

was extremely limited. If I were to bring her home with me, she would certainly be happy for a while. But she had learned way too little English after being here for over a year. I did not want her smoking or drinking alcohol in my home. I did not even have a television (I stopped watching TV in 1970). After a few weeks of living with me, Alexandra would probably get bored and frustrated from the language barrier. Eventually, she would telephone the guy, disclose my address, and he would come over. *No thank you*!

When I stopped chanting and opened my eyes, she was sitting on the sofa *with her shoes on*. This was good, but it was too little too late. My mind was now clear. It would be a mistake to take Alexandra with me.

"I'm sorry, Alexandra, I changed my mind. I'm leaving now," I told her.

She did not seem surprised. The writing was on the wall, and she knew it. This time, I said goodbye properly. I hugged her for a long time, praying for her well being and that of her son as I embraced her. I kissed her goodbye and left.

That was the last time I saw Alexandra.

♥ ♥ ♥

For some reason, I did go back a few days later, but she did not answer the door. I was suspicious. I found a way to peek in a window and saw that the apartment had been vacated. I went to the office and had a brief conversation with the building manager. "You know the lady Alexandra in number 392?" I asked.

"Yes. She's gone. Their rent was overdue."

"What happened? It's too soon to have evicted them."

"They left in the night," she replied.

"She was having terrible problems," I explained. "I was trying to help her."

"*A lot of people tried to help her*," she replied.

And that is the poignant end of my story about Alexandra. In retrospect, it seems unlikely I could have saved her from her plight. She lacked the willingness to do what she needed to do to get out of her mess. First and foremost was learning English as quickly as possible. Moreover, she had my phone number from the beginning, and could have reached me if she really wanted help. I love Alexandra and gave her some beautiful experiences. But it was not safe or practical for me to go further.

Until Alexandra is willing to empower *herself*, she will likely remain stuck where she is in her life. And that goes for millions of people, *not* involved in prostitution, who are stuck in a rut in their lives.

God bless you, Alexandra! I love you! If you ever read this book, please contact me, and I will help you if I can.

Chapter 21

Debunking 43 Myths That *Falsely* Condemn Prostitution

The notion that prostitution is harmful or evil is *false*. It's a delusion:

The Prostitution Delusion:

Prostitution is harmful and evil.

I have given the benefit of the doubt to those who genuinely believe prostitution is harmful and/or evil, by asking:

The Sensible Question:

WHY is prostitution harmful and/or evil?

Figure 1 summarizes the entire case against prostitution. It does so in a single, 1-page diagram showing 43 different Purported Answers to the Sensible Question.

We are now at the end of Book One. In this book, I have debunked Purported Answers #1–9 by showing they each *fail* to answer the Sensible Question.

Purported Answer #1 claims that Prostitution is harmful and/or evil because prostitutes create a public nuisance on the streets. Chapter 3 debunked that as a false myth.

Purported Answer #2 claims that Prostitution is harmful and/or evil because prostitution is a hazard to public health. Chapter 5 debunked that as a false myth.

Purported Answer #3 claims that Prostitution is harmful and/or evil because prostitution is done in close proximity to drinking, smoking, drugs and gambling, all of which are harmful. Chapter 7 debunked that as a false myth.

Purported Answer #4 claims that Prostitution is harmful and/or evil because drug-addicted women resort to prostitution to pay for dangerous drugs, and that these women are victims of prostitution. Chapter 9 debunked that as a false myth.

Purported Answer #5 claims that Prostitution is harmful and/or evil because pimps push dangerous drugs on women and entice them into prostitution to pay for the drugs. It also claims these drug-addicted women are victims of prostitution. Chapter 11 debunked that as a false myth.

Purported Answer #6 claims that Prostitution is harmful and/or evil because prostitutes get raped, battered and robbed by male pimps and by male patrons, and that these women are victims of prostitution. Chapter 13 debunked that as a false myth.

Purported Answer #7 claims that Prostitution is harmful and/or evil because prostitution forces women and girls into sex slavery. It also claims they are victims of prostitution. Chapter 15 debunked that as a false myth.

Purported Answer #8 claims that Prostitution is harmful and/or evil because prostitution causes trafficking in women and girls, who are victims of prostitution. Chapter 17 debunked that as a false myth.

Purported Answer #9 claims that Prostitution is harmful and/or evil because child prostitution is horrific. It also claims these children are victims of prostitution. Chapter 19 debunked that as a false myth.

Myths 1–9 have each been debunked because they fail to answer the Sensible Question!

False Myths #1–9:

Prostitution is harmful and/or evil
because...

These Nine Myths Are Now Debunked!

Figure 21 below highlights in white these debunking results in this Book One. Just below that, Figure 22 highlights in white what I will address in Books Two through Five.

Hence, I am now about one fifth of the way through the process of debunking the entire case against prostitution.

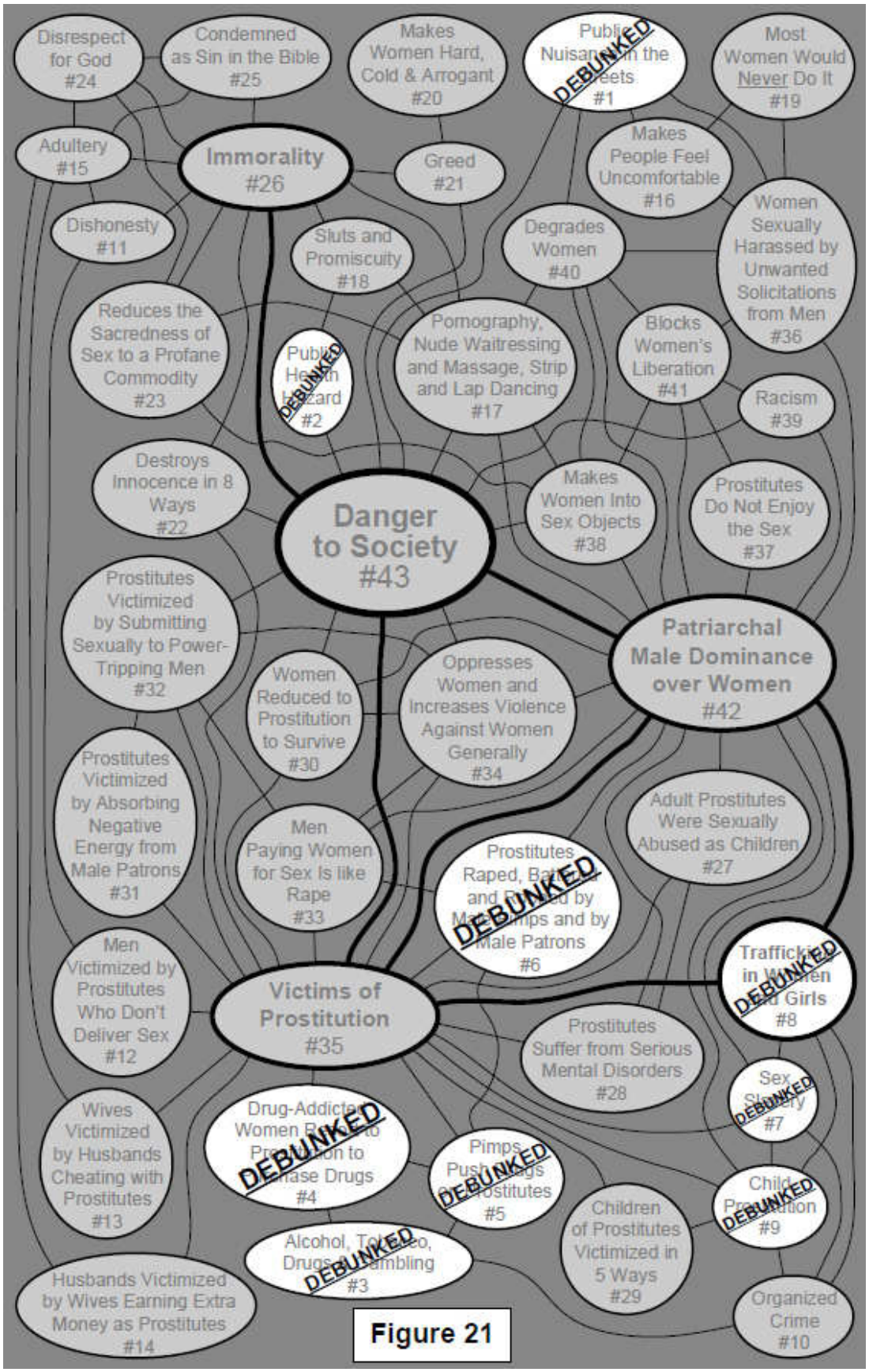
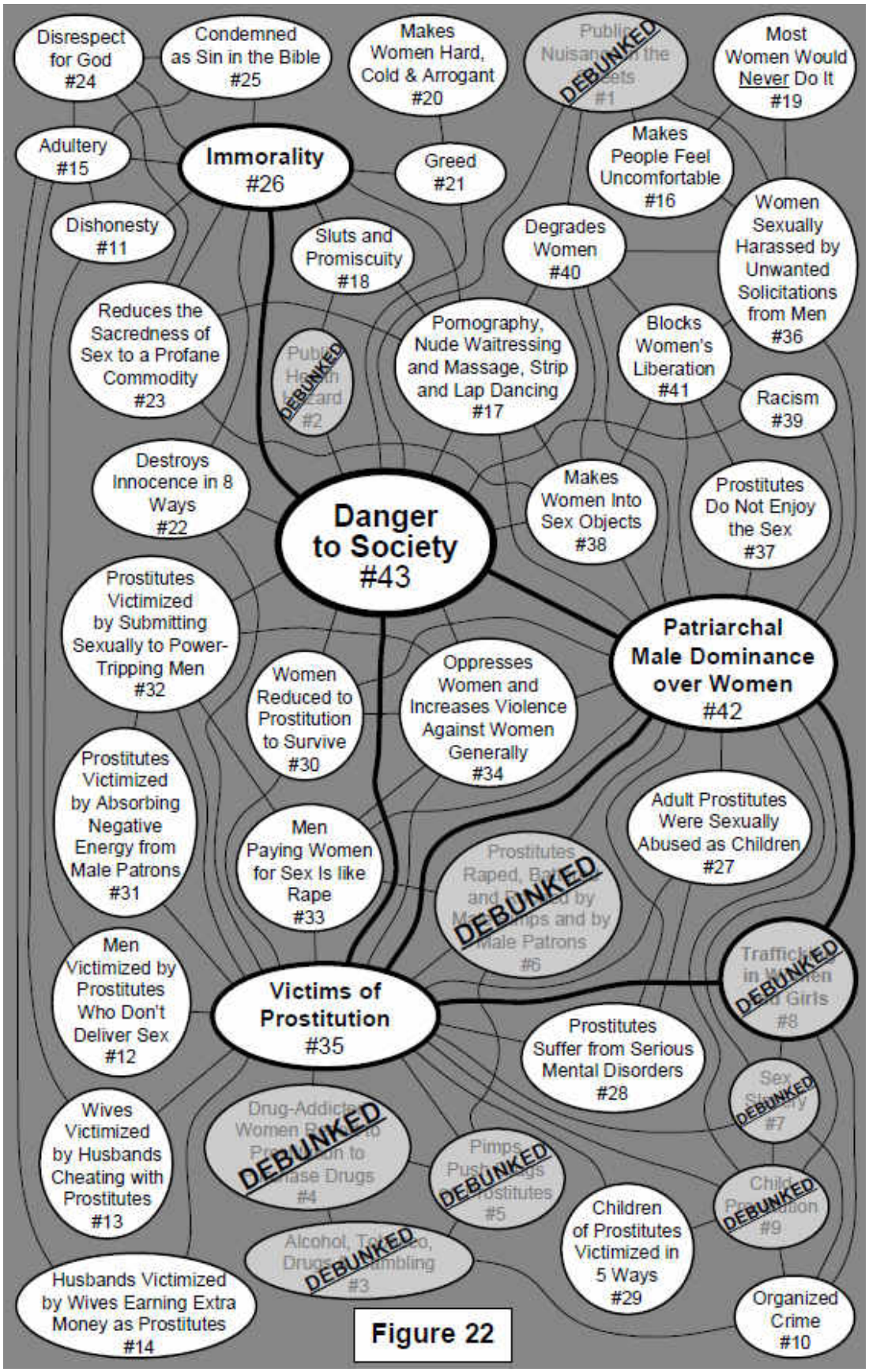

Disrespect for God #24
Condemned as Sin in the Bible #25
Makes Women Hard, Cold & Arrogant #20
Public Nuisance in the Streets #1 DEBUNKED
Most Women Would Never Do It #19
Adultery #15
Immorality #26
Greed #21
Makes People Feel Uncomfortable #16
Dishonesty #11
Sluts and Promiscuity #18
Degrades Women #40
Women Sexually Harassed by Unwanted Solicitations from Men #36
Reduces the Sacredness of Sex to a Profane Commodity #23
Public Health Hazard #2 DEBUNKED
Pornography, Nude Waitressing and Massage, Strip and Lap Dancing #17
Blocks Women's Liberation #41
Racism #39
Destroys Innocence in 8 Ways #22
Danger to Society #43
Makes Women Into Sex Objects #38
Prostitutes Do Not Enjoy the Sex #37
Prostitutes Victimized by Submitting Sexually to Power-Tripping Men #32
Patriarchal Male Dominance over Women #42
Women Reduced to Prostitution to Survive #30
Oppresses Women and Increases Violence Against Women Generally #34
Prostitutes Victimized by Absorbing Negative Energy from Male Patrons #31
Adult Prostitutes Were Sexually Abused as Children #27
Men Paying Women for Sex Is like Rape #33
Prostitutes Raped, Ba... and ...d by Male Pimps and by Male Patrons #6 DEBUNKED
Men Victimized by Prostitutes Who Don't Deliver Sex #12
Victims of Prostitution #35
Trafficking in Women and Girls #8 DEBUNKED
Prostitutes Suffer from Serious Mental Disorders #28
Sex Slavery #7 DEBUNKED
Wives Victimized by Husbands Cheating with Prostitutes #13
Drug-Addicted Women Resort to Prostitution to Purchase Drugs #4 DEBUNKED
Pimps Push Drugs on Prostitutes #5 DEBUNKED
Child Prostitution #9 DEBUNKED
Children of Prostitutes Victimized in 5 Ways #29
Alcohol, Tobacco, Drugs & Gambling #3 DEBUNKED
Husbands Victimized by Wives Earning Extra Money as Prostitutes #14
Organized Crime #10

Figure 21


Disrespect for God #24
Condemned as Sin in the Bible #25
Makes Women Hard, Cold & Arrogant #20
DEBUNKED
Most Women Would Never Do It #19
Adultery #15
Immorality #26
Greed #21
Makes People Feel Uncomfortable #16
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Victims of Prostitution #35
Prostitutes Suffer from Serious Mental Disorders #28
DEBUNKED
Wives Victimized by Husbands Cheating with Prostitutes #13
DEBUNKED
DEBUNKED
DEBUNKED
Children of Prostitutes Victimized in 5 Ways #29
DEBUNKED
DEBUNKED
Husbands Victimized by Wives Earning Extra Money as Prostitutes #14
Organized Crime #10

Figure 22

Transforming Prostitution into Sacred Sexual Worship of the Goddess

In addition to debunking the entire case *against* prostitution, I have also been demonstrating the case *for* prostitution. I have done so primarily by describing my personal journey.

Specifically, prostitution has enabled me to transform my own sexuality into a sacred spiritual practice of worshipping the Goddess. Prostitution has provided me with extraordinary opportunities for developing my ability to lift women into high ecstasy. My intention in doing this is to enable them to experience themselves as Goddesses. *Without prostitution, I could never have accomplished this*.

I got off to a rough start with Scarlet. I managed to do a prayer with her, but then she ripped me off.

I made a good spiritual connection with Serena who opened up to me with her incredible story. But I failed to create sexual ecstasy in her. And then I blundered and ruined our connection.

With Kristina I had my first experience of feeling like I was worshipping a Goddess. I also had my first experience of elevating a prostitute into sexual ecstasy. Remarking about Dorothy, Kristina told me while washing her pussy in the bathtub, "Well, I don't know what's the matter with *her*. You sure satisfied *me*!" But then my own limited thinking got in the way, and I failed to call Kristina back.

With Andrea I got initiated to Tijuana's Pussyland. I tried but failed to worship her as a Goddess.

I did better with Jasmine the first time I saw her. Although I don't know whether I delivered an orgasm to her, she was glowing afterward. She told me, "You look like Jesus." This might indicate that, on some level, she *felt* like she got worshipped as a Goddess. However, the second time, she was less open. And she freaked out when I told her that she was doing *good* work as a prostitute. She believed what she was doing was *bad*.

Charlotte glowed after receiving a clitoral orgasm from me, and she quickly kissed me goodbye on the lips. These were good signs on my journey to worship women sexually as Goddesses.

With Danielle I began to learn the importance of taking a strong male lead, which turned her on. Goddesses love to be worshipped by a strong man who knows what he's doing.

During my first time with Gwendolyn, I wimped out by letting this very businesslike young woman stay in control. She had no orgasm and my attempt to worship her as a Goddess completely failed.

I also failed to worship Celina as a Goddess, who simply did not respond to much of anything I did.

Then came Margarita, the fireball. This was my first success elevating a woman to extremely explosive, full body Goddess orgasm, including vaginally. She clearly experienced being worshipped as a Goddess. But then she got scared—it was too good to be true.

Yolanda's energy was too heavy for me. But after sex with me, her energy lightened up. Then she kissed me on the lips on the street in front of the other girls. On some level, she must have felt worshipped as a Goddess.

Then came Amanda, with whom I took a quantum leap in my sacred sexual journey. She is the first prostitute with whom I successfully negotiated French kissing. During my first time with Amanda, I received Spirit guidance to bow down to her to offer her the money. This simple act of bowing down is a universally understood ritual of worship. Amanda instantly understood that I

was worshipping her as a Goddess, and it made her melt. This bowing down has been remarkably successful at getting prostitutes to open up as Goddesses. In my last time with Amanda, I finally mastered reliably delivering *vaginal* orgasms to prostitutes during intercourse. But then she walked out of our hotel room without giving me all the time I paid her for.

The next prostitute I bowed down to was Jennifer, who likewise melted. She wouldn't kiss the first time. But she told me with astonishment after intercourse with me that she had had three vaginal orgasms. The second time I saw her, she asked me to be her boyfriend. She also French kissed and again had multiple vaginal orgasms. Clearly, she was experiencing being worshipped as a Goddess, which is why she wanted me to be her boyfriend. But two days later, she mysteriously disappeared.

Alexandra is the first prostitute I fell in love with, who also fell in love with me. She was torn between Light and dark. She loved everything I did. She loved the flowers I brought her. She loved the way I bowed down to her with the money. She loved the Light-filled orgasmic explosions I created in her. But she lacked the strength to escape from the darkness and violence of the Russian Mafia. Nevertheless, I did successfully worship her as a Goddess during the times we spent together.

My attempt to worship Tricia as a Goddess failed. She got scared. Many women are simply not ready to experience their own Divinity.

With Mary I was again successful in every respect worshipping her as a Goddess. The last time I saw her she made it clear that she wanted to *marry* me. But I never again found her in Pussyland.

My relationship with Gwendolyn passed through several "seasons." The first two were covered in this Book One. During my second and third times with Gwendolyn, I made this very beautiful but very businesslike young lady melt as a Goddess. All the business stuff evaporated and she dissolved in ecstasy in my arms. Not only did I successfully worship her as a Goddess, but she fell in love with me.

I also successfully worshipped Nicole as a Goddess, delivering many orgasms both clitorally and vaginally, after which she wanted me to be her boyfriend. But that never happened due to her many limitations—she couldn't handle it.

Sophia certainly had a dark side, but I was successful worshipping her Light side—the Goddess in her. I made her explode and scream in full body orgasms during intercourse. I don't know if she fell in love with me, but she definitely wanted to marry me. Why? Because the sex was so good.

These stories are among the most beautiful stories of my entire life, even though many of them are poignant. Were it not for these wonderful women saying "yes" to sex, none of this could have happened. Were it not for the money I paid them, they would not have said "yes" to sex. Without their saying "yes", I could not have developed this sacred ability to worship the Goddess. *My money was well spent*. I am profoundly grateful to each and every one of them, and I love them all.

There Is *Nothing* Wrong with Prostitution!

In this book I have interwoven two complementary themes.

One theme is the *debunking* of the Prostitution Delusion—i.e. the notion that prostitution is somehow harmful or evil. I am one fifth of the way through that process in this Book One. I will complete that work in Books Two through Five.

The other theme is my own personal stories. They demonstrate the *goodness* in prostitution. They demonstrate the transformation of prostitution *from the profane to the sacred*. And I will share a whole lot more amazing stories about prostitutes in Books Two through Five.

Bottom line: There is absolutely *nothing* wrong with prostitution!

♥ ♥ ♥ ♥ ♥ ♥ ♥ ♥ ♥ ♥ ♥ ♥ ♥ ♥ ♥ ♥ ♥

Endnotes

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[1] I will address this fanatical form of feminism in depth in Books Four and Five of this series when I debunk myths #32, 33, 34, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41 and 42.

[2] Those who fought for women's suffrage are now called "first wave feminists." The "second-wave feminists" have campaigned for further legal and social equality for women, including equal pay for equal work. I am a strong supporter of the goals of first-and second-wave feminism. However, I vigorously oppose the third-wave.

[3] The term "forced prostitution" is seen in some academic literature. Definition 6 renders that term contradictory and hence meaningless. Force makes an act *not* prostitution—forced sex is *rape*.

[4] One example among hundreds is the case *In re Aarica S.* (2014) 223 Cal.App.4th 1480. A 17-year-old girl appealed her effective conviction for prostitution. Los Angeles Superior Court judge Catherine J. Pratt decided the girl had "solicited prostitution." Since she was a minor, judge Pratt declared her a ward of the court. The girl appealed. The California Court of Appeal, Second District, Division Four, issued its opinion on February 21, 2014. It said that Los Angeles Police Department "Officer Roberto Morales was working undercover, monitoring prostitution activity... Officer Morales told [the girl] he was looking for a date, and [she] asked him if he was a cop. He told her he was not... [She] asked what Officer Morales wanted, and he told her he wanted a blow job." (Emphasis added.) Since she was only 17, this means the officer was *soliciting sex with a child*. Nevertheless, three Court of Appeal justices (Thomas L. Willhite, Jr., Norman L. Epstein, and Nora M. Manella) unanimously affirmed the girl's effective conviction. Thus, these black-robed justices backed up judge Pratt's official, black-robed approval of a police officer *lying* to the public for purposes of *entrapment* and, at the same time, *sexually harassing an under-aged girl.*

[5] *See* Norma Jean Almodovar, *The Truth About Cops, Prostitutes, Sex Trafficking and Child Sexual Exploitation*, pp. 100-103, which can be downloaded as a pdf file at: http://www.policeprostitutionandpolitics.com/pdfs_all/Truth_about_sex_trafficking/v9_Cops_prostitutes_child_sexual_exploitation.pdf (viewed April 6, 2014).

[6] *See* http://news.yahoo.com/hawaii-law-lets-police-sex-prostitutes-005316540.html (viewed March 22, 2014).

[7] *See* Christopher Slobogin, *Testilying: Police Perjury and What to Do About It*, University of Colorado Law Review, Fall 1996, available at http://www.constitution.org/lrev/slobogin_testilying.htm (viewed April 6, 2014). *See also* Nick Malinowski, *Testilying: Cops Are Liars Who Get Away with Perjury*, Feb 3 2013, http://www.vice.com/read/testilying-cops-are-liars-who-get-away-with-perjury (viewed April 6, 2014).

[8] Like all police, I would assume there is plenty of corruption in the Tijuana Police Department. I am not aware of any incident of a prostitute receiving assistance from these police. Nevertheless, the obvious fact that officers patrol the area is likely to deter potentially violent men.

[9] http://articles.latimes.com/2005/jan/04/local/me-hookers4 (viewed March 24, 2014).

[10] California Penal Code section 370, underlining added.

[11] California Penal Code sections 653.20–653.28, enacted in 1995, comprising a chapter entitled "Loitering for the Purpose of Engaging in Prostitution."

[12] California's *Anti-Hot-Women Law* makes no mention of gender or "hot women." But it sets up criteria that empower a police officer to make a "judgment call" that the targeted person has "intent to commit prostitution." Police naturally make such judgments against hot women, but not against others. Why? Because, as everyone knows, most prostitutes are hot women.

[13] With the help of others, I have created a set of nine one-hour videos presenting a rigorous mathematical proof that God exists. The proof is based on first-order predicate logic and five reasonable assumptions. TheGProof.org.

[14] Matthew 6 quotes Jesus talking to his disciples about "your Father" (a phrase he repeats several times). Clearly, "your Father" refers to God, and is inconsistent with Jesus being the only son of that Father. In the Matthew 6:9, Jesus instructs the disciples to pray beginning with two powerful words which I have underlined, "Our Father in heaven, hallowed by your name…" This is the Lord's Prayer. It is the most famous and oft-repeated prayer in Christianity. The word "Our" is *plural*. If Jesus wanted people to believe he was the only son of God, then why doesn't the Lord's Prayer instead begin in the *singular*, such as, "Jesus' Father" or "His Father" or "Our Lord's Father"?

[15] In 1990, I designed a scientific experiment that could potentially confirm the *existence* of reincarnation. But would not shed much light on its mechanics. The experiment requires substantial funding. I intend to conduct it someday, when and if funding becomes available. Significantly, purported "scientific" arguments in opposition to reincarnation are easily debunked, including arguments based on human population statistics. Many Christians today reject reincarnation, but their position is unsupported by anything in the Bible—the Bible nowhere rejects reincarnation.

[16] The corresponding English word for an incarnation of the Divine Masculine in male human form is "God." But that is a different meaning of "God," which creates confusion. It also suggests that God is male, which is not so. Therefore, I do not use "God" in that way.

[17] The word "fuck" is generally vulgar and negative. However, for many people it is sometimes positive. With mutual sexual consent, it can convey the *power* in sexual intercourse that men and women both enjoy. As used in this book, it does *not* detract from the sacredness of sex.

[18] I chose the word "erotic" because it comes from Eros, the Greek God of Love. Erotic love is commonly understood to mean romantic love or marital love, as distinguished from other forms of love.

[19] Google Maps is misleading. It shows a short extension of the little street on the east side of Constitucion leading to a dead end. That extension is actually a driveway into a parking lot.

[20] I tried a cigarette once in my youth. Yuck! I had a few alcoholic drinks, and I got drunk once, all before the age of 26. I smoked marijuana four times in my early twenties. I have put a few quarters into Las Vegas slot machines on a few occasions. I've never purchased a lottery ticket.

[21] If a man wants to take a bar girl to a different hotel, he has to pay the bar a "release fee." I have done this on a few occasions.

[22] In Nevada, prostitution is only legal in licensed brothels. Gambling is illegal in the brothels.

[23] I am excluding his name and the name of his spiritual organization from this book to distance him from the controversy it might generate.

[24] However, when I was 17 and a Black prostitute grabbed my jacket, I did not know how to handle this energy. Perhaps if I had responded to her the way I handle the girls in Pussyland, she would not have dropped the gum in my pocket.

[25] However, I am even more strongly opposed to drug prohibition by criminal laws. Those laws, no matter how well intended, invite much greater evils, as I explain in MIR #6.

[26] This is exacerbated by criminal laws prohibiting drugs, which creates a high-priced black market. If the drugs were legal, the prices would be much lower.

[27] "Sex slavery" and "sexual slavery" are synonymous. The United States Code uses "sex slave" at 22 U.S.C. § 2370c(2)(B) and "sexual slavery" at 22 U.S.C. § 7101(b)(22). California Penal Code § 261.9(b) uses both "sex slavery" and "sexual slavery" in the very same paragraph. I prefer the shorter forms "sex slavery" and "sex slave."

[28] http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Comfort_women (viewed March 22, 2014).

[29] http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/German_military_brothels_in_World_War_II (viewed March 22, 2014).

[30] United States Constitution, First Amendment.

[31] http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Contemporary_slavery (viewed March 22, 2014).

[32] Male sex slavery might exist, but if it does the numbers are quite small in comparison with females. Slavery in any form is evil, whether of females or of males. But for the purposes of this book, I refer to sex slaves as female.

[33] http://www.pbs.org/wgbh/pages/frontline/slaves/etc/stats.html (viewed March 22, 2014).

[34] One estimate puts the number of prostitutes worldwide at 13.27 million. http://www.havocscope.com/tag/prostitution (viewed March 22, 2014). The high-end estimate of the number of sex slaves is 1.75 million, which is about 13.12% of the 13.27 million prostitutes. 100% minus 13.12% is 86.88%, which I have rounded down to 86%.

[35] As indicated above, I believe the claimed numbers of sex slaves are grossly exaggerated. That means sex slaves do not comprise anything remotely as high as 13% of the number of prostitutes (see the previous footnote). It appears to me that the overwhelming majority of sex workers worldwide *freely choose* to do this work and hence are *not* sex slaves.

[36] http://www.havocscope.com/tag/prostitution/ (viewed March 22, 2014).

[37] http://money.cnn.com/magazines/fortune/fortune500/2013/full_list/ (viewed March 22, 2014).

[38] The original working title of these books was *Resurrecting the Innocence in Prostitutes*.

[39] 22 U.S.C. § 7101(a), (b)(1) and (b)(2), emphasis added.

[40] By "slavery" I mean *actual* slavery as defined and discussed in Chapter 15.

[41] United States Constitution, Thirteenth Amendment.

[42] *See* Norma Jean Almodovar, *The Truth About Cops, Prostitutes, Sex Trafficking and Child Sexual Exploitation*, pp. 13–43. Download information for paper is given in endnote 5.

[43] I am opposed to politically motivated use of the term "disproportionately," because it opens the door to FALSE GENERALIZATION. This is a big topic beyond the scope of these books.

[44] 22 U.S.C. § 7101(b)(4)–(7).

45 Curiously, many of the same people who advocate strict enforcement against individuals who "traffic" women and children into the United States as sex slaves, also advocate loose borders. They oppose any fence between the United States and Mexico and want blanket "amnesty" for illegal aliens. This seems hypocritical to me. Secure borders, together with a liberal policy for *lawful* immigration into the United States, would make it much harder for "traffickers" to smuggle slaves into the U.S. An open border *invites* trafficking! Obviously!

46 *See* Norma Jean Almodovar, *The Truth About Cops, Prostitutes, Sex Trafficking and Child Sexual Exploitation*, pp. 44–66. This paper shows that most of the statistics on "child prostitution" are fraudulent and not supported by actual, documented cases. See given in endnote 5 explaining how to download Almodovar's paper.

47 *See* Almodovar, pp. 60–61, describing several cases of police-officer pimps selling sex with children. Not surprisingly, the convicted cops got lightweight sentences for crimes that would have sent non-cops to prison for life.

48 http://www.hurriyetdailynews.com/default.aspx?pageid=438&n=now-forcing-children-for-prostiution-2010-04-27 (viewed March 16, 2014).

49 http://www.havocscope.com/tag/prostitution (viewed March 22, 2014).

50 There will be more Mistakes in Reasoning introduced in later books in this series. There are nine in this Book One, which coincidentally debunks nine myths.

"It is refreshing to read about how prostitution can be *good*. Mark Emerson has done an outstanding job debunking the myths about paid sex and putting a positive, human face on both the provider and her client. Written in a format that would be perfect as a scholastic textbook, *The Prostitution Delusion* systematically dismantles the myths and pragmatically lays out reality, fact by fact. This is interspersed with his experiences as a sex client that deviate sharply from the too often wrongly presented social views of prostitution."

—Jessi Winchester, author of *From Bordello to Ballot Box* and *America: The Final Chapter*. Winchester gained international notoriety when she entered the Mrs. Nevada Pageant while working in a legal brothel. She later ran for the U.S. House of Representatives and for Nevada Lieutenant Governor.

- **Is prostitution *really* harmful?**
- **Or can society *benefit* from prostitution?**

In this, the first of five books, Mark Emerson presents two complementary themes. One theme *debunks* the arguments against prostitution. The other demonstrates the *good* that can come from paid sex.

The book's title, *The Prostitution Delusion*, refers to the widely believed idea that "prostitution is harmful and evil." The first theme asks *why*? Leaving no stone unturned, Emerson identifies 43 purported answers. They represent *all* the arguments against prostitution (*see* the diagram on page 11). He shows that each fails to answer the question and hence is *nothing but a myth*. The first 9 myths are debunked in this Book One, including myths about street prostitutes, public health, drugs, pimps, sex slavery, human trafficking and so-called "child prostitution." The rest of the 43 myths will be debunked in Books Two through Five.

Mark Emerson

The second theme transforms prostitution *from the profane to the sacred*. Emerson is a Christian and claims God has directed him to pay prostitutes and to worship them sexually, not as "bad girls" but as good goddesses. The 18 sexually explicit stories in this Book One are true. They are sweet, surprising, romantic, poignant, beautiful and deeply spiritual. Each is a step in his prayerful quest for his own sexual healing and to develop his manly ability to arouse, inspire and uplift the Divine Feminine in women—lovingly and ecstatically.

Mark Emerson (MarkEmerson.org) is the author of *Love Is Not a Crime!* He holds a B.A. in Math from UCLA. Raised an atheist, while at UCLA he started experiencing God in the mathematics. With others, he has created nine videos presenting a mathematical proof that God exists (TheGProof.org). As a computer scientist, he is a co-inventor with two of his sons of the forthcoming AngelBase technology, which recently received substantial funding (AngelBase.com). He has also been a legal consultant to attorneys (LegalMission.org).